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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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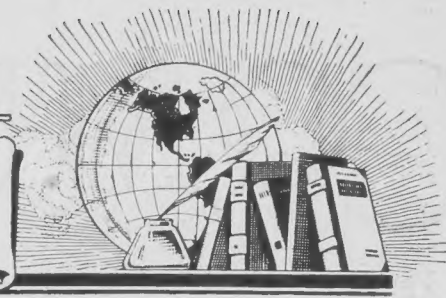
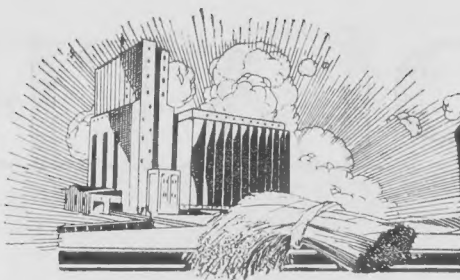
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EDITORIAL



Public Spirit

THERE are in every district men who are recognized as more than ordinarily useful and inspiring. They are interested not only in their own families and their own business affairs, but may be depended upon in all community endeavor. They, instinctively or with reason, have reached the conclusion that men do best for themselves and their families when they succeed in raising the standard of the neighborhood in which they live. In the long run this philosophy is sound, although in special cases those who live to themselves and for themselves seem to be most prosperous.

If a wealthy citizen were so lacking in public spirit that he would refuse to support public schools and other agencies that make for the welfare of youth, he would find that his own children, even if carefully trained at home, would be the first to suffer, because they would be compelled to live in a community below the standard that might be expected. Their lives and property would be in danger and their associations unbearable. It has been said that the best thing a man can do for himself and his family is to assist in perfecting the institutional life of his neighborhood and his nation.

Similarly, if a business man were to think only of increasing his own trade, ignoring the conditions of others in his town, he would be exceedingly foolish, for sales are possible only when people have money with which to buy. His fortune is wrapped up in the fortunes of his neighbors. All must rise and fall together.

The same law holds for employers and employees, for lenders and borrowers; for producers and consumers; for manufacturers and purchasers; for railway corporations and shippers generally. Each must think of the other parties concerned in every transaction.

In religious life it is the same. A man can become so narrow in his sympathies that he will exclude himself from the fellowship of those who could help him. There is nothing so un-Christian as bigotry, nothing so unbrotherly as self-assurance and arrogance. One grows only by sharing his experience with others. It has been stated and proved that the growing church is the missionary church.

What is true of a man in relation to his fellows is equally true of classes and communities in relation to each other. Experience in our own country has demonstrated that where certain influence interests a government so as to get legislation which favors them at the expense of others, they in time feel the evil effects themselves. A tariff too great means that there are none to buy; transportation rates too high means that none will try to produce. There is a limit beyond which it is impossible to go. And the same is true of geographical areas. If the east plots against the west in the matter of rates and routes, it may imagine it is scheming wisely, but time will show that there can be no east if there is no west to develop. And the west cannot develop if it is tethered. Just as in every community public spirit is the price of progress, so in all the provinces national spirit must be developed if the provinces themselves are to prosper.

It would be possible to apply this law still further to the relationship of nations and the world. No nation can ever attain greatness by living to itself. The world is an organism and each part suffers or rejoices with the rest. The best way for a nation to insure its greatness is by contributing most to the greatness of others. National selfishness is the way to national destruction.

The one law for individual, community and nation is that enunciated just nineteen hundred years ago—"He that loseth his life shall find it."

Church in Summer

JULY and August are dead months in the religious life of the country. In cities many of the Sunday Schools are closed because the people are away, and the attendance at the morning and evening services dwindles to a handful. The substitute pastor has indeed a thankless task. In rural communities it is the busy season and attendance at worship cannot be depended upon, though on the average it is better than in the cities. Speaking generally, the small country towns do better than either, although recently there has been a falling off even here.

The remedy in the city and towns is union services. This is good in many ways. It ensures better preaching because it is easier to get one good preacher than several. It also makes for good feeling among denominations, and this promotes hearty community religious life rather than life that is merely sectarian.

It is a mistake for people to keep away from church all summer. Even when they are out for a holiday they should get time to join in worship once a week. Spiritual refreshment is quite as necessary as physical or intellectual. Holiness is as much to be desired as health, pastime and fresh air. The finest uplifting agency in the country should be encouraged.

The Queerness of Life

LIFE is queer. There is nothing quite so fascinating and bewildering as the vagaries of the human mind. This was all expressed very long ago by one who cried out in desperation at the inconsistencies of a generation who "strain at a gnat but swallow a camel." Let me illustrate.

A few nights ago at the University of Alberta we listened to a fascinating address by Dr. Newton on the subject of Research Work Among Plants. He showed us something of the infinite labor and patience of the men who try to discover how to prevent disease in our plant life. Charts of seeds, magnified greatly, reveal their inmost needs; and clever men work night and day to find how best to protect these tiny things from the evils which threaten them. Experiments are carried on ceaselessly to ascertain the best method of culture; times, seasons, soils, moisture—all pass under review. The President of the University pleaded with earnestness for time and money for the continuance of these labors. He showed the need, the imperative need, and the value of such experiments. He told us of one man in the United States who had isolated the germ of hog cholera, and who had saved the United States thereby forty million dollars a year.

We are all agreed that every cent spent on research work for the plant or animal life of our country comes back to us a hundredfold. The enemies of the Irish cobbler are our enemies. There is not a soul among us who will try to defend the red spider, boll weevil, codling worm, smut or rust.

It is only in the realm of human life that the forces of destruction are defended; not only defended but nurtured, protected, advertised licensed, propagated by Government action.

We, who pay men to labor long over eczema in potatoes, or smut in wheat, or anaemia in hardy clover, or young pigs, actually promote by our legislation the human equivalent of these.

Alcohol lowers resistance to disease, increases liability to accident, and lessens the chance of recovery when accidents occur. Insurance statistics support the hospital reports on these things. In the drinking groups the death rate from Bright's disease, pneumonia and suicide are three times as great as the rate among policy-holders generally.

But, you may say, these cases are of people who drink to excess. (The red-eyed drunkard, though he is a logical part of the liquor system, gets little sympathy from the trade). But it is not so. The insurance companies make careful enquiry into these things. A man who is known as a heavy drinker is likely to be turned down altogether.

We are willing to give the plant and animal life of our Province a chance. We will spend money to protect them. But the human life we exploit, because of two things—appetite, and a desire for gain. People are queer.

Still, human progress goes on. Looking back we see we are moving. Human slavery once existed, and was excused, defended, justified by so-called good people. It passed. So will the trade in alcoholic beverages.

There have always been people who try to pull the chariot farther up the hill, knowing there is a land ahead of brighter sunshine and richer fruitage; some will not either push or pull; some will not only ride, but will even drag their feet. Still we are not dismayed. There are indications of progress. Not so very long ago people laughed at human deformities. The half-wits were kings' jesters. Byron's own mother made fun of his club foot. The time will come when we will not laugh at the thick speech and staggering steps of a drunken man. The race advances! Our progress may be slow, but the general direction is upward.

Rellie L. McClung

Old Wine in New Bottles

THERE are some things in the educational system that an ordinary citizenship cannot understand. Why is it that studies that are of practical use to only a few people are prescribed for all? For instance why should practically all high school pupils study algebra? Why ask all to join in singing, when only comparatively few can sing acceptably though most can appreciate music? Why make Latin compulsory for matriculation into university as they do everywhere in Canada except in Manitoba? Why not go on the

assumption that the years at school and college are to be used for developing the attitudes, skills and powers necessary after school is ended? The reason for the traditional programme probably lies in the fact that it is dominated largely by scholastics who look to the past rather than to the future for inspiration and guidance.

It is wonderful what a lot of rubbish is still found in the curriculum, retained there on the pretext that the study develops power that is sure to function in later life. As a matter of fact it does not function. There is very little in the dogma of formal discipline, and everybody but the scholastics know this. It is not altogether a misfortune that the people are beginning to question the efficiency of the school as a practical institution. In a world that is undergoing transformation all the time it would be strange if a change in school programmes did not occur.

The System of Doles

THE "dole" was an emergency system necessitated by war conditions, but even now men of all parties recognize the evils it involves and are beginning to consider the problem of how to abolish or transform it. The cost in the old country is enormous. From the armistice in 1918 until September 1924 the sum spent by England on unemployment insurance was about \$900,000,000. This, whether paid by employers or government, is a greater tax than industry can bear. But with over a million men and women out of employment what is to be done? People cannot be allowed to starve. But the dole is destroying the morale of the nation. Thousands of boys and girls leaving school are unable to get positions, and settle down to idleness on the scanty allowance that is provided for them. Even as it is, women are complaining that there is a scarcity of servants, because idle girls call themselves factory hands and prefer a dole to housework. Part of the trouble may be caused by the attitude of mistresses to the girls. If many young girls are independent as servants or maids, it is probable that a greater percentage of mistresses do not know how to treat those whom they employ as household helps. A servant is a human being and has the right to be treated as such.

The latest suggestion is that the government give aid to employers who give work to unemployed. This at first seems to be an absurd suggestion, but it is receiving more than a little attention.

There is one thing about the "dole" system in Western Canada that is quite annoying. There is always a rush to the western harvest fields. At the close of the season many find themselves without jobs and gravitate towards the large cities. Winnipeg particularly has had an unusually large army to support, and these were not her own people. The mayor this year has given notice that the city is not going to give doles to those who are not bona fide citizens. The result will be that those who come west will either have to get work on the farms or in the woods or return east. It will be interesting to note what occurs next winter. The problem is indeed difficult no matter how it is met. Yet we may be glad that matters here are not so serious as in other lands. To the south of us there is trouble; in the motherland there is trouble; France is facing disaster; Germany and Russia are in a bad way. And so it goes. We cannot be as we would like to be, until the world conditions improve, but in the meantime we are probably in a more favored position than any other people.

Germany

IT is not difficult to understand the vote of the German people. Ever since the close of the war they have been in a state of uncertainty. They did not know just when France was to withdraw her forces, nor how much indemnity she was to pay, nor what trade privileges were to be accorded her. Internally she was not sure whether socialists or communists or republicans or monarchists were to hold the balance of power. Everything was uncertain. Therefore she chose the one thing she did understand. She at least knew how a militarist of the old type would act. And so Hindenburg is president and it remains to be seen just what he will do, and what he can do. He knows as well as anyone else in Europe that it is impossible just now to begin another war. He knows also that any attempt on his part to restore to power the hated Hohenzollerns would be resented by the Allies and would probably lead to a new outbreak of trouble. And Germany is not ready for that, unless she is ready to make friends with Russia and trust everything to one throw of the dice. And it is a pretty big risk to discard stable government of any kind for a system that is lacking in everything that makes for order and permanence. So we may hazard the guess that the old man of seventy-eight will follow a fairly conservative policy.

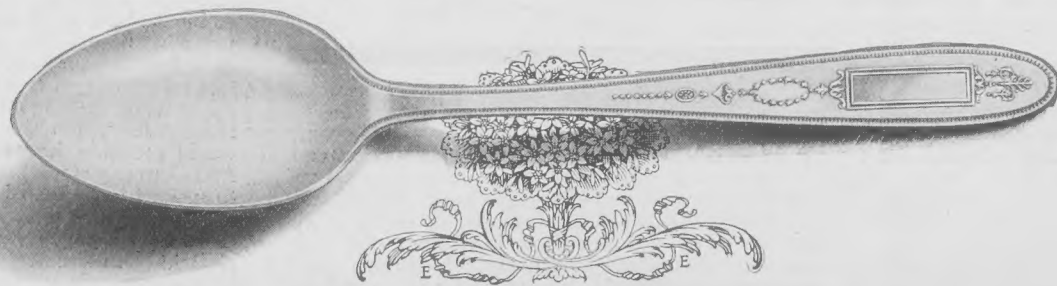
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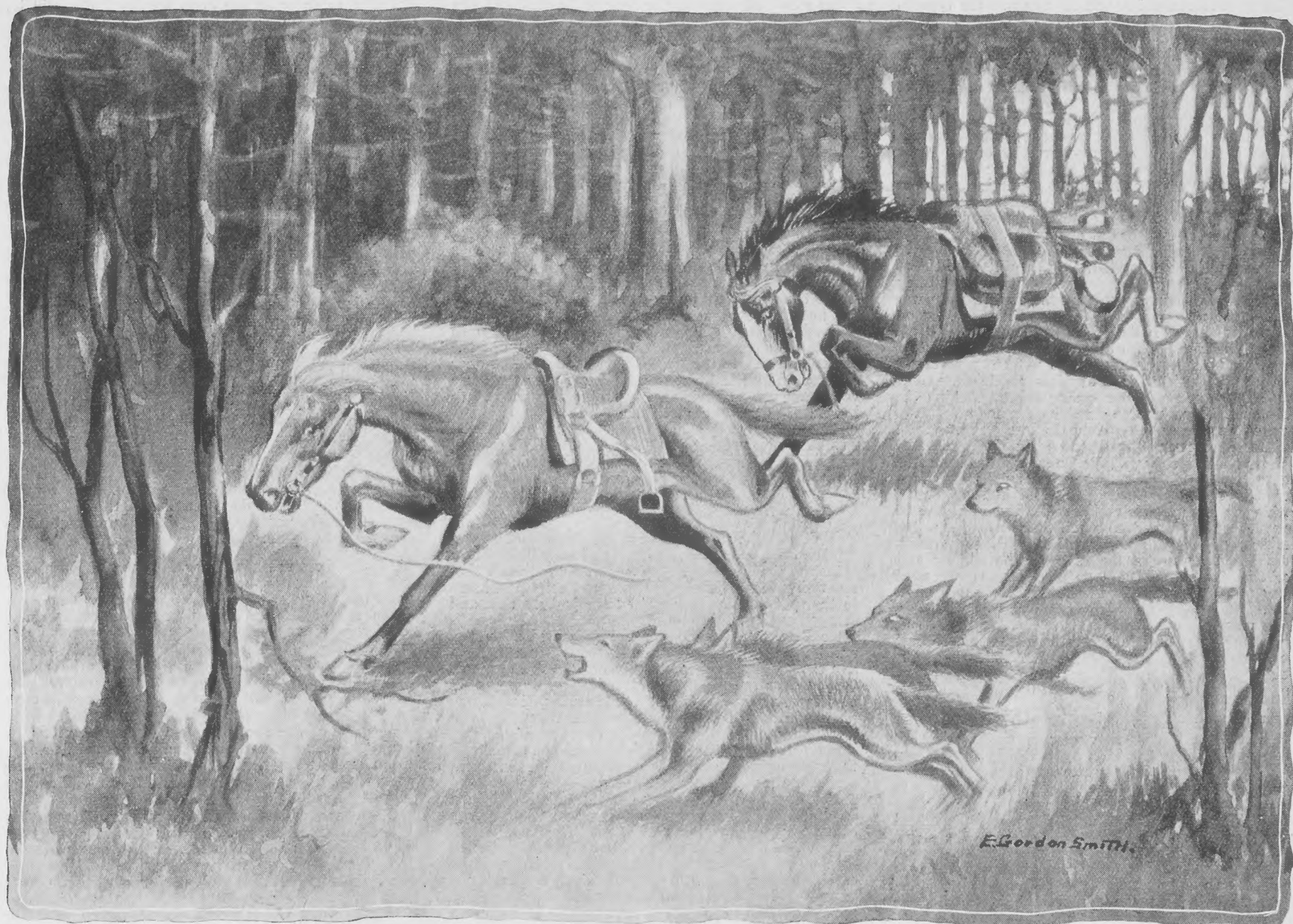
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The Luck of the Wolverine



WHEN Leo Franklin drew rein at the crown of the bluff and looked down into the wide basin of the valley ahead, his lips moved in voiceless speech, and he scowled darkly. He had hoped to have this range to himself, and now he beheld the tiny cabin far below, a streak of smoke rising from the wood fire opposite the door, clearly indicating that it was the camp of an Indian—beheld also, the sorest point of all—a dog seated in the open space, close to the fire.

Leo Franklin had banked on there being no dogs this side of the height of land, but we had better explain the situation. A fortnight ago Franklin had been fired from the last ranch along the line, and since this was the fifth time he had been fired in about as many months he had realized regretfully that a change of employment might prove beneficial. He was not an unduly sociable man when sober, but when drunk he was a positive peril to the other cattle punchers who were so unfortunate as to have to share the same bunkhouse. Thus Franklin had been shot from ranch to ranch, and everywhere he had earned the reputation of being a hard fighter, and as mean as sin. It was thus that we find him now, at the edge of the Great Unsurveyed, provided with six months provisions and all the necessary impedimenta for a season along the trapline.

Now wolf and coyote bounties were exceptionally high—a state of affairs which inevitably follows a superabundance of canine raiders, and hitting out for the foothills Leo had felt sure of finding the valley basin, across which he now looked, unoccupied by any other trapper.

Leo Franklin had his own ideas about taking wolf pelts. He regarded the prohibition on the use of poisoned bait as an absurd affair, for he considered himself rather an expert in this diabolical method. He had fully intended to litter the whole valley with poisons, and had pictured himself reaping a rich reward, but now he met the first obstacle in the way of his plans.

A white man might have been squared so far as the poisoning scheme was concerned, but not an Indian, for the Indians possess a superstitious dread of the method, believing that it will bring down the wrath of the Almighty; and if, therefore, this squatter became acquainted with the fact that Franklin was using baits, then undoubtedly he would report the affair to the superintendent, and the band would begin to play.

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated By E. Gordon Smith

FRANKLIN made up his mind to investigate. He crossed the ridge, riding his saddle-pony and leading the pack-pony, and proceeded through the golden glory to the isolated cabin. He had left civilization with the idea of having no one with whom he could quarrel, but here, in the heart of nowhere, he had assuredly commenced by finding someone.

Hot and angry he urged his ponies into a shuffling trot, and a few minutes later drew rein beside the cabin door, from which an Indian appeared, and returned Leo's stare with an utterly expressionless countenance.

"This is my range," asserted Franklin, subtly conscious of the feebleness of his bluff.

The Indian was a trifle surprised, and well he might have been, for he had trapped wolves and coyotes in this very range since his boyhood.

"It used to be mine," he answered, with a slightly supercilious smile, and Franklin dismounted. The Indian's superiority nettled him, and that diabolical temper of his was once more on the point of bursting into flame.

"Well, it's mine now," he hissed. "You'll have to clear out. Do you get me? You'll have to quit!"

The Indian regarded him curiously, then made an indefinite wave. "The range belongs to no man," he said. "The hills are free, and the country is big enough for both of us. Why quarrel? No good to quarrel."

The man's quietness of speech brought Franklin to his senses. He saw the absurdity of his tactics, yet what was he to do? Move further on? That was impossible. This was the valley head, a huge basin as it were with the mountains rising sheer on every side except the way he had come. Go back? If so, he would have to abandon the idea of poisons, for very soon the ranch country began, and he was not without his enemies there. No, he would have to stay right here and take his chances.

The Indian indicated that supper was ready, and they sat down to a meal of stewed mallard. When it was over the Indian solemnly drew out his pipe. "My name's Joe Long," he said.

He waited, his finger in the empty bowl of his pipe, waited evidently, for Leo Franklin to hand over the tobacco, but nothing happened.

"No good to quarrel," said the Indian. "You hunt on north side of canyon, me south. Heap big country this, and plenty wolves."

Had Franklin been anything of a sportsman he would have realized that this was a generous concession on the part of the Indian, and thereafter he would strictly have observed the rules of the game. Franklin carried his bulging packs into the cabin, but it was noticeable that he did not offer to relieve the drainage on his host's hospitality by opening any of them. He was a mean man, and it was said that he had never been known to buy another man a drink. So he ate the Indian's grub, and actually smoked the Indian's tobacco. He kicked the Indian's dog when the latter tried to bite him, for curiously enough all dogs tried to bite Franklin, and when dawn came he announced his intentions of pulling out to the end of the range.

He went and saddled his ponies, then came back to find Joe Long seated in possession of his packs. "One pound 'bacco, two coyote scalps," said Joe, placing the packet of tobacco between his knees. "One piece bacon, one wolf scalp. One bag rice, one coyote scalp—" and so on, calmly sorting out the goods he thought he wanted.

It should be explained that this is common custom among many tribes. They entertain a guest, and ask for nothing in return except that the guest, if he has goods to trade, be prepared to do so, and since Franklin had brought far more stores than he would actually require, knowing well that he would be able to trade them profitably in this lone land. He was quite prepared to deal, for Joe Long's terms were generous—absurdly generous—so when the child of the plains had taken all he required, Franklin announced—"That will fix you. Five wolf scalps and seven coyote I want. Hand them over, old son, and I'll get along."

But Joe Long shook his head. The season had only just started, and he had no scalps by him at present, but he would bring them along to Franklin's cabin in a few days. Or if Franklin liked, he could call here for them.

Franklin stared. "That don't do for me," he replied. "How do I know you ain't going to shin off the range next week? No, you come along for the stuff as you want it and bring the scalps with you."

Continued on page 6

To say that Joe Lang was surprised and hurt would be putting it mildly, for, being an "unspoiled" Indian, such a thing as evading his debts would never have occurred to him. He would have paid Leo Franklin in full even though it took three or four seasons to do it. But Franklin knew only the Indians of the side-walks of southern cities, and he was not the type to give any man credit. He calmly restored the goods to his pack, except the tobacco, which Joe Long was hanging on to with both hands. Joe said that he was nearly out of smoking leaf, and wanted it badly, and that he would double his offer if Franklin would agree to the terms.

Now, for one man to refuse another tobacco in this region is to descend to a level of meanness almost beyond belief. Any plainsman worthy of the name will break his last cigarette in two in order to give half to the stranger who has none, but Franklin was by no means a true son of the plains. Self, and self only, ruled all his doings, and his cunning mind was at work. Soon Joe Long would be out of tobacco, and when the craving for it came upon him he would be ready to trade at any price suggested. By then he would have scalps by him, and Franklin would be able to bleed him. By gad, he would bleed him, for Franklin was going to make up what he could for the restriction on the use of poisoned baits.

So Franklin took the tobacco away, with the curt recommendation to "come along when you've got plenty of scalps," and then he himself rode off.

Joe stood in the pale morning light, watching the white man's departure, and striving for understanding. Presently understanding came to him. Hitherto he had despised men of his own race who dwelt with the whites and became city idlers, hanging on to the white camps like pariah dogs—despised them because they had abandoned their own native morals and substituted nothing in return. He had despised them because he knew them to lie and to steal, but now he saw the working of things. The ways of the white were different from the ways of the red. In the white man's world it was all take and no give—it was a case of every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. Well, when next Joe Long had to deal with a white man he would know how to deal, and it is thus that men of the Leo Franklin stamp scatter broadcast the seeds of degeneracy among the children of the plains.

II

A MAN who was so utterly devoid of any sense of sympathy for his fellow creatures as Leo Franklin, could not be expected to carry much sympathy into effect as concerned the creatures of the wild; hence Franklin's partiality to the use of poisoned baits. It is a wholly devilish method, but in point of fact Franklin had lived crooked so long that crooked ways held an uncanny fascination for him, and were the illegal method of procedure less likely to produce good results than the legal method, Franklin would still have clung to the illegal. As a matter of fact he much overestimated the value of poison baits, as he was very soon to learn.

At first Franklin did well. He killed several coyotes, and a timber wolf, also a creature which was neither a coyote nor a timber wolf, but seemed midway between the two. It looked rather like Joe Long's dog, and next day Franklin saw Joe patrolling his range, calling and whistling, and he smirked a satisfied smirk. Anyway, the creature he had poisoned had big ears, and its scalp was uncommonly like that of a large coyote, so this token of Leo's prowess was unduly impaled on the stake which was to bring in the Government bounty money.

By now the news had spread like wildfire, from wolf to wolf and from jackal to jackal, that the son of a gun who had built his cabin on the south side of the canyon was strewing the range with morsels of death, and that any wolf or coyote that wished to live had better refrain from picking up such articles as looked tempting. Thus Franklin's harvest came to an end and in a day, and it soon became clear to him that he would have to direct his energies into other channels.

This was the season of the year when the wild dogs have their young to feed, and it may be added that from the lacework of tracks that traversed the ravines, and from the number of hare skins that littered the slopes, and prairie feathers that strewed the thickets—it may be added, I say, that wild dogs appeared very plentiful along this range. Franklin had his lines of traps extended far and wide, but not being an expert trapper, they yielded very poor results. Also the loneliness was getting on his nerves, and one evening he took a ride to Joe Long's cabin, and awaiting the arrival of the Indian he could not help but be struck by the immense number of pelts that dangled from the cabin roof. Yes, he would give Joe Long a handful of tobacco, and obtain from him in return a few hints on the art of trapping.

WHEN eventually the Indian appeared he was not communicative. In fact he was stony and cold. He spoke in monosyllables, and when Franklin, with a great show of hospitality, proffered the meagre handful of tobacco, to his absolute and utter astonishment Joe stared at it blankly, then shook his head. After a while he explained that having been so long without smoking leaf, he had lost the taste.

Franklin experienced something of the sensations of a man who steps on the hoop of a beer barrel, which jumps up and raps his shins. At any rate he was deprived of the pleasure of trading on the weakness

of a fellow human, but undaunted he tried to pump Joe regarding wolf sets. He described his own most prized and closely guarded methods, to which Joe listened, grunted, and invariably said—"No good."

So at length Franklin lost his patience. "Then what in thunder is any good?" he demanded.

Joe rose. He opened the door and kicked out the dog. "You go now?" he enquired, or rather invited, holding the door open. "I guess I turn in."

Franklin stared at him. "No," he answered. "I ain't riding back this time of night. I guess I'll stay."

Joe met his gaze unflinchingly. "Two pounds tobacco, one pound rice, one piece bacon if you stay," he announced calmly.

Then Franklin understood. His color rose, for he realized now that the Indian was paying him back in his own coin.

"No," he growled. "I'll stay here for nothing, and if you object, I reckon I'll put you out!"

Then it was that Franklin became suddenly aware of fingers like steel wire closing on the back of his neck. He was also aware of a leg, long and hard like a cedar sapling, thrust between his own, but before he could even collect his senses, his face, with mouth wide open, smote the sand two yards beyond Joe Long's threshold, and the door was slammed to.

Franklin rose in a murderous fury, and began to kick the door, swearing he would fire the cabin if the Indian did not let him in. Then suddenly the door opened, and Franklin received a blow over the scalp with some article having many protruding points. He judged it to be a number three bear trap, and it left him with the dazed realization that the neighbourhood was becoming unhealthy. So he mounted his cayuse, and set out with throbbing temples on his long journey home, while from every ridge and gulch hundreds of coyotes, so it seemed, sang their mockery of his passing.

III

LYING in the sweltering sun, his glasses to his eyes, Franklin, a day or two later, saw a sly little jackal enter the chaos of rocks at the mountain foot, carrying something in her jaws. He rose and rode post-haste to the spot, and there he found the jackal's den, and dragged out her five little cubs.

To Franklin a coyote merely represented a bounty, and he was not without some ingenuity in turning a live coyote to that account. One of the little ones he rapped over the head, then attached its limp carcass to a cord, and towed it behind his cayuse, thus laying a scent trail. The other cubs he took alive.

He laid the scent trail to the doorway of his own cabin, a tiny structure of hog-pen finish, and no larger than was necessary. It possessed only one refinement, a glassless though shuttered window.

Franklin proceeded to make this window into a deadfall. This he did by an ingenious but simple contrivance of weights and trips. The top half of the vertical shutter was left up, but the interconnected machinery was such that immediately any creature climbing through this top half touched the bench directly below, the bench collapsed, and in so doing sprung a weighted trip, which caused the top shutter to fall into the closed position, thus converting the cabin into a box trap.

Thus having laid the scent trail to the door, and fixed his window trap, Franklin tossed the living cubs into the centre of the floor, where they proceeded to scramble about, crying piteously for their mother. And so with the gathering dusk Franklin left them, convinced that by tomorrow he would have not only the cubs but their mother too—possibly both mother and father.

Taking his ponies Franklin rode to a distant ridge,



far enough to be out of the way, though not so far as to be unable to hear the working of his trap, and here he proceeded to camp for the night.

SO it came about that the wild mother of the hills learnt her bereavement, and mad with anxiety for her little ones, she took up the scent trail of her dead cub, and followed it to the cabin of the hated human. There, fearful to approach, she began to pour forth her misery to the stars, till other jackals came and still others, and they too, took up the note. As their number grew their howls turned into yaps and snarls, for within the cabin they could hear the crying of the imprisoned cubs. It seemed at length that the sound drove them mad with anger, and as still more of them joined in the concert, their cries penetrated further and further into the ravines and canyons, till it seemed that the coyotes from every cranny of the range were thronging to the spot like angry hornets. And Franklin, lying in the dust, began to think he had bitten off more than he could chew, and to regret that he had cut down all the big timber in order to build his cabin. But in all that angry mob of canine rebels, the mother

of the cubs was cool and collected, and closely followed by her mate, both of them answering the calls of the cubs with little soft notes of sympathy, she circled slowly in upon the cabin. Soon they learnt that the place was deserted, and the first coming of daylight found the she-coyote on the roof. Thence it was but one step to enter at the open window. She slid in, trembling at her own boldness, and down to the treacherous bench. There was a crash, the window closed behind her; she knew she was a prisoner, and silence fell upon the suspicious mob outside.

Franklin rose. His nerves had returned with the brightening in the east, and anyway he was not to be scared by a pack of thieving coyotes. He came thundering down the slope, both his ponies at full gallop, discharging his revolver as he rode, and he saw the coyotes scatter before him like prairie dust.

Full of confidence now, Franklin dismounted. His scheme had worked to the letter. He went over to the window, and, revolver in hand, slowly pushed it down and peered in. One shot would settle her, after which he would deal with the cubs, but—there was no need!

No need for even one shot, for there the mother coyote lay, stretched out in the centre of the floor, foam about her mouth, while her pretty cubs sat around whining and trying to rouse her.

Franklin was not surprised. He knew that she had picked up one of his poisoned baits, and that, feeling the lassitude of death upon her, she had crawled with her last remaining strength to feed her cubs for the last time. He was fairly familiar with such tragedies of the wild, though they touched no chord of sympathy in all his being.

He climbed in through the window, picked up the limp carcass of the mother, and tossed it into a corner, watching the little cubs scramble after it. Then he opened the door of the cabin, intent on going out to collect his two ponies.

AT this juncture something happened. No sooner was the door of the cabin opened than the apparently dead coyote, which had been merely shamming death, came to life and darted through between Franklin's very feet. She made for the nearest hollow, running like a streak of light, while Franklin cursed horribly. And, as ill-luck would have it, Franklin had left his two ponies in that very hollow along which she chose to run. They turned with snorts of horror, as she fled towards them, then they bolted.

Just out of rifle shot other coyotes were waiting to lend a hand, and Franklin, standing helplessly at his cabin door, cursing and shouting, saw his ponies vanish over the skyline with a veritable horde of bristling jackals in pursuit.

There was nothing for it but to follow on foot. To be left in this region without a pony was no light matter. Franklin followed till mid-day, cursing and sweating, but it was not until towards dusk that he sighted the first of his ponies. He got to within ten yards of it, then the animal wheeled and took to its heels. He got to within five yards of it, and again it turned, to within three yards, even one yard, but every time it wheeled with a snort, till Franklin, fit to drop now, half dead with thirst and fatigue, gave way to a fit of hysteria which made him weaker still.

Dusk fell and still no pony. The coyotes began to howl their twilight song, and Franklin remembered all at once that in his haste he had left the cabin door open. He staggered back through the calm of the night, and on the way he heard the pounding of hoofs, followed by the howling of wolves—of many wolves, perilously near. The blood froze in his veins, and he cowered low in the sand, but the sound passed on and he breathed again, though he knew he would never more see his ponies.

He arrived at his cabin at length, but the cubs were gone, so were most of Franklin's stores. The place looked as though a troop of monkeys had been making merry there. Sugar, flour, rice, syrup, coffee and tobacco littered the floor in an unsavory heap, and from the number of brown hairs mixed with it one might have guessed that several coyotes had been rolling in the concoction.

Franklin scraped up what was left, spent a miserable night and a hungry day, then when dusk again fell, he set out for Joe Long's cabin. He told Joe his story and Joe listened.

Then the Indian rose. He took food from his scanty store—coarse food to be sure, and hardly white man's fare, but the best he had to offer—and placed it in a moose-hide bag, enough to take Franklin back to civilization. Also he mentioned that he had two ponies, and that Franklin might take one of them, bringing it back when next he passed that way.

So on the morrow Franklin took what was given him. He offered the Indian all that he had in payment—a few wolf and coyote scalps saved from the wreckage, and, alas, the scalp of a creature which was neither wolf nor coyote!

Joe Long's eyes blazed. No, he wanted no payment. The day might come when he himself would require help, and then, indeed, he would expect to find it given by his neighbour with an open hand.

So Franklin slunk away into the recesses of the prairie. He could not meet the Indian's gaze, and he felt that words—such words as he might have uttered—would merely be punier than his own wretched soul.

So across the face of God's vastness he rode away in silence, but to him there came the first understanding of the spirit of the plains.

The Ghost at Blue Canyon

A Short Story in Two Parts

By Edith G. Bayne

PART I

THAT divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will and let the chips fall where they may, must have settled right down to business in my behalf on that fateful Friday morning in June. It all seemed to happen so very simply and naturally, quite as though it had been so ordered from the beginning of things, that in looking back I can't help but conclude that the finger of fate had drawn a red circle around that particular date on my calendar and then beckoned, whereupon I moved forward obediently, scarcely of my own volition, and found myself enmeshed in a series of novel events that were to introduce me to a strange new life and culminate in—well, you know how the most thrilling and important weeks in a girl's life generally end.

On that red-letter Friday, then, I left Mother and Aunt Anne quarreling about me in a perfectly well-bred manner in the motor and I hopped gaily up the steps of the day-coach attached to the mountain express at Edmonton and waved them a cheery goodbye just as the train—which we had all but missed—pulled out. Mother had prophesied a thunderstorm and washout and considered the whole idea preposterous. To her, gently-bred soul that she is, a ranch was but one remove from a Blackfoot encampment. Auntie took my part insofar as accepting the invitation went, for she and Mother are constitutionally opposed anyway, but she thought it the height of recklessness for me to travel alone and so far. Coming as she does from the effetest possible section of the East dear Auntie thinks three hundred miles is halfway around the globe and she has never been a mixer, so that the thought of my being thrown among the hoi polloi unattended and unprotected jarred all her well-grounded ethics and nearly brought on one of her "spells."

I had a ticket for the chair car but, as I said, the train was on the point of rolling out when we rolled in so that, to quote dear old Euclid, it was a matter of finding the shortest distance between two points—said points being that part of the platform where we had stopped and the nearest coach—and I made it in a running-jump. The nearest coach was the day—and I'm not pretending either that I'd never been in one before, because Dad's money is only ten years old and we don't care who knows it.

I, Phyllis Moore, aged twenty-one, high of heart and a lover of life (though hitherto very carefully and consistently suppressed) only child of adoring parents, delicately nurtured to the point of absurdity and utterly inexperienced in travelling alone, was off at last on my first Real Adventure.

Of course I didn't know then that it was my first Real Adventure, but I was thrilled just the same. To be sure it was merely a kind of house-party to which I was bound. Babs' father's ranch is only three hundred miles from the city, but I'd never been up in the Pass. You see we'd only been West a few months. And I'd had as much difficulty wringing permission out of Mother—Daddy, my pal, being down in Vancouver on business—as though I wished to journey to Siberia. It was perfectly absurd.

For possibly an hour I felt almost aggressively self-reliant sitting there in the dusty plush seat and thinking how wonderful it was to be on my own. Then the country began to "get" me. Looking at the grandeur all about, as we slipped through the foothills, I fairly forgot the party. With every mile the

Illustrated By
Charles Fraser



It came over me finally that I had ridden off with poor Miss Smithson's jehu.

scenery grew more beautiful. Sheer rock-walls rose on the one hand; deep gorges yawned on the other; little lakes smiled up at us between stretches of virgin forest; lacy cascades foamed and billowed down over rough rock-ledges. Sometimes the roar of these was like surf. The hills grew into mountains and snow-capped peak upon snow-capped peak rose in endless succession, dwarfing even the dome of heaven.

THE car being crowded I was sitting with a large-sized though clean Russian family and holding the baby while its mother snatched a much-needed nap. A brisk drummer had breezed up to Wasyl and was trying to sell him a new kind of safety razor, bent, evidently, on making this part of the world shave for democracy.

Across the aisle sat a wistful-eyed young girl whom I had noticed surreptitiously weeping, and when the Russian mother woke up I gave her back her baby and moved over to try to comfort the pathetic little creature. She was a nice little thing, fair, with sort of Madonna features and dressed rather old-fashionedly.

She summoned a fleeting smile when I asked her if she were ill or in trouble, but she shook her head. It's awfully hard to cheer people up who won't even speak, but I kept at it.

"Have you come very far?" I asked.

At this she laughed rather wildly.

"If you call Nova Scotia far!" she said bitterly.

Bye and bye she spoke again, in a thin, listless voice:

"I came out to take a school. I—I wish I'd died first! I wish the train had turned a somersault into Lake Superior! I didn't know the country was like this—so rough and wild and lonely! I'd like to die. I would so!.... Oh, I know it's grand and magnificent and all that, but if I stayed out here I'd go mad in a week. And I was train-sick all across that horrible, hateful prairie. It—it's terrible! It's so different from home!"

"I'm so sorry," I said, ineffectually. "I love it—not the plains but this mountainous part. You'll get used to it once you settle down and make a few friends."

She looked out with tear-dimmed, unseeing eyes at the movie-like panorama of rocks and gorges and pine-clothed slopes and she shook her head.

"You're awfully good trying to brace me up like this," she said, "but I'm used to lots of company and living in a nice homey town where everybody knows everybody else and this loneliness terrifies me. It's not so much the hardships, though the nice trustee who wrote me such a kind letter said I'd have to live in a shack, but it's the lonesomeness. I—I left home in such a keen spirit of adventure too!"

"But what are you going to do about it?" I put in, checking a fresh outburst of sobs and tears on her part.

"I don't know, but I can't stay. I won't stay," she said stubbornly. Then: "You're awfully pretty. I've been watching you ever since you got on. Are you a Westerner?"

"Sort of," I answered, blushing partly at the bare-faced compliment and partly because of a never-the-twain shall-meet feeling I always had when the East in me warred with the West in me.

SHE began to pack up her belongings. The character of the region had grown rougher, cruder and lonelier. We saw only an odd white man at the few stops. Along

the right-of-way where the trails that wound into the bush were trod by none but moccasined feet (as the conductor said) we caught glimpses of Indian tepees through the timber.

"Is the next stop yours?" I asked the little Nova Scotian.

"Next but one. Cliff Crossing," she sighed.

"Why, that's where I get off!" I exclaimed.

She looked at me enviously.

"You ought to be glad you're not a teacher," she said. I had told her about the house-party.

"I wish you were coming to the ranch with me." was all I could say.

"I wish I were going back home—that's what I wish!" she murmured sadly.

"My friends are such warm-hearted, hospitable people—typical Westerners—that I'm sure they'd like very much to have you if you cared to come," I went on. "But at any rate, I hope you'll soon meet them or people like them—they'll help you to feel more at home. It won't be long till you'll have a friendlier feeling toward the West—just wait and see!" I added, cheerfully.

We exchanged names then. Hers was Margaret Smithson. For all her down-heartedness there was something about her that made me, in my turn, envious. She made me feel like a piker. Her life stood for practical, productive usefulness while mine was but a butterfly existence that benefitted nobody.

Well, we got off, the train scarcely stopping, it seemed to me, before it rushed away again. Miss Smithson said she was expected and that someone would be on hand to drive her to Blue Canyon, where

her little school was. But the only humans in sight were a squaw in a red neckerchief with a papoose strapped to her back, waiting for the train east and a Polish person in chaps who sat smoking nonchalantly in a wagon attached to a piebald and rather restive team. His English seemed limited to "Yaw," and as I knew no Polish we had to get along by dint of gesturing and grimaces. Babs had written that, if the trails were bad after the heavy rains they'd been having, they would send the team instead of the car. Miss Smithson, more dejected than ever, had seated herself upon a coil of rope. She said she'd wait alone and for me to go on and not to bother about her. I wanted to stay with her until her "nice trustee" came to claim her, for I hated to leave her in her present frame of mind. She looked on the verge of fainting.

I THINK it wasn't until we had gotten about three or four miles on our way—the Pole and I—that I began to understand what had happened. I'd never, as I said, visited Babs at the ranch—only at her town home, but from what I'd gathered the trail led almost due south and didn't climb at all. The route we were taking was most circuitous. It rose and dipped and made hairpin turns and sheered away, then climbed again; and each mile was like two.

It came over me finally, that I had ridden off with poor little Miss Smithson's jehu!

I shook the Pole by the arm in a frantic endeavor to get something definite out of him. I shrieked at him to turn back—that I'd made a mistake. All to no avail. He merely grinned and nodded vaguely and kept murmuring "Yaw, yaw."

Shades of Mother and Aunt Anne! And the poor little teacher we'd left sitting on a coil of rope! Oh well—I reflected philosophically—the folks from the ranch would bring her on shortly. As for my own plight, I could rough it for a night if necessary. Blue Canyon must have a few houses! And then I remembered that Miss Smithson had said it was just a scattered settlement and mostly foreigners!

If only my old-time glee in the adventurous would come to my aid now. Why, at a pinch I could act as substitute teacher! But I wasn't exactly thrilled at such a prospect, perhaps because I was travel-weary, chilly and almost famished. And I felt exceedingly qualmy when the intervening hills had blotted out the last rosy glow of sunset. Dusk was upon us. Faintly and from far away echoed and re-echoed a train whistle. I shivered. My driver was as silent as a wooden Indian. An assortment of pails, boxes and milk cans rattled and jangled behind us. At every least pebble on the trail the wagon, none too springy, jolted my aching bones till I longed to scream out.

Several hours must have passed and we seemed to have travelled fifteen or twenty miles. In reality, as I learned later, it was only ten. I was just beginning to feel seriously disturbed about the whole absurd business and I'm afraid the tears were not far off, either, when the Pole suddenly pulled up short and pointed with his whip to some spot in the upper ether.

"Blue Canyon," he said, nodding and grinning at me.

We had stopped at the base of a mighty slope, pine-clothed and rising almost sheer. On our other side the hillside dipped down to where a tiny freshet, scarcely free of its ice-bondage yet, marked a zig-zag course between huge boulders.

"Blue Canyon," reiterated my companion two or three times, seeing I was somewhat dazed.

He seized my bag, which lay at our feet.

"No can do," he observed, apologetically, nodding up at the mountain-top again. "No can do. You gotta walk!"

I gazed upward and the immediate result was a "crick" in the neck. How did the man expect me to achieve the crest of that formidable hill? Was I to swarm up hand over hand?

"You gotta walk now," repeated my jehu, patiently.

Slowly and fearfully and very stiffly, for my limbs were cramped, I descended.

I was chilly and hungry and dispirited. I was learning that early June in the mountains, especially after sunset, calls for warmer clothes than those I was wearing. I felt very small and lonely and frightened—lost out here among the "everlasting hills," and I had to admit that three months lived in the West scarcely constituted one a bona fide Westerner. Why, I was as big a coward as Miss Smithson after all! Would she have fainted at this stage or would sheer necessity have filled her with spunk and forced her on and up—especially up? And, having come thus far was I going to back down now?

JUST then looking upward again, what did I catch but a glimmer of light near the crest of the hill! At first I thought it a very yellow star, a friendly star that had stepped down to hobnob with us for a space. But shortly I discovered that its form was rectangular—and whoever heard of a square star! A window? And a window meant a habitation of some sort! Joy! Oh, Joy!

I pointed at this phenomenon. We had passed the last cabin about eight miles back.

"Yaw," said my driver nodding at the light and then at me. "Yaw. You gotta walk."

He set my bag down and backed away in unaccountable haste. I followed and paid him a dollar. The sound of his receding wagon echoed and re-echoed among the close-pressed hills about me. Then I began that climb. It was a still evening but not dark. A misty dusk filled the lower strata but above I saw a few cold stars. I puffed and panted and paused to rest and started again (changing my grip from one hand to the other) and climbed on and up so eagerly that I had no breath to spare, though I wanted to shout at whoever was up there to come and meet me. The steep and rocky trail which my driver had indicated was fairly straight and though I stubbed my toes innumerable times I made progress and gradually arrived at the shoulder of rock beyond which the sturdy little cabin stood.

The light was an ordinary coal-oil lamp set in the window. I cheered with what breath I had left. But nobody came to the door. Here at this altitude I seemed to have entered another world, a neighborly section, for from my rock-ledge I beheld now many little twinkling points of light denoting the scattered cabins of the valley and hill dwellers. And presently, as I panted there, striving for sufficient energy for the last lap, a faint far-off roaring sound re-echoed strangely among the canyons and away off down there below me a long, glistening, golden snake cut through the velvet darkness and wound away again out of sight. After a moment came a whistle, muted by distance, and a dozen laughing echoes. The railroad couldn't be so very far away after all! Considerably cheered by this manifestation I reached the cabin and here my town-bred instinct prompted me to rap on the door. There was no response. I knocked half a dozen times and could distinctly hear a slow, shuffling sound which, however, didn't seem to be approaching the door. Thinking the occupant deaf I made bold to enter.

"Hello! Hello!" said a voice whose owner wasn't visible.

"Hello," I responded weakly and, dropping my grip, I leaned against the door-jamb, peering about curiously.

"Shut the door," squawked the voice imperiously. I obeyed.

"Hello," I heard again. Then: "Skin a rabbit."

Followed a raucous, inhuman cackle which chilled my blood. Had I stumbled on a madman? Horrors! I stood, rooted to the spot, my knees quaking and my heart beating so thickly it nearly smothered me. Blindly I reached behind me for the latch of the door.

"Hell's bells!" hissed the voice; and I thrilled in terror at the piratical laugh that followed.

But the next instant my eyes, roaming wildly about, had discerned a cage hanging in a window recess.

"A parrot!" I cried and sank, giggling hysterically, into a chair.

Embers were glowing in the round-bellied stove. As soon as I'd come in I'd noticed the grateful warmth. I began to investigate, tentatively at first for fear the person who had lighted the lamp and made the fire should enter suddenly. There was an iron cot with clean bedding in one corner and a home-made book-shelf partly filled with dog-eared, miscellaneous volumes in another. A pantry made of deal boxes graced the corner by the stove and there was a wash-bench of similar origin. The windows had clean curtains and there was even a phonograph and records! I was most agreeably surprised with the atmosphere of the room and for the second time envied Miss Smithson wholeheartedly. On the walls hung fishing-rods, a small gun, a pair of snow-shoes crossed and a few tasteful pictures, unframed.

A NOTE on the rude mantel caught my eye next. It was unsealed and addressed to The Teacher. I opened it boldly.

"You will find sufficient grubstake for a week in the pantry, and the coal-oil is in the lean-to. Bread is in the tin wash-boiler behind the table; a lantern, ready to use, is beneath the bed. Keep the venison in a cool place and do not hang up outside on account of the bears. There is some wood cut for you and you will find the axe beside it. The school is just a hundred yards or so further east along the other trail. Don't mind the parrot. It is only her little way and she means no harm. She had an unabridged vocabulary when I got her and is a versatile bird. Her first owner, a sailor at Victoria, must have been a painstaking teacher, for she can recite passages of scripture or swear with equal ease. Throw a cover over her when she becomes too loquacious."

"Am called away suddenly, but have lighted you a lamp and left a small fire burning. If you should hear a bell ringing at any time, night or day, on no account say anything about it till I see you."

"The Retiring Schulearm."

Well, I foraged about and within half an hour had made myself a meal of sorts. I found the wood and replenished the fire, noting that the retiring teacher had filled a pail of water from some nearby spring. It was the best drink of water I'd ever had, and I blessed her for her forethought. I warmed a can of baked beans and ate bread and oleo with them, finishing off with some biscuits with jam between them, and then I re-read the teacher's note and fell to wondering about her. Some husky young woman from the country, no doubt, a veritable hewer of wood and drawer of water and—judging from the parrot—

of spinsterish age. She had likely become fed up on the life and, good soul that she was, had tried to make my debut as pleasant as the circumstances permitted. Bears! And an axe for me to wield when the supply of wood ran out! (Had she provided me with a tub to stand in, I wondered!) Oh, yes, and a strange bell which I must pretend I don't hear! Some of the children playing tricks with the school-bell, of course.

I didn't undress and go to bed. I hadn't courage enough. But I took off my shoes and loosened my clothes and lay down—and—the next thing I knew the glorious morning sunshine was pouring like a golden flood into the cabin and I was lying in a pool of it and the parrot was whistling for her breakfast!

THIS, then, was Saturday. I spent the morning unpacking my suitcase, reconnoitring and playing the phonograph. It was lonely and I wished some of the neighbors would drop in. In the afternoon I walked warily up the trail and located "my" school—a tiny building without a belfry. Still I saw no human being. The noises of the woods were full about me, chipmunks chattering, the gurgle of a mountain torrent somewhere near but invisible, a loon calling to its mate and the faint yapping of a coyote.

There was, too, an occasional droning, metallic sound, weird, indefinite; and this made a sort of overtone to the rest. It sounded something like a great bluebottle that had been shut in a tin pail, and it rose and fell on the brisk breeze with what became oppressive insistency. It rather got on my nerves, finally. But in the quiet of evening it stopped. I was unable to account for it. The parrot seemed uneasy too, and sat hunched up on her perch, crooning and squawking plaintively.

In the night sometime it recommenced. It must have wakened me for, though it wasn't loud, it had an oddly penetrating quality and in this mountain-top silence it was almost uncanny in its insistency. It droned and clanked and wavered away to silence and then began once more. Now I thought it an Indian drum, and then something in the nature of a steam-riveter, only that I knew that to be impossible up here in the wilderness. It kept rousing me at intervals till nearly dawn; so at last I got up and dressed.

"Hell's bells!" screamed Polly when I threw off her cage cover.

And I giggled. The tension was relieved. Perhaps it was the mysterious bell of the teacher's note.

Dawn was breaking in rosy streaks over the eastern ridge. I had breakfast and tidied up the place. It was too early to look for visitors; but it was Sunday, and I had dropped a fork, and optimism was born anew. Surely, oh, surely, I wouldn't have to spend another whole day alone!

As the sun rose, a dazzling ball of fire, over the highest peak of the range, I stood at my humble door, drinking in the beauty about me. A tiny path bordered by dew-drenched ferns led away to a little spring just beyond some dwarf cedars. All around the pines rose or dropped, tier on tier. Feathery wolf-willow stented the chill pure air of morning. The balsamic sweetness was like a rich wine. From the canyon rose wisps of blue mist like ephemeral smoke from altar-fires. To the west one lone white star burned faintly.

I don't suppose I'll ever look upon a more beautiful scene. It made me jubilant and solemn by turns and a full quarter-hour must have gone by while I stood entranced, and the sun's red shafts picked out the shimmering dew beads on the ferns.

Then—oh, unfailing augury of the fallen fork!—I caught the faint click-click of approaching hoof-beats. I was to see a human at last. Someone from the Bar Cross!

ROUNDING a bend in the trail, riding down upon me from the direction opposite to that of the school, came a lone horseman. As he drew nearer I saw that he held a bundle of some sort, not on the saddle-horn but on one arm. He was a young man, probably twenty-five, and he wore his rough ranchman's attire with almost superb grace.

Silently he pulled up his horse. As I went toward him he jerked off his hat and the morning sun glinted a moment on thick reddish-brown hair.

"Are you Miss Smithson?" he asked, directly.

"I'm taking her place. I'm Miss Moore," I said, boldly.

"Well, it doesn't matter. I want to ask—to ask you—do you know anything about—about—"

As he stammered thus his eyes travelled from me to the bundle he carried.

"It's rather an unusual request," he commenced again, and grew a trifle ruddy above his tan.

"It isn't anything about continuation-class work is it?" I asked in some alarm. "You see I only matriculated."

I'd been rather dreading that.

"I meant something quite different," he said, looking down strangely at what he held, and smiling.

Then he leaned over the saddle and offered me the bundle. It was a tiny baby and it was wrapped only in cotton wadding and then in a man's coat!

"Oh, isn't he small!" I cried, taking the mite. "Is—he ill or anything?"

Continued on page 68

The Golden Voice

By Victoria Walker

Illustrated By Kathleen Allen

As the chimes pealed out from St. Peter's the inmates of Hawker's Alley sprang to action. It was the signal that the day had begun. The huge factories which hedged them in on every side commenced to belch smoke which hung like a pall everywhere. The coarse cry of the street vendors could be heard as they trundled their carts or jostled one another in the narrow exit leading to the street.

Metto stood before the broken mirror, tying a scarlet kerchief around her head, a fitting frame for the small oval face and sparkling black eyes. Cristy, the monkey, sat on the dresser chattering and playfully withholding the articles of toilet.

"Be good today, Cristy," pleaded Metto as she rescued a pair of bracelets and clasped them on her long slender arms. "Now we are ready," and, giving Cristy a box over the ears, hastened to answer a knock on the door. The florist's boy stood without.

"How many Simon?" Metto asked as she took the basket of flowers from him.

"Thirteen bunches," he answered, flashing his white teeth in a smile.

Metto closed the door and sought out her mother.

"Dear mother," she cried, "wish me good luck today, for Bembo says he must have the rent or he will put us out."

"Santa Maria," groaned the mother who sat in the dim light of the window engaged in the intricate task of making lace. She paused now and then to hold her side in a spasm of a racking cough. Her face, which still retained traces of extreme beauty, was ghastly pale, intensified by the grim surroundings. Their home, a basement dwelling in Hawker's Alley, was reached by rickety stairs which led into a narrow room, where the sickly rays of a gas light flickered from a low ceiling.

It was here that Madame Lugi had found a refuge from the hand of persecution. While finishing her studies in Italy she had married Signor Lugi, a man of high social attainment, who, being opposed to the national policy of a foreign government, to which he had been attached, met speedy death at the hands of those who had swept aside all the rights and privileges of those who sought to maintain its national greatness. Madame Lugi, who supported her husband's opinions, was thrown into prison from where she escaped and fled with her daughter Metto. Ill health had prevented her pursuing her work of an artist and to see her daughter exposed to the life of the street was more than she could bear.

METTO, gay and light hearted, pushed her cart along the busy thoroughfare. It was the first time she had tried to sell alone and she stood timidly before the passing throng.

A swirling mist, which for hours had hovered over the city, settled in a bewildering fog. The insistent whistle of the traffic policeman could be heard above the honking motor cars, which twisted and turned until they had become a tortuous body. It required patience to bring order out of such confusion, but patience was not a virtue with Raphael Shannon who, on his way to a concert, leaned out of the window as if considering the possibility of being extricated from the mass. To add to his disgust, a wheezy concertina began to play, then a voice clear and sweet rose in the rapturous melody of an old Italian ballad. He listened intently. How strangely familiar! The beauty, power and pathos. He was once again in sunny Italy, listening to Loti. She had sung it on that fateful night, when the storm-swept mountains brought death and destruction to the inhabitants. A look of sadness crossed his face as he stepped from his car and threaded his way towards the singer. Her arms were full of flowers which were being quickly bought by the admiring crowd. To each she returned a smile of thanks. Metto saw him as he came towards her. His kind searching eyes held her.

"Your singing was beautiful," he said as he reached a rosebud. "It is a favorite song of mine," he continued.

"I am pleased if it has given any pleasure," Metto replied earnestly.

He marvelled at the unmistakable refinement of her voice and manner, and the perfect diction.

"It seems strange that a voice like yours should be wasted on the street."

"I find the audience very appreciative and, as yet, I have not had an opportunity to use it in any other place," was the smiling reply.

"Then I have no fear in saying that you will have the world as your audience," he rejoined with spirit.

"I could not hope for anything so wonderful," she coyly replied.



"Your singing was beautiful," he said as he reached for a rosebud.

"It could not be otherwise with one so gifted and charming," he returned, and bowing hurriedly to his waiting car.

The unexpected appearance of one who had evinced such a kind interest in her, had a strange effect upon Metto. Her life, which had been dark and sullen, suddenly became bright and sparkling. Her heart sang as she laid her concertina in the empty cart.

The brilliant assembly, the tumultuous applause failed to make Raphael Shannon forget the voice and beauty of the singer on the street. He, the premier tenor and idol of the musical world, proudly acknowledged the wonderful ovation.

THE sun had come out and its lengthened rays were piercing the gloom of Hawker's Alley when Metto returned home. Her thoughts constantly strayed to the kind stranger with the hope of seeing him again. A group of women were talking excitedly outside her door. She pushed her way through them and stood terrified. A nursing sister was fanning her mother who lay, still and white, on the bed.

"What is the matter?" Metto cried in alarm.

The nurse motioned for quietness.

"Are you Metto?" she asked, her eager eyes resting on the horror-stricken ones of the girl.

"Yes," Metto whispered tensely.

"Your mother is very ill. I did not know—" Her remarks were interrupted by the little Italian doctor who bustled into the room. He looked grave as he leaned over the patient. After a careful examination he turned to the nurse and whispered something about being "taken away" and "fresh air."

To Metto, whose hearing was sharpened by keen anxiety, the words were fraught with terror. She burst into tears. Her weeping aroused her mother.

"Oh, mother, how can I let you go?" Metto cried, throwing her arms around the emaciated form.

"It is better so, dear. I cannot bear it much longer."

Dr. Bressy, who had become inured to scenes of distress, turned away from the outburst of grief. In the years through which trouble, like an evil spectre, had followed them, nothing had been more poignant than this, but the kind sympathy and ready help of the doctor did much to cheer and encourage them.

The door of Hotel Dieu opened as the doctor, accompanied by a sweet, fragile-looking woman, walked slowly up the broad steps. A nurse came forward to take his instructions. There, in the mountain,

where the perfumed breezes cooled her fevered cheeks, Madame Lugi fought bravely for her health.

Desolate loneliness filled Metto's life after her mother had gone. There was no one to whom she could turn and she shrank from contact with those around her. The additional duty of caring for her mother goaded her endeavors and she wondered if Michael,

who kept the fruit store on the avenue and who had often helped them, could give her something to do. She was preparing to go when Bembo entered.

His close-set shifty eyes peered through the dimly-lighted room. Cristy, sitting above the door, reached down and pulled off his ragged cap. Bembo looked up, startled, to see it tossed in mid-air. With vile imprecations he snatched Cristy and, pressing his long skinny fingers into its throat, threw it across the room where it fell at Metto's feet.

"You hateful man, how could you?" stormed Metto, beside herself with grief. As she picked up the lifeless body of Cristy, she realized, with a pang, that her only companion was gone.

"Hum," snorted Bembo, rubbing his hands and grinning, exposing one vicious looking fang. "The rent I must have, you sell vell today," he said in mocking tones.

Too exasperated to reply, Metto counted the amount and gave it to him. When the people in the Alley knew how successful Metto had been, she had many offers to sing.

"You sing for me I pay you big," Bembo suggested with a sweep of hands.

Fury shot from Metto's eyes. "Indeed I will not! I would rather starve."

"Ve vill see," he shouted, waving his fist at her as he went away.

After wrapping Cristy in a blanket and closing the house, Metto ran all the way to Michael's. Marya was lighting her candles as she burst into the room.

"Oh, Marya, what shall I do?" Metto screamed, overcome with fear and dread. Marya turned quickly to see her sink breathless in a chair.

"Cara mia," soothed Marya, and called Michael from the store. His huge form and genial smile gave a sense of security and sympathy to the broken-hearted girl. He waited until the storm of grief had spent itself, wondering as to the cause, then listened patiently until she poured out her trouble.

Marya, whose knowledge of English was limited in expressing her feelings, drew the distracted girl to her bosom.

"Stay with Marya, little one," Michael said as he wiped his eyes and returned to his work.

RAPHAEL SHANNON paced his room in a restless desire to see the sweet singer again. Day after day, between social and professional engagements,

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La Reine d'Yvetot

By John A. Moroso

Illustrations By J. Scott Williams

NO man under the sun ever would have thought out such a way of making a living, except Papa Poinsett.

His farm of yellow roses is there to-day, down among the lowlands. Twenty acres of yellow roses, and all of the incomparable Mimi Poinsetts! Think of it; dream on it—twenty acres of golden roses, so fragrant that ten miles away the odor seeps into the forests around Summerville and mingles deliciously with the redolent pine exhalations.

You do not believe it? Then ask any of the Pringles, the Prieleaus, the Ravenels—ask Francois Ravenel, he will tell you. Every rose that blooms in South Carolina he knows by name and he salutes them in passing with a smile on his long and lean countenance. He will tell you about the wonderful golden beauties in the lowlands just beyond the ancient city of Charleston, the great rose farm that stretches across what they call "The Neck," making an ornament for the fair old city as beautiful as any ever worn by a beautiful woman.

But to Mimi Poinsett's papa.

He came from Provence, passenger on an old barque that carried wine for ballast.

He was tipsy when he stepped ashore at Adger's wharf and he remained tipsy until Mimi helped him from his old cane chair on the piazza of his cottage and he went to bed for the long rest.

Papa Poinsett was a young man when he came from Provence and a very handsome young man. He looked at the old gardens of Charleston, through the big grated gates, and exclaimed: "Lovely! What roses!"

He stopped by the old wall of Saint Michael's on the soft red brick paving, worn thin by the usage of many years, and looked at the crepe myrtle bough that swung over the top.

"Lovely!" he exclaimed. "What a beautiful color!"

Something caught his eye on top of the graveyard wall beneath the myrtle. He discerned a row of broken bottles imbedded in mortar. Stumps of the old wine bottles that guarded the flowers of the cemetery are still there.

"Bottles!" cried Papa Poinsett. "Ah, me! *C'est Paradis.*" Papa Poinsett strolled to the Battery and from the sea wall he discerned that no skies of France were bluer than the skies here, and not even the Bay of Biscay was as lovely as the bay where rise the old forts of Moultrie and Sumter.

Papa Poinsett had the American equivalent of four thousands francs in his wallet—money left him by his uncle, the miserly wine exporter of Provence, who died without leaving a will.

He bought twenty acres of lowland, land that others thought of no value because the high tides flooded it.

But Papa Poinsett had grown roses in Provence and he knew what that black alluvial soil would do if it was properly worked. He knew, too, that by cutting out one single bend in the creek which sprawled through his property the high tides would sweep safely by him. So he removed the kink in the stream, freshened up the cottage on the place and began to grow yellow roses by the acre.

Of course everybody who was anybody had his own rose garden in the city and consequently no one needed to buy roses, but Papa Poinsett knew a thing or two about grafting that he had never told any one. He would make such a rose as would be worthy of the name of his old sweetheart Mimi, the only girl he had loved, who had been sent to a Paris convent to study, had blossomed into a beautiful young woman and had married a rich American while on a visit to the land across the seas.

So, in a few years, came the famous Mimi, the most beautiful rose that ever grew, a thing for a poet to rave over, with petals so exquisitely formed

his nature demanded. He had called her Jeanneton. She had been one of the neglected of the fair daughters of the old Catholic French colony, a rose left to fade, until

Papa Poinsett took her and by his wicked merriness of soul and his droll Provencal yarns had brought the tinkling laughter back into her throat, the light into her eye and whilom a glow as warm as Chian wine to her cheeks. And he gave her motherhood, and she worshipped him for each and all of these wonderful blessings. That she was merely "Jeanneton" to him did not mar her happiness, for had not his acres of wonderful roses given her baby hair of fine spun gold, his lightness of heart baby laughter to the little one, and his fine physique strength to the little limbs?

She never reproached him for his wine, for Papa Poinsett never was drunk in his life any more than ever he was sober. If he was occasionally a little merrier than his average and insisted on repeating the choruses of his songs, he would suddenly appear very grave and declare that if the old barque in which he had journeyed across the sea had been ballasted with something other than good wine he might have started out his new life in the new country in better wise.

But his gravity and his laying of the blame on the barque and its ballast always made Jeanneton laugh, for Papa Poinsett was never as droll as when he pretended to be serious.

The while she laughed she would help him remove his clothes and would place upon his head his nightcap, whereupon, as he retired to the connubial fourposter of old ascanthuscut mahogany he would lift his really fine tenor voice and sing:

"Il etait un roi d'Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l'histoire;
Se levant tard, se couchant tot,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronne par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet d ecoton,
Dit-on.
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'etait la!
La, la!"

And he insisted on being the "good little king" and being crowned with his cotton nightcap. He would have no other fate than that of the monarch that Beranger drew, a king whose people never cried save when he died.

But when his Jeanneton gave up the ghost and was buried and he sat far into the night before the

the gusty and fragrant oak logs, smoking his pipe in sadness and keen sorrow, he realized that the good little king had been stripped of his cotton crown. He burst into tears as he made ready for bed and put aside the nightcap.

The next morning his eyes were swollen and he snuffled dreadfully. The grief in his heart was slightly diminished, but his head was clogged with cold.

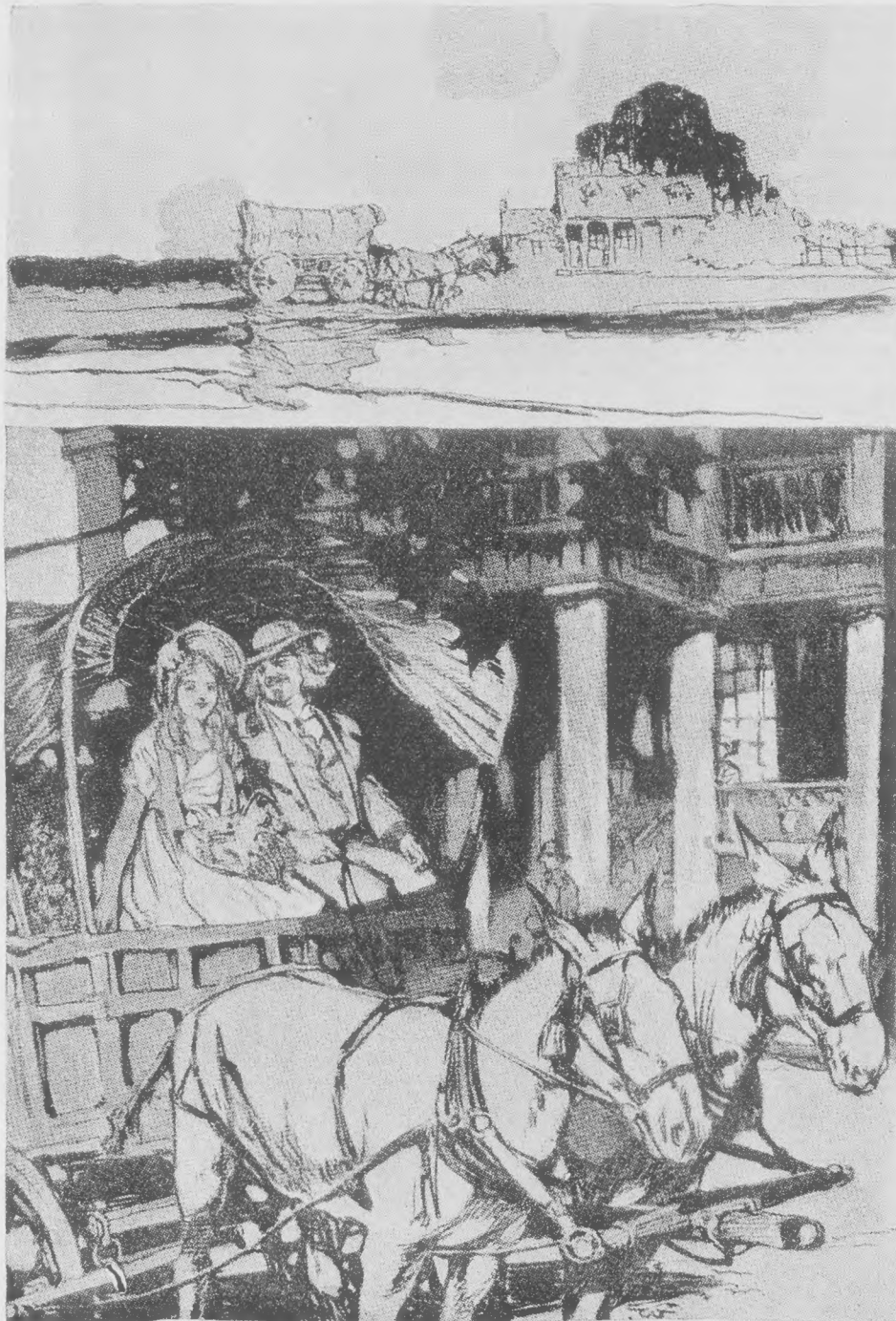
That night he sought the crown—as the cross faded gradually—and little Mimi, standing on a chair, tucked the royal insignia over his ears, kissing him sweetly on his half blue lips.

So little Mimi became queen of the cloth-of-gold realm of Yvetot.

How splendidly she grew! It was amazing, the beauty of this child as it unfolded into young womanhood, just as the rosebud unfolds with the coming of maturity. Every morning Papa Poinsett would make her a little seat in the great wagon amid the bouquets he sold to the retail trade and with which he stocked his big stall in the market. Her golden hair and her limpid brown eyes, her pretty ribbons and her bare, round arms, made each day for the new Queen of Yvetot a day of triumphal entry into the ancient city.

At first the old people on their way to early mass at St. Mary's or St. Joseph's, the two French parishes, would stop and laugh and declare that Poinsett's drollery would never have an end. But the time came when the young blades would sally from side streets to glimpse the vision of loveliness.

The Mimi Poinsett rose had long become famous and had gathered a great army of worshippers. But



Every morning Papa Poinsett would make her a little seat on the great wagon.

that they seemed cut in gold, and all with a fragrance that was maddening in its joyance.

The famous rose cultivators of the country heard reports of it and Antoine Poinsett piled up a bank account. No citizen of Charleston ever went to the market for the day's meat and vegetables, fowl and game, that he did not take home with him a bouquet of the roses from the Poinsett farm.

IN his prosperity Poinsett found that a woman was necessary to his comfort. So, when the buxom Marie Potet began making eyes at him as he played in the game of boston every Saturday night at the home of her father, he looked Marie over and decided that she would do. He and Marie's father emptied six large bottles of very good Bordeaux while they talked over the matter.

Marie was the only unmarried daughter and she was horribly near twenty-five, the age in that climate which is supposed to relegate a woman forever from the matrimonial field and stamp her as an old maid. So Marie was saved doom of this sort and Poinsett had a woman to care for him and put him abed when he lingered too long with his friends, regaling with wine and the fine old songs and stories that only a Provencal may hope to tell.

In time came little Mimi, a baby girl as pretty and healthy as any father could wish to see. She was five years old when the fever struck down the mother and sent her to St. Lawrence cemetery to sleep under the moss-draped oaks.

Papa Poinsett had never taken his wife very seriously except as an aid for those creature comforts

here was the incarnation of the creation of man's wit as floriculturist and mind as poet. Mimi Poinsett herself was lovelier far than any rose a garden ever offered.

Mimi at sixteen was in charge of the rose stall in the market. In the back of it Papa Poinsett had his office. There he played picquet all day except for the lunch hour and the little siesta he took in an armchair after lunch. Toward evening he would get down to business and write a few letters acknowledging the receipts of cheques or orders. Then he would take Mimi to the wagon and the two would jolt homeward through the quieter streets of the city, past old mansions with broad piazzas, to the cottage where the realm of Yvetot was governed with song and laughter and wine.

PAPA Poinsett, snoozing in his chair in the back of the flower stall in the market, found his quiescent brain suddenly alive with a dream. His Jeanneton had been resting under the oaks of St. Lawrence for eleven years. Perhaps it was his widowerhood that had taken him, in sleep, into the fairyland of youth and love; perhaps the natural craving of such a man for affection; it might have been the sudden stirring of recollections long quiet. No man knows his own mind. He only knows his instincts. Whatever brought this dream to Papa Poinsett is responsible for this narrative of the affairs of the kingdom of Yvetot.

Papa Poinsett dreamed that he was with his first sweetheart. The fragrance of her brown hair was in his nostrils, and in the wonderful dream eyes of Papa Poinsett, asleep in his old wicker chair, there struck sharply the fine profile of Mimi Villepontieux. He even saw the blood rush to the spot on the round arm of his old love, the soft, round arm he had most wickedly pinched. Papa Poinsett even heard her voice, low-tuned and sweet, with the resonance of the fat "G" string of the viola d'amour.

Papa Poinsett himself told it to me, as I now try to tell it to you, that in this most wonderful dream he pressed the ripe lips of Mimi Villepontieux to his own and drained them of their rich harvest of sweetness.

He awoke with a start. Pray, is there a man advanced to fifty years who would not awake with some violence as a dream gave such issue?

"My God!" he exclaimed.

Papa Poinsett, for a few seconds, sat in his chair dazed, wondering. Then he got up and peeked out of the little door behind the stall of yellow roses and beheld his daughter Mimi Poinsett, held fast in the arms of a young man whose lips were pressed tightly to hers.

Papa Poinsett stood stock-still, stupefied.

Mimi's hair had tumbled from its big, coiled golden heap on her head. There was a haze over Mimi's soft eyes. There was fire in the eyes of the young man.

"M'sieu," began Papa Poinsett lamely, with the charming guilt of his dream still smarting him. "M'sieu, you hold my daughter in your arms!"

The young man started and stared at Mimi's father.

"Papa," began Mimi.

"Mr. Poinsett," began the young man.

"Enough," said Papa Poinsett. "How long has this thing been going on?"

"I love your daughter," said the young man, screwing up his courage. "She is promised to me."

"And who are you, if you please?"

"I am John W. Hampton."

"Hampton," mused Papa Poinsett aloud. "A good name, my son. May I ask whether the blood is the same as that of Le Beau Sabreur, Wade Hampton?"

"It is, sir."

"Come into my office," Papa Poinsett said. "It is raining. Of course you did not observe that it was raining."

Mimi had "put up" her hair again. She hurried into the little door while her lover stared vacantly at the sky as if questioning it about the rainfall he had entirely overlooked.

It was the Easter time and roses were fresh and beautiful in their youth. The little office back of the flower stall was clouded with their incense. The rain made a pretty pitter-patter against the window-panes.

Papa Poinsett scanned the face of the young man closely. His eyes were eager to fathom the mystery of the beyond that was to be the future life of his daughter as a woman and no more as a child. His heart was hungry for some divine assurance that Mimi would be happy. He knew nothing of unhappiness and Mimi had known naught of it.

"You want my daughter for your wife," began Papa Poinsett. "You want to take from me the best that I have. I love my rose bushes, but not a single plant has given anything so fair and sweet as my dead wife gave me in Mimi. I want her to be happy. Young man, tell me just what you are, what are your hopes, what profession have you?"

Hampton gazed blankly at the floor.

"You have finished college?" asked Papa Poinsett, as if to help him.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, his embarrassment growing.

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No, sir."

"A physician?"

"No, sir."

"Are you going in business?"

"Tell him what you are," commanded Mimi, snuggling to his side.

The young man grew very red in the face and stuttered as he tried to obey the command of his sweetheart.

"If you're no lawyer, physician, or business man," snorted Papa Poinsett with sudden anger, "tell me, for the love of God, what are you?"

"I am a poet," stammered the young man.

"A poet?"

Papa Poinsett drew back and took a second look at his prospective son-in-law.

"Yes, sir," the poet reiterated. "The roses drew me here and I was studying their beauty when I saw that your daughter's loveliness was beyond anything that Heaven ever smiled upon and I—er—you see. I asked her to sell me one and—er—really somehow there was—er—you see."

"A poet!" sounded the fine voice of Papa Poinsett. "By the pope's mule that saved his kick for seven years, a poet! Oh, la!"

Mimi began to cry.

Papa Poinsett caught her by the hand and drew her to his wide breast. His laughter subsided.

"Don't cry, my angel," he told her. "I am not joking your lover. I would rather you married a poet than any other sort of man. It will keep the

soft spot in her heart for him. This may or may not have been true. At any rate the organ arrangement for the "Sanctus" in which Gounod tucked his soul, was always played with as deep feeling as, say, the Boston Symphony Orchestra might play it.

Papa Poinsett always took a raw egg just before he was to sing. Jules du Fort used to do the same thing before him and Peter Devineau for years took two raw eggs before singing the melodic masterpiece of Gounod.

This particular Easter Sunday found Papa Poinsett in finer voice than ever before. He swallowed his raw egg and sang so wonderfully that even in the back pews, which were the cheapest, the worshippers forgot their miseries and remembered their poverty no more.

What made Papa Poinsett sing as he had never sung before? One would have thought that Mario had come back to earth. There were nuances of tone issuing from his throat that had never come forth before. The song was the same. It was the same ripe, wonderful voice, but the singer was different.

What had happened to Papa Poinsett that from him should come the beautiful "Sanctus" so much richer with melody and tenderness?

Liza Devineau's eyes were splashing tears on the keys of the organ when the last note was played, and Julius Cay, the baritone, was standing as if petrified, so astonished and fascinated was he when Papa Poinsett bowed low to the ladies of the choir and began worming his bulk down the narrow stairway.

PAPA Poinsett had an engagement, one that would brook no interference even from whispered praises and adulations. His prospective son-in-law awaited him on the sea wall of the Battery, a place which is, in Charleston, the holiest of all the holies.

Son-in-law had told Papa Poinsett that his mother objected to the alliance with Mimi. Son-in-law had told Papa Poinsett that his mother had been a widow for ten years and that she was afflicted with the prevalent disease of "family." Son-in-law had told him that his mother was a descendant of kings and queens and that she was, indeed, the very monitor of the Saint Cecilia Society, where no human may ever hope to be received unless he has a pedigree at least as long as that required at a bench show.

Son-in-law had told Papa Poinsett that it was a ghastly fact that his mother was a stickler for a king-and-queen ancestry and that her heart was breaking because he insisted on marrying a flower girl.

"The Poinsetts," the mother had put down as her dictum, "are vulgar people. They sell flowers. They are tradespeople."

The very morning the young poet, who was yet to write a poem, had told Papa Poinsett that his mother was a queenly woman and of queenly strain. Her maiden name was Mimi Villepontieux and she had sprung from the royal loins.

You can readily see why Papa Poinsett was in such haste to get to the Battery to meet the young poet, and you may easily understand why there crept into the fine tenor of the rose grower something that was more tender and solacing and charming than technique and training ever might produce; that even a raw egg might produce.

Here was the dreamer son of Mimi Villepontieux. Here was flesh and bone and blood of her flesh and bone and blood.

The years had crept remorselessly by. Roses had been grown, had bloomed, had exhaled their souls and died, but their sweetness had not died for Papa Poinsett. No more than his love for the Mimi of the Provençal village of his birth had died. His thoughtful care of his daughter and his questioning of the young man who wanted her for wife had brought out the fact that the poet's haughty mother was his own Mimi, the girl who in youth had caught his heart and had enraptured him.

Papa Poinsett had not divulged to the young man this great secret. He had spread the news, perhaps, that he was in love by singing the "Sanctus" as he had sung it. But the young man did not know that Papa Poinsett had once loved his mother.

Papa Poinsett had arranged with son-in-law to point out his mother to him as she went into her mansion. The house was on South Battery, two palmetto trees and two great oleander bushes standing guard beside the marble steps.

"There she is," said son-in-law proudly.

A stately woman clicked the gate and swept within the garden.

Papa Poinsett grasped the pipe rail of the sea wall.

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"Can it be Antoine Poinsett?"

two of you at home with me. My roses shall take care of us all, n'est ce pas?"

TWICE a year Papa Poinsett sang in the choir of St. Mary's. On Christmas morning he sang the Gounod "Sanctus" when the Host was elevated. On Easter Sunday he sang it again. His fifty years had not struck him in the throat nor in the heart. His voice was sweet and pure.

High up in the choir loft over the entrance to the old church, he could not be seen by any of the congregation bowed in worship. Liza Devineau, the organist, knew how to play his accompaniments. Some of the gossips, such, for instance, as Madame du Fronfied, have declared that Liza always had a

Tom's Bargain with the Doc

By Fitch C. Bryant

"SAY, are you the doc?"

The surgeon paused half-way up the steps and glanced at a small bit of humanity balanced on the stone handrail.

"Why, yes, my little man, what can I do for you?" he asked tenderly, as he stepped over and put a hand on the lad's knee.

"Nothin' fer meself; it's fer me brudder." The little fellow spoke earnestly and looked straight into the eminent surgen's kindly gray eyes.

"Your brother? Oh! I see. Well, what's the matter with your brother?"

"Cripple." The one word, with the saddened tone, told the whole story to Dr. Harrison. He knew the rest of the tale from long experience, and asked no further questions.

"Come in the house, and let's talk it over."

"Say, doc, I don't believe you want me to come in. I ain't got no money."

"Why, that's just the reason I want you to come in," the doctor replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and ran up the steps closely followed by the small urchin. As the door closed behind them he seized the youngster in a playful bear hug, and landed him in a heavily upholstered leather chair.

"What is your name?"

"Tom McGuire. You know Pat McGuire that tends bar down in East Downey Street?"

"No, I don't believe I do."

"Well, he's me uncle, and he says you set his leg, time of the big railroad smash-up at Hanover."

"Yes, I remember going out to Hanover with a lot of other doctors at the time of the accident; but that was ten years ago."

"That don't make no difference to Uncle Pat. He never forgets favors. Guess he ain't had many in his life."

"Where is your brother, Thomas?"

"Aw, don't call me that. I ain't Thomas. I'm just Tom. Raggy Tom they call me 'round the square. I sells papes on the southwest corner of the square. Business ain't so bad this time o' year, and I'm breakin' in Pete."

"He can walk then, can he?" The physician had seated himself close to his small caller, and was giving his whole attention to the case in hand. "Tell me more about Pete."

"Pete was born that way. Doctor said one leg wasn't no good and never was goin' to be, so when Pete got big enough, I saved me pennies and bought him a crutch, and after 'while he got so's he could use it. Then I took him down to the corner and he helped me sell papes in rush hours. He likes to be doin' sonthin', but he gets awful tired holdin' the papes and hangin' on to his crutch."

"Is there any news stand on that corner?" the doctor asked, becoming still more interested.

"Naw, we dassn't put one up. Billy Hahn, he's the feller what had that corner before me, he tried to get leave to put up a stand alongside of the fountain where there's plenty of room, but the aldermen turned him down. He didn't have no pull, and I ain't got none neither. Me and Pete was up on the northeast corner, and when Billy got wet feet and pneumonia and died, we come down to his corner."

"Tom, are your father and mother living?"

"Maw is. I dunno much about paw. He ain't no good. Uncle Pat says he sees him hangin' round once in a while. Maw's got two younger'n me and Pete. I'm ten and Pete's goin' on nine. Maw works awful hard takin' care of the kids and sewin' fer a department store. She says to me one time, 'Tom you look after Pete and I'll take care of the young uns.' Maw can't hardly get enough to buy 'em clothes, so I chip in when biz is good. Say, doc, I read in my papes 'bout that kid you fixed up last week, and I'll bet ten cents Pete's leg's just like that. Thinks I, when I read that, 'I'm goin' to see Doc Harrison and tell him 'bout Pete.' Now, Doc, on the level, how much do you charge for a job like that?"

"I received \$3,000 for that operation." There was a merry twinkle in the doctor's eye that was lost on his little visitor.

"Aw, say, doc, wot yer givin' me? You didn't make all that in one day."

"Yes, in two hours, Tom."

The youngster's eyes filled with tears, and he bit his lip to hold back the sobs.

"Don't you never charge no less?" the boy managed to ask, without giving away to the burst of tears ready to flow at his disappointment.

"Oh, yes, indeed; but you asked me how much I received for an operation like last week's, and I never performed one just like that before. It was very delicate and peculiar."

Tom slid out of the chair as if to go. "I guess it's all off, doc. I ain't in your class."

"Tom, sit down there." The doctor's tone of command was filled with more laughter than severity.

"Let's talk business."

The youngster obeyed, watching the eminent surgeon with a puzzled look, uncertain whether the great man was really in fun or in earnest.

"Tom," the doctor continued, "I know Pete."

"You know Pete?" Tom gasped in amazement.

"Yes, I have seen him down by the fountain at the square. You know we specialists always keep our eyes open for anything in our line, so I have noticed him several times as I passed the corner. Of course, I can't say positively, but I think an operation will give Pete two legs instead of one. Now, how much can you afford to pay for such an operation?"

THE youngster's eyes shone like two live coals. So the doctor knew Pete, and thought he could cure him! Was it a dream? Tom pinched himself to make sure it was all real. Yes, he was awake all right. How much could he afford? He

felt he could afford anything to give Pete a new leg, but how little that was compared with what the doctor would expect. Both sat in silence for over a minute. The surgeon knew what was going on in the youngster's mind, but thought best to let him come to his own conclusion. The boy fumbled his cap nervously while he considered the great question, and at length looked up suddenly into the surgeon's face. There was no doubt or uncertainty in his face or tone as he announced his decision.

"Doc, the only thing I've got in the world is me corner down by the fountain, where me and Pete sells papes. I can't give you all that, for I wouldn't have nuthin' left for me and Pete to live on and to help maw with the kids. I'll tell you what I'll do, doc, I'll let you have half o' that corner. You can hire a kid to sell papes fer you and have some dough left, but you won't make no \$3,000 in kingdom come."

"All right, Tom; I'll accept that proposition, and we'll draw up the agreement right now. Let's see, this is December eighteenth. We'll start the new arrangement beginning with January first."

In the course of a quarter of an hour the paper was duly prepared and signed and witnessed, and Tom saw the doctor file it carefully in the strong box in his safe. With a hearty handshake, the surgeon bade adieu to his ten-year-old man of affairs, and turned to a patient waiting in the outer office.

Tom McGuire had known all too little of happiness in his hard ten years, but this was surely the climax of his earthly bliss. A new leg for Pete! Could anything be finer! He ran most of the way back to the square, and nearly knocked the cripple over in his eagerness to tell the good news.

"Say Pete, you're goin' to have a new leg."

"What?" the bewildered Pete was too intent on selling papers to bother about new legs.

"A new leg, I say. Doc Harrison, what I told you 'bout, is goin' to make one fer you."

"Aw, gwan. Wot yet givin' me," grunted the skeptical Pete, ignoring the enthusiasm of the head of the house.

"Come on, I'll show you."

"Naw, you don't. You don't get me losin' what leg I've got."

"Honest, Pete, I'm on the level. The doc says he bets he can fix you up good as new."

"Nixy fer me. I'm fer keepin' me bum prop. I reads how a doc saws off a boy's legs just for fun."

"Aw, Pete, don't be silly. The doc won't hurt you."

"Don't you believe it," Pete replied, and started down the sidewalk to get away from temptation. Tom knew Pete's stolid strength of will, and decided on another tack. He felt in his pocket and found sixteen cents. Counting out five pennies, he ran across the street, and soon had Dr. Harrison on the wire.

"Hello, this you, doc?—Pete won't come—Naw, he's afraid you'll hurt him. He's read how a doc cut off a feller's leg just fer fun.—Send up a pape? Sure, but you'll have to hide yer sign, or he won't never come in.—All right, I'll send him up. Please don't hurt him, will you doc?—Good-bye."

Tom ran back to the corner.

"Hey, Pete," he called, as soon as he was within earshot of the cripple, "a guy just told me to hustle a *Herald* up to 345 West Alden Avenue. Get on a Prince Street car, and hurry up. Here's a dime fer car fare."

"There ain't no profit in that," Pete grunted, "go yerself an save the dime."

"Do as yer told. I'm boss o' this corner," the young financier retorted, shoving Pete toward a car as fast as the cripple could hobble. "Get off at Walnut Street and walk west half a block," he shouted as he helped Pete on the car platform.

For the first time in twenty-two years Dr. Harrison's sign was hidden as the cripple struggled up the steps and rang the bell.

"Here's yer pape," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, holding out the first edition, when the maid opened the door.

"Paper?" asked the girl, pretending ignorance. "Step in a moment and I'll see if it belongs here."

Pete stepped inside and took off his cap. The girl disappeared, but returned presently, and pointed to an open door down the hall. Pete hobbled in the direction pointed, and entered the doctor's outer office.

"SIT down a minute," came a pleasant voice from somewhere, and Pete crawled up into one of the large chairs. The next few minutes were about the busiest the cripple had ever known. Pictures, statuary, books, furniture—never in his short life had he seen such an array. How could he possibly remember all to tell Tom. Before the survey was half finished, however, a tall man with a kindly face stood before him and held out his hand for the paper. Pete handed him the *Herald* and arose to go.

"Hold on a minute, how much do I owe you?"

"Two cents."

"Two cents?" the doctor shouted, so loud that Pete feared he had overcharged him. "Didn't you pay car fare to get here?"

"Yes, Tom paid that." Pete smiled with relief.

"Tom? Who's Tom?"

"He's me big brudder." This time the smile bespoke pride and thankfulness.

"Likely sort of chap?"

"Yes, sir; Tom's all right." The smile was wider than ever.

"Do you know who I am?" the doctor asked in his kindest tone, placing his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"No."

"I am Dr. Harrison."

The smile disappeared and the boy began to tremble at mention of the awful name. "Possibly you have heard of me?"

"Ye-es," Pete whispered, too scared to realize whether he was saying "yes" or "no."

"Now, Pete, take a good look at me," the doctor continued as he arose from his chair and stood in the middle of the

room for the cripple's inspection. "I'm not really such an awful man, am I, Pete?"

"N-n-o-o-o," Pete answered, more because the surgeon's tone needed a negative reply than because he knew what he was saying.

"Pete, I like little boys," the doctor went on, ignoring the lad's terrified expression. "And I kind of think some of them like me. Do you think you could?"

"Ma—a—aybe," the youngster was doing his best to be brave.

The doctor glanced at the open door and nodded to the maid.

"Tom McGuire is out at the door and wants to see you," she said.

"Send him in," the surgeon answered heartily. "Well, I never. Hello, Tom!"

"Hello, doc! Done anything to Pete's leg?"

"Why, no, we haven't mentioned legs. Have we, Pete?"

"Not yet," said Pete, with a feeling that something was still to come.

"Say, doc, look at it now, will you?" Tom exclaimed energetically and began to take off his brother's shoe.

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Modernism

By Rev. John Mackay, D.D.

Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg



MODERNISM is a much-abused word. Those who dislike or fear what it stands for set up a man of straw that they may knock it down again. But those who are modernists are the only ones capable of doing justice to its meaning. Those men who live in modern days yet try to interpret the wealth of these days in thought forms of long ago, group together all the vagaries of irresponsible thinkers, all the tentative theories of more serious men and call the result modernism. Modernism, however, is the attempt to formulate in terms of modern thought the wealth of facts which modern life has brought us and their meanings for life and conduct. Men fear or mistrust Modernism because they forget that while Truth itself is unchanging, the forms in which it is expressed are constantly changing.

The Jewish thinkers who gave us the Old Testament had certain thought forms by which they expressed their relation to God, to man and to nature. By means of rites and ceremonies they found their own lives enriched by contact with Jehovah. So long as that contact was real and their lives were rich and full, these rites and ceremonies and thought forms were of value. But in the period just preceding the birth of Christ, these rites and ceremonies and the thought forms associated with them had themselves assumed primary importance and the contact with the Divine for which they existed was largely lost.

When Jesus came He went straight to the heart of things, making contact with the Divine and life in Him the main thing and treating rites and ceremonies and old thought forms as of secondary importance. This horrified those who looked upon these things as primary and they opposed Him with all their might up to the death on the Cross. He was the modernist of His age. Paul, His greatest follower, found the tendency to over-emphasize rites and ceremonies and old thought forms even within the Christian group and his whole mission was a long battle for the right to immediate contact with the Divine and the expression of its meaning in the thought forms of his own day.

He and his companions succeeded in convincing the Church of the correctness of his position and in planting it throughout the whole Roman world.

When the Church became a world force in contact with a multitude of other religions and forms of thought, it became necessary to systematize its thinking so as to readily convey the truth for which it stood to the common people.

This systematization of Christian thought covered the whole field of experience. It was made in terms of the thought forms of the Roman world in the first six centuries and has held the field for the most part till within the past two centuries. It is true that the Reformation broke with the conception of the Church imposed by the religious organization of pagan Rome, but it left the old thought forms practically untouched. Yet the Reformation laid stress on the principle of the priesthood of all believers, i.e., of the direct contact of each human being with the ultimate source of reality. This principle was bound to lead ultimately to the attitude to truth which is today known as Modernism. It has worked itself out in three great movements which are just now coming into full fruition.

1. Modern Science

THE scientific conceptions, from which we are rapidly departing, were for the most part derived from the Bible and the doctrinal statements of the first Christian centuries. They represented the universe as something limited in extent with the earth as its centre. Man's place in that Universe was variously defined, but generally physical nature was considered to be alien and often hostile to him. Though the Divine Being was believed to control the universe in some way, He was conceived of as above and without it for the most part and His appearance within His universe was seen in exceptional interferences called miracles.

But astronomy has penetrated into the seemingly limitless depths of space and shown us that our earth is but a speck as compared with the whole, a speck revolving around the Sun which is itself only one of a vast concourse of suns each holding its own course in space.

Physics has studied and measured the mighty forces that pulse through the Universe and has found that even matter itself, which to the old modes of thought seemed so fixed and unchanging, is a mighty concourse of ever-active forces each balancing the other. Then, too, it has harnessed these forces and made them the servants of man, producing possibilities of comfort and well-being for humanity never before dreamed of.

Chemistry has analyzed the multitudinous forms in nature and reduced them to their elements and has found that these same elements exist with the same

properties in the remotest star as they do in our earth.

Biology has traced the developments of life from simple to more complex forms right up to the crown of living beings—man.

Psychology has studied the inner life and has shown it to be rich and complex beyond the imaginings of earlier man. And a score of other sciences have been at work exploring every corner of the universe and putting their results at the service of humanity. From all these searchings has come two great generalizations.

First: The conviction has grown that the universe in all its parts is one, governed at every point by uniform natural law. Discover the causes operating at any moment or at any point and we can be sure of the results. For such a thought of nature, miracle can no longer mean capricious interference from without, but only the bringing into play, in a realm wholly governed by law, a law not yet known or understood.

Second: The further conviction has grown that the universe as we know it has been slowly evolving from simpler to more complex forms, from lower to higher manifestations of organization and life.

2. A New Philosophy

ALL this new material for thought has made necessary a new philosophy and that has come into being. When the material universe was looked on as outside of and alien to the mind of man and the mind was considered to be a tabula rasa or blank sheet, knowledge could be explained by the theory of sensations, of a sequence of messages impressed upon the mind from the material world.

But a closer study of the process of knowing has shown men that the knower and the thing known are not separate the one from the other, but that the thought forms by which the thing is known exist in the mind of the knower and every object known is conditioned by the experience of the knower.

Wordsworth makes this clear in two passages in his poems. Of a certain man he writes:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

Yet of himself he says:

"To me the meanest flower that
blows can bring
Thoughts that do often lie too
deep for tears."

It is manifest from these two quotations that the flower each man sees is conditioned by what the man himself is. Moreover, when the matter is further thought out and investigated, it is manifest that the flower which is known is not the product, in the mind, of something which stays outside of it and sends in messages, but itself eludes knowledge. The real flower insofar as it is known becomes a part of the knower's experience. If, however, it is to become thus part of the mental life of the one who knows it, it must exist in, and for, a mind like that which knows it. In other words, philosophy shows us that the universe does not stand over against God and apart from Him, but that it exists in and for a great all-knowing personality in whose image we are made. Thus our universe in all its infinity of forms and forces is a manifestation of the life of the Divine Being in whom we live and move and have our being. Thus every bit of scientific knowledge which we acquire is an unfolding to us of a phase of the Divine. Thus our God is not far off from any one of us, but our very bodies are parts of His infinite wealth of Being and we can find Him and reproduce Him in our own lives. The only two fundamental realities in all the Universe are this ever-present, all-present God and our own souls,

made after His image and ever becoming more and more like Him as we come to know Him in reality and in truth.

The God we know is not a different God in character from the God our fathers loved and served but the mode of His existence is different from what they thought and their thought forms can no longer do justice to the God we know. To attempt to put Him into these outworn thought forms is to break them into pieces and leave us bewildered and confused. Modernism is the attempt to formulate new thought forms adequate to all the facts science and philosophy have revealed to us about ourselves and the Divine Being.

3. Historical Criticisms

MODERNISM differs too from so-called Fundamentalism in its attitude to the history of God's self-revelation to men. Fundamentalism speaks as if God were a static being who long ago put into a form of words all that He could say to man about Himself.

Modernism believes that He is a living God always present, ever living in the most intimate contact with men, that each generation had some inkling of what He is and what man was meant to be. The Jewish people gathered together in one priceless library the impressions which the successive generations of prophets and thinkers had of God.

Fundamentalism teaches that these impressions and the thought forms in which they were expressed are a full and final revelation, when taken together with the New Testament, of all that God can say to men about Himself and them and their relations to Him and each other. Modernism believes that the Bible is a great literature and must be studied like any other literature; that if God is a living, ever-active, self-revealing being, and man is a being made to be like Him and ever realizing in fuller measure that likeness, then the Bible will show progress in the truth it records and that its thought forms will change from age to age and stage to stage.

It therefore, believes in Historical Criticism, i.e., the attempt to study the life and conditions out of which the thought forms of each new generation sprang. It believes that the abiding truth can thus be separated from the changing forms in which it is expressed in each generation and the progress of unfolding truth can thus be traced down through the ages.

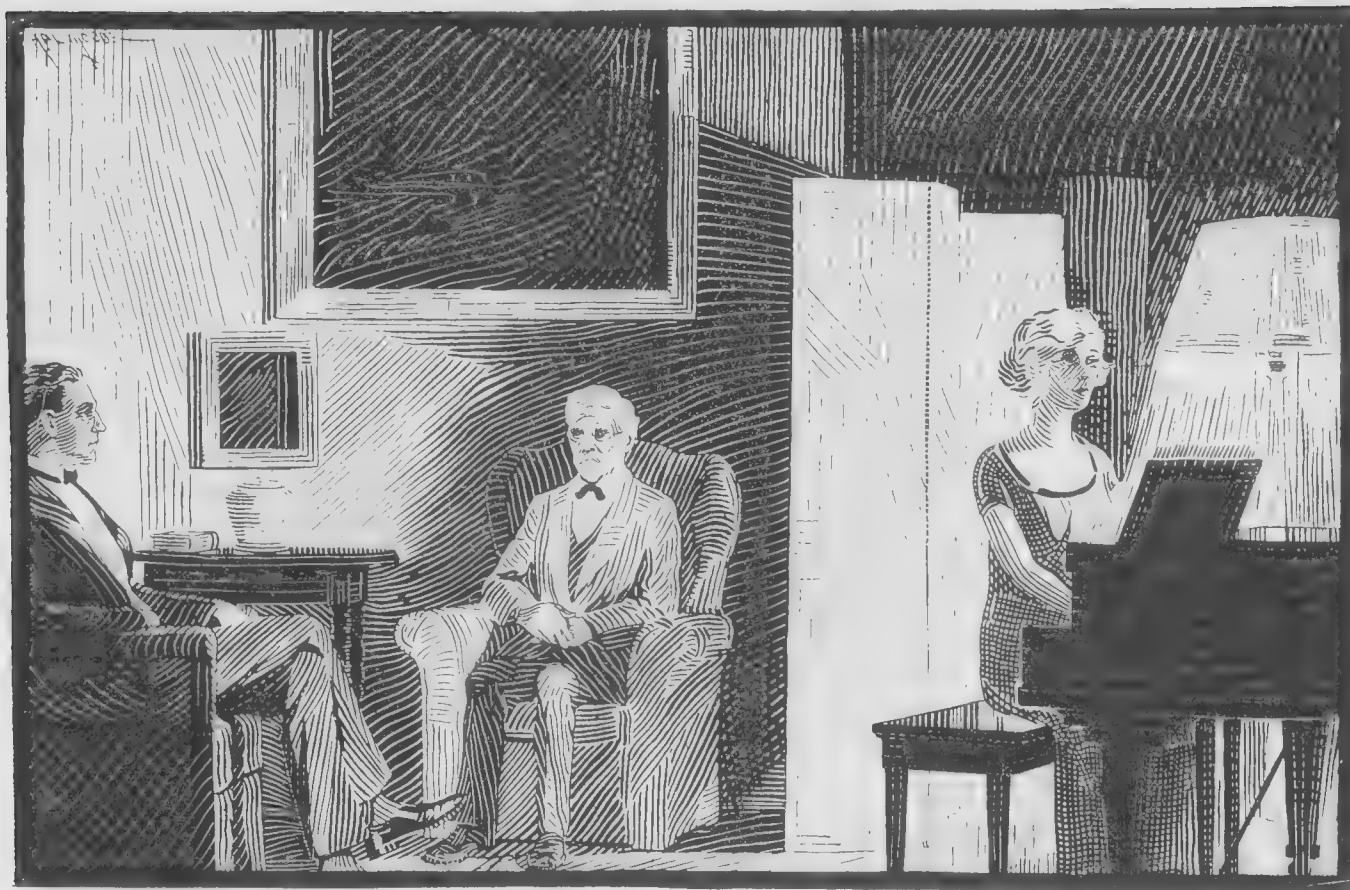
It believes also that the God revealed in the Bible still lives and reveals Himself in ever greater fullness to each new generation which is sensitive to Him; that every fresh discovery, in whatever field it is made, is a fuller revelation of God. Jesus Himself when parting from His disciples said, "I have yet many things to say to you, but ye cannot hear them yet; but when the Comforter is come, He shall lead you into all Truth." Modernism believes in the mission of the Holy Spirit, the self-revealing presence of the ever-living, all-present God who is in all and through all and who is revealing Himself in ever larger and fuller measure with the progress of the race as it becomes able to receive new impartations of Truth.

The effect of this modern attitude to the Bible has been to throw a whole flood of light on the central revelation of God in Jesus Christ. Since its inception more lives of Christ have been written than in the whole preceding eighteen centuries of Christian history. It has sifted almost every line and word in the Old and New Testament and made the life and teaching of Jesus more vivid and real than it has been to any Christian generation since the first.

Moffat says in his "Everyman's Life of Christ, p. 17:" "The existence of Jesus may still be debated. So may the question whether the earth is round or flat." The inference is that one debate would be as sensible as the other. This is surely great gain. Men are now building upon actual knowledge, upon first-hand contact with the life and teachings of Jesus and He is towering above all other men because of this contact in a way which no ex-cathedra claims made for Him could ever make possible.

Modernism believes that the Bible is and always will be unique because it makes it possible for us to have this first-hand contact with the life and teaching of Jesus, the incarnation of the Divine in human history, because it treasures the successive discoveries of the nature and content of truth in the history of a unique race out of which Jesus came. It also believes, however, that nothing is added to its value by making claims for the Bible which it does not make for itself, by treating its literature as if it were a thing apart from all other literature and all other life. It believes that Isaiah taught long ago that God is not only the God of the Jews but of all other peoples, that His laws for them were the

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The Fire-Warden

A NOVELETTE IN THREE PARTS

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Harold Woods

III.

IN October the maple leaves fell, the white birches showered the hill-sides with crumpled gold, the ruffed grouse put on its downy stockings, the great hare's flanks became patched with white. Cold was surely coming; somewhere behind the blue north the Great White Winter stirred in its slumber.

As yet, however, the oaks and beeches still wore their liveries of rustling amber, the short grass on hill-side pastures was intensely green, flocks of thistle-birds, disguised in demure russet, passed in wavering flight from thicket to thicket, and over all a hot sun blazed in a sky of sapphire, linking summer and autumn together in the magnificence of a perfect afternoon.

Miss Elliott, riding beside Burleson, had fallen more silent than usual. She no longer wore her sombrero and boy's clothes; hat, habit, collar, scarf—ay, the tiny polished spurs on her polished boots—were eloquent of Fifth Avenue, and she rode a saddle made by Harrock.

"Alas! alas!" said Burleson; "where is the rose of yesterday?"

"If you continue criticising my habit—" she began, impatiently.

"No—not for a minute!" he cried. "I didn't mention your habit or your stock—"

"You are always bewailing that soiled sombrero and those unspeakable breeches."

"I never said a word."

"You did. You said, 'Where is the rose of yesterday?'"

"I meant the wild rose. You are a cultivated rose now, you know."

She turned her face at an angle which left him nothing to look at but one small, close-set ear.

"May I see a little more of your face by-and-by?" he asked.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Burleson."

"If I'm not, I'm afraid you'll forget me."

They rode on in silence for a little while; he removed his cap and stuffed it into his pocket.

"It's good for my hair," he commented, aloud.

"I'm not married, you see, and it behooves a man to keep what hair he has until he's married."

As she said nothing, he went on, reflectively: "Eminent authorities have computed that a man with lots of hair on his head stands thirty and nineteen-hundredths better chance with a girl than a man who has but a scanty crop. A man with curly hair has eighty-seven chances in a hundred, a man with wavy hair has seventy-nine, a man—"

"Mr. Burleson," she said, exasperated, "I am utterly at a loss to understand what it is in you that I find attractive enough to endure you."

"Seventy-nine," he ventured—"my hair is wavy—"

SHE touched her mare and galloped forward, and he followed through the yellow sunshine, attendant always on her caprice, ready for any sudden whim.

So when she wheeled to the left and lifted her mare over a snake-fence, he was ready to follow; and together they tore away across a pasture, up a hill all purple

with plummy bunch-grass, and forward to the edge of a gravel-pit, where she whirled her mare about, drew bridle, and flung up a warning hand just in time. His escape was narrower; his horse's hind hoofs loosened a section of undermined sod; the animal stumbled, sank back, strained with every muscle, and dragged himself desperately forward; while behind him the entire edge of the pit gave way, crashing and clattering into the depths below.

They were both rather white when they reached each other.

"Don't take such a risk again," he said, harshly.

"I won't," she answered, with dry lips; but she was not thinking of herself. Suddenly she became very numble, guiding her mare alongside of his horse, and in a low voice asked him to pardon her folly.

And, not thinking of himself, he scored her for the risk she had taken, alternately reproaching, arguing, bullying, pleading, after the fashion of men. And, still shaken by the peril she had so wilfully sought, he asked her not to do it again, for his sake—an informal request that she accepted with equal informality and a slow droop of her head.

Never had she received such a thorough, such a satisfying scolding. There was not one word too much—every phrase refreshed her, every arbitrary intonation sang in her ears like music. And so far not one selfish note had been struck.

She listened, eyes downcast, face delicately flushed—listened until it pleased him to make an end, which he did with amazing lack of skill:

"What do you suppose life would hold for me with you at the bottom of that gravel-pit?"

The selfish note rang out, unmistakable, imperative—the clearest, sweetest note of all to her. But the question was no question and required no answer. Besides, he had said enough—just enough.

"Let us ride home," she said, realizing that they were on dangerous ground again—dangerous as the gravel-hill.

And a few moments later she caught a look in his face that disconcerted and stampeded her. "It was partly your own fault, Mr. Burleson. Why does not your friend take away the mare he has bought and paid for?"

"Partly—my—fault!" he repeated, wrathfully.

"Can you not let a woman have that much consolation?" she said, lifting her gray eyes to his with a little laugh. "Do you insist on being the only and perfect embodiment of omniscience?"

He said, rather sulkily, that he didn't think he was omniscient, and she pretended to doubt it, until the badinage left him half-vexed, half-laughing, but on perfectly safe ground once more.

INDEED, they were already riding over the village bridge, and he said: "I want to stop and see Santry's child for a moment. Will you wait?"

"Yes," she said.

So he dismounted and entered the weather-battered abode of Santry; and she looked after him with an expression on her face that he had never surprised there.

Meanwhile, along the gray village thoroughfare the good folk peeped out at her where she sat her mare, unconscious, deep in maiden meditation.

She had done much for her people; she was doing much. Fiction might add that they adored her, worshipped her very footprints!—echoes all of ancient legends of a grateful tenantry that the New World believes in but never saw.

After a little while Burleson emerged from Santry's house, gravely returning the effusive adieu of the family.

"You are perfectly welcome," he said, annoyed; "it is a pleasure to be able to do anything for children."

And as he mounted he said to Miss Elliott, "I've fixed it, I think."

"Fixed her hip?"

"No; arranged for her to go to New York. They do that sort of thing there. I see no reason why the child should not walk."

"Oh, do you think so?" she exclaimed, softly.

"You make me very happy, Mr. Burleson."

He looked her full in the face for just the pace of a second.

"And you make me happy," he said.

She laughed, apparently serene and self-possessed, and turned up the hill, he following a fraction of a length behind.

In grassy hollows late dandelions starred the green with gold, the red alder's scarlet berries flamed along the road-side thickets; beyond, against the sky, acres of dead mullein stalks stood guard above the hollow scrub.

"Do you know," she said, over her shoulder, "that there is a rose in bloom in our garden?"

"Is there?" he asked, without surprise.

"Doesn't it astonish you?" she demanded. "Roses don't bloom up here in October."

"Oh yes, they do," he muttered.

At the gate they dismounted, he silent, preoccupied, she uneasily alert and outwardly very friendly.

"How warm it is!" she said; "it will be like a night in June with the moon up—and that rose in the garden."

.... You say that you are coming this evening?"

"Of course. It is your last evening."

"Our last evening," she repeated, thoughtfully.

"You said...."

"I said that I was going South, too. I am not sure that I am going."

"I am sorry," she observed, coolly. And after a moment she handed him the bridle of her mare, saying, "You will see that she is forwarded when your friend asks for her?"

"Yes."

She looked at the mare, then walked up slowly and put her arms around the creature's silky neck. "Good-bye," she said, and kissed her. Turning half defiantly on Burleson, she smiled, touching her wet lashes with her gloved wrist.

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Can mother make it clean?

Indeed she can—quickly and safely, with the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha!

Even dirt ground into the very fibres of a fabric, lets go and slinks away when Fels-Naptha tackles it.

Naptha—that great dirt-loosener—works hand in hand with splendid soap in Fels-Naptha. Working together they give you the *extra* washing value that you cannot get in any other form. Dirt lets go quickly. Clothes come clean safely.

The Fels-Naptha way takes less strength from you.

No wonder millions of women feel that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha! Since they have found a way to make housework easier, why shouldn't you get its benefit, too? Get a Golden Bar or two from your grocer today, and let it prove its *extra* helpfulness.

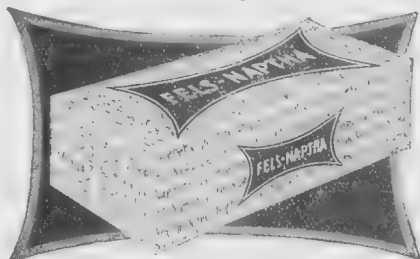
Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is splendid soap and *naptha*—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar, working together to save you work, and to save wear-and-tear on clothes. Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week?

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Be sure to include Fels-Naptha in your camp kit this Summer. It makes short work of cleaning clothes and dishes.



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The original and genuine *naptha* soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy Fels-Naptha in the convenient ten-bar carton.

TEST Fels-Naptha's extra washing value. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Help Wanted

By Helen Werner

THE capable young librarian straightened and frowned. "I think," she said, "you have read every dog story we have, but here is one that has a dog in it, a dog that was hunted by rabbits. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes'm!"

The little fellow started out with "Jeremy" under his arm. Miss Sanford's voice pursued him, "Won't you wait a minute? I'll wrap it up for you. It will surely get wet."

The small boy turned away from the gloomy vista presented by the glass in the door and returned to the desk. A few minutes later, he pulled his cap over his eyes and plunged into the rain with "Jeremy" well-wrapped, hugged under his arm. Miss Sanford turned to the young college student who assisted evenings in the Byrne-Slocum library. "We shall have an easy time tonight. Few people will come out in a storm like this."

"Darn few—but that queer one is here."

"That pathetic little woman. I didn't see her come in."

"Oh, you were fussing with the kid. She slipped in; no umbrella, soaking wet, and she's made for the same alcove."

"Bound periodicals?"

"Yes. She never stays long—not more than half an hour—but she's been in every night since I can remember. She is probably starved for books and no money to buy with."

"I don't understand why it's always magazines or why she never takes anything out."

"Neither do I. I'm going to slip down and see what she reads."

"Don't trouble her, Dan. She's such a timid little thing she might not come back if she found people curious."

"She won't even see me. I think there's something darn queer about her. If anyone comes in you be 'receiving teller' till I get back."

Dan walked softly down to the end of the library, stepped into the next alcove and, pretending to be interested in the books, shot occasional glances between the shelves at the shabby woman. She had taken "Parnassus" Vol. II, 1915, from its shelf and was seated at the table with it propped before her. She was reading with a rapt expression on her face and turned the pages reverently. "Parnassus," grunted Dan, under his breath. His scorn was not meant for the original Mount Parnassus nor for the little publication, "Parnassus," which had flourished for a short time, the life of a butterfly, treasured by a small coterie of the poorer "literati cognoscenti" of the town and then, lacking support, had faded and died. During its short life the little magazine had done its work well. It had striven to give recognition to local genius and to stimulate in all an interest in the art of letters. Dan's scorn was for the worshipful face of the woman. She seemed to be finding in the poor pages of "Parnassus" food for a starving soul. At last she closed the book and walked towards the shelves, caressing the covers with worn fingers. She half sobbed as she slipped it into its place and turned away. She looked back at it again and a look of madness, of mad desire, came into her face. She took one step towards the case, caught the book in her hands and tore half a dozen leaves from it. Dan came in upon her as she was stuffing the sheets into the blouse of her cotton dress. She stepped back against the case, sobbing. But she was determined to keep what she had taken.

"They're mine," she sobbed, frightened, but clutching the torn fragments desperately.

"You wait here," Dan said gruffly and patted her rough sleeve. "Wait right here," and he sought the capable Miss Sanford.

Miss Sanford was not disposed to be merciful. She proposed to hail that fragment of humanity into court and cease, once and for all, depredations of the Byrne-Slocum Library. She questioned Dan carefully and then said, as she reached for the telephone: "I shall have an officer sent up to the library. It is better he should see her here with the book and the leaves."

Dan caught her arm. "I say, have a heart—just a little. You might hear what she's got to say."

Miss Sanford set down the telephone and arose with a competent air. "Well, I'll hear what she has to say. But we can't encourage that sort of thing here."

They found the woman wilted into a chair, her head

on the table. Miss Sanford drew one of the chairs near her and sat down, but Dan threw one leg over the corner of the table and perched there. Miss Sanford began a rapid fire of questions but could get little out of the woman. She had written verses which were published in "Parnassus." She did not write any more and because she had no copy of them she had torn out the pages to preserve the relics of a little triumph. She could not be made to tell any more. Miss Sanford telephoned for an officer who questioned the woman and compelled her to promise to secure another copy of the number of "Parnassus" she had torn, and to pay for its binding with the

A Spinner in the Sun

By H. H. Farriss

*Within its room the busy loom weaves on,
As the swift shuttle speeds from side to side,
Each moment grows the fabric more complete,
A beauteous thing before our wondering eyes;
The weaver watches every thread that makes
The warp and woof, with patient, loving care
And weaves the glowing pattern that his brain
Had first conceived, and now all men may see
His masterpiece, his work, perhaps, of years.*

*How often do we pause a while and think,
As in the tumult of the busy day
We hourly struggle with our fellow man,
Each bent upon his own desires and gain,
That every deed, yes, every passing thought
Colors the web we weave from childhood's dawn
Till death bids us cease and work no more.*

*Oftimes tomorrow is a tangled skein
That only can the Master's hand untie;
He lays the warp, our duty 'tis to spin
The fabric of our lives each fleeting hour.
Spin then the golden Threads of Truth, the blue
Of Hope, the pure white skein of Innocence,
Forgetting not the glowing Thread of Love
That brightens even those dull hours of gray
That come to every one.*

*The busy loom
Of your life and of mine, is speeding on,
So let us weave, not coarse sackcloth and serge,
But may the fabric of our rounded days
Show a bright Tapestry of Rare Delight
That has been woven in the fair, sweet day,
Within the golden light of happiness,
By one who is a spinner in the sun.*

other numbers of the volume. The woman tearfully consented, gave the officer her name, Alice Mason Douer, and was accompanied by him to the boarding-house where she lived.

AFTER several days during which no word was received from Mrs. Douer, Miss Sanford took part of her weekly half-holiday to look her up. She was impelled as much by her own curiosity as by the alarm of old Mr. Danforth, her chief. She arrived before Mrs. Douer had returned from work. The mistress of the house, a comfortable, kindly woman, chatted with her on the porch while supper progressed under the eye of her little assistant. Miss Sanford began to "pump" Mrs. Brown, who was innocently voluble.

"She is a nice little thing," Mrs. Brown assented cheerfully. "She's nice to have about—and good. She hardly deserved all the trouble she got."

"I should not think so," Miss Sanford felt her way gently. "Her husband is dead?"

"Yes, thank the Lord! They brought him home and he died here. He was caught in his machine when he was too drunk to know what he was doin'. She cried, poor thing. I wouldn't 've."

"He wasn't good to her, then?"

"When he was sober—but that wasn't often. They came here, him and her and a little blind baby. She cooked for them in the back room upstairs and helped me some to pay. She had some stuff she wrote once—poetry, real good, about him and her when she first knew him. They was in college then and he took notice o' her when he found out she could write. When they were married she lived in the old house with his mother. Mrs. Douer says she was lovely, but she took sick and died, what with her son drinkin' and the baby born blind. Things was worse after that. The home and everythin' went for his debts. He worked when they came here, but he couldn't keep straight. She stuck by him good enough and loved him right through—even when he burned the bit things she'd written one night he found her cryin' over 'em. After that she was near frantic for want of 'em, and singin' the bits of 'em that went through her head to make the baby laugh. I tell yuh it's sad."

"Where's the child?" Miss Sanford asked suddenly.

"She couldn't keep him when she made up her mind to go out an' work an' there wasn't any place for him to play here an' I couldn't be watchin' him, so she took him to the 'Sunshine Home.' He gets real good care for five dollars a week and she goes to see him nights."

When Mrs. Douer's slight figure turned the corner the conversation was abruptly changed to the weather. Mrs. Brown went to see what Molly was doing with the supper and Mrs. Douer greeted Miss Sanford. She did not seem as much abashed as the latter had expected, and, yet, very much worried. She had tried to find a copy of the "Parnassus" without success. The little magazine seemed to have been forgotten. Miss Sanford endeavored to impress upon her the importance of the matter and advised her to place an advertisement in the papers. When she took leave of her she spoke more kindly, remembering what Mrs. Brown had told her.

Mrs. Douer must have obeyed immediately, for Dan found advertisements in all the morning papers. He read the advertisement from each paper aloud to Miss Sanford at the desk. "Wanted: To buy a copy of 'Parnassus' for April, 1915."

They received no word from Mrs. Douer. The advertisement must have failed.

TWO days later Dan discovered a more interesting advertisement in the paper: "Wanted: 'Parnassus,' April, 1915. Bring copy to Byrne-Slocum Library at 8 p.m.—A.M.D."

"Idiot," said Miss Sanford crisply. "Bring copy to Byrne-Slocum Library at 8 p.m.—A.M.D.' Anyone desiring to meet A.M.D. wear a white carnation and stand under the clock in the New York Central Station. No one but a crazy person would answer such an ad.—or the library might be crowded."

After all her outburst she looked forward to 8 p.m. as eagerly as Dan did. At five minutes of the hour, Mrs. Douer appeared, flushed, and attired better than usual. She stopped at the desk where Miss Sanford and Dan surveyed her expectantly. "I must explain," she said. "Perhaps you saw the advertisement in the morning's papers?"

"We did," Miss Sanford answered dryly.

"No one answered the other. I couldn't understand why not, because there is one person whom I know had a copy of it and I believe kept it. If I do not get it tonight, I give up. It might almost never have existed, it has so completely vanished."

She turned away from the desk and surveyed the people at the reading tables. She started visibly when she caught sight of a tall, heavily-built man near the cases at the end. He was casually glancing over the books, looking up occasionally as if expecting someone. Mrs. Douer surveyed him from the desk. He had not changed much since his college days. The stern, chiselled features were the same she had sketched in her Anglo-Saxon book, (before she had met Douer), always in football togs and labelled "hearde under helme." Beowulf the Second, whose real name was Stephen Brant, had not gained a pound since the old days on the eleven, but time and some unhappiness had given him a streak of gray back from his left temple which rather increased than detracted from his distinguished appearance.

Alice Douer was surprised and hurt that he did not come to her at once. At last, she started towards him. He did not recognize her until she stood directly before him. "Why, Alice!" he cried and seized both her hands.

Continued on page 68



"Those Endearing Young Charms"

are most often expressed without words—just the enticement of natural loveliness, as millions know, which comes in this simple way

BORN of the wisest of all generations in beauty culture, the modern woman has succeeded in making natural loveliness the most important quest of the day.

To be audacious, she seeks, above all things, to be demure. To incite the emotions, she employs the dangerous weapon of simplicity!

Thus the natural complexion succeeds the artificial. Which is as it should be. For, like artificial flowers, or imitation jewels, the artificial invariably offends in contrast with the real.

So today, wherever your eyes turn, fresh and glowing complexions greet you. Modern beauty methods start with the common-sense care of natural cleanliness—the balmy lather of Palmolive used in this simple way:

Simple rules that do wonders

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Made in Canada

2722C

AFRICAN
PALM TREE



OLIVE TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else*, give Palmolive its green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

COCONUT
PALM TREE





Today—all your clothes deserve the care you give to fine fabrics—

Sports Clothes of Silks and fine Woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a washbowl of hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. Roll in towel—when nearly dry press with warm—never hot—iron.

To wash blankets, 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water for rich, live suds, necessary. Dissolve Lux thoroughly, whisk thick lather, cool to lukewarm. Press suds through soiled spots—*never rub*. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters. If possible let blankets drip dry—it makes them fluffier. Never twist them. To avoid stretching, hang blanket double, lengthwise, pinning at regular intervals.

Important Uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses—washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum.

FOR years and years your darling blouses, your exquisite hosiery in its myriad shades, your filmy lingeries—have been like new again after each washing!

Silk sweaters, fresh and unstretched, at the end of the season—costly little sports suits with their flannel soft and unshrunk—Lux took care of them all!

Today that same good Lux works its magic with *all* your laundry. For nowadays every single thing of yours that's washable is so nice it simply cannot be trusted to ordinary soap!

Today your gay little house dresses, your sweet muslin underclothes, the children's darling little gingham, bright as Easter eggs, your nice sheets and fine, monogrammed towels—*all* must go into plentiful, softly cleansing Lux suds! These sparkling suds keep the colored pieces so fresh and unfaded, the sheets and towels so snowy white! Everything is like new again.

And with even everyday things so expensive nowadays,

they just have to be taken care of. And how faithfully they wear when you use Lux! Each fibre is so tenderly cleansed by Lux—cottons and linens respond to this just as much as woolens and silks.

So little Lux will do your biggest wash—do you realize?

A whole tub brimming with swirling, cleansing suds—plentiful, thorough Lux suds that foam softly through each fibre of the garment you dip lightly in and out—all from that little bit of Lux you use!

You know what amazing suds even a speck of Lux has always given you! That's why Lux is so economical for your laundry—you really need so little. When you look at that great pile of snowy clothes—it seems like magic that it took so little Lux.

And your hands—everyone who uses Lux knows how blessed its velvet suds are after stinging kitchen soap! Whether you're washing just a bit of finery or the whole laundry Lux leaves your hands sweet and soft.

Lux won't harm anything pure water alone won't harm.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.



Now the Big New Package too

A little Lux goes so far it's a real economy to use it

The Incidentals of Good Furnishing

A Few Points That Are Significant in a Room

By Sylvia Sims

THOSE clever people who love to draw wise conclusions and set them down in authoritative and uncompromising figures, tell us that there are more new homes established at this time than in any other season of the year. The long-established housekeeper does not need to have a learned mathematician tell her that this is the season in which she grows most critical of the home she has already established.

What, then, could be a more appropriate topic for discussion than this.

What is the most successful plan for the furnishing of a home, to make it really be the two things it *should* be—comfortable and beautiful. To be comfortable, it must fit into our daily needs. To be beautiful, it must fulfil the ideas of beauty which we have at the moment.

My last remark is, I know, open to challenge. Beauty is beauty, someone may tell me; it is not a matter of changing notions. I shall answer that with a well-known saying, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," and I think most people will agree with me that there is a good deal more beauty about today's house furnishings, than there was to those of say twenty years ago. There was "beauty in the eye of the beholder" when elaborate furniture, all over twists and curls of applied wood, with glaring finishes made bright with varnish, was bought for almost every new home; when wall-papers and carpets were masses of vari-coloured pattern; when rooms were crowded with furniture and every flat surface covered with ornaments and knick-knacks.

But that very same eye has had a lot of training since then. It has been taught to appreciate neutral backgrounds that recede, rather than come forward, and so show up what is placed against them; it has gradually learned that restfulness, repose, restraint—call it what you will—is an important quality in any room; it has come to see that there is much beauty in a piece of pure, lovely colour or in a truly beautiful line. So, of course, it follows that the eye which has been trained to see new beauties, will at the same time have developed the ability to criticise what it had before accepted.

In short, our ideas have changed. We want fewer things in the average room and we feel more inclined to demand something very definite from each of them. There is, as a matter of fact, such a strong reaction against "clutter," whether in a large or a small area, that there is a little tendency to simplify almost to the point of standardizing; one sees room after room that has, quite truly, nothing *wrong* with it, but which has at the same time nothing to remember; it is average comfortable, everything is in good taste, but it has so exactly followed the rules that it completely lacks individuality.

We do not quarrel with these new rules. We feel that they are particularly *good* rules. We cannot help realizing that our cretonnes, with their smart or gay or soft colourings, look better against a plain wall paper; or that plain side curtains and less pattern in our furniture, are wise if the walls are noticeably patterned. We like to sink comfortably into a deeply-upholstered or a well-cushioned wicker chair, even though it is exactly the type of those in several neighbours' living rooms. We agree that the mantel and the sideboard should hold very few articles, chosen in each case to complete a single harmonious whole.

But when we have made the most of the new things we have learned, that seems to me the moment to declare ourselves. In the *little* things lies the opportunity of every homemaker to make her house charming, individual; to let it seem to be what it really is—a lived-in, much-enjoyed home.

When the foundation for a room has been laid, with correct wall and floor coverings, adequate and well-chosen furniture, correct appointments for the business of living as it is carried on in the house, the moment arrives for adding the things that are characteristic. One by one, additions come to each room, each bearing the stamp of the person who puts it there. The most-used rooms will inevitably receive the majority of these additions. The living room, true to its character, as the room in which the whole family spends its leisure hours, will reflect something of the life of each member. The piano, the phonograph will represent the music lover; a compact little sewing-table or a work-basket will bespeak the needlewoman; a smoker's stand will attest a liberal attitude of mind toward father's favourite relaxation. These things, together with the deliberately placed finishing touches, will do more than anything else to give the room its final atmosphere.

IT is a true artist who will blend those things which are the expression of the family's interests and hobbies with her own plans for beautifying the room. Sometimes that will be an easy matter. People who love books will gather them steadily, surely, to the point where their housing may become a problem. Nothing, however, is of greater aid in the actual



The balance that is dignified, reposeful, but never dull, is carried out not only above the shelf of this mantel but in the fittings around the more-than-satisfying fireplace

furnishing of a room. The mosaic of their many coloured bindings gives a note of soft rich colour that seems to fit into any colour scheme, and if they are there because they are wanted, and not *because* of their furnishing value, they will do something for the room that nothing else (with the possible exception of flowers) can do for it. Don't try to stow books away formally. They do not require to be all neatly put away behind glass doors. When your book-cases overflow, look about for nooks and crannies that will carry even the smallest bracket shelf. The handy member of the family can make a little set of shelves to fit the tall, foot-wide space at either side of the bay window or to fill the space between a casement window and the floor. At the end of the built-in corner seat there is just the place for a few shelves. A little hanging book shelf, a couple of feet wide and perhaps three shelves deep, might fit in at either side of the fire-place or perhaps two sets of tall narrow shelves would fit there. There is no size or shape a set of book shelves may not be; when completed, they only require painting, to bring them into complete harmony with their surroundings. And, besides the formal and informal shelves, books may always be tucked companionably into any convenient nook or cranny. Along the end of a built-in window seat, a few on a broad low ledge, on tables, supported by book ends—in short, books are well placed wherever they are wanted.

Speaking of tables—we might do well to linger with the subject for a moment. Tables can contribute so much that is good or bad to a room. Little tables are in themselves accessories; larger tables support any number of incidentals—to good or bad effect. The table that seems to be fulfilling a definite mission, decorative or useful, adds distinctly to the room. Perhaps it will be small—a little pedestal or straight-legged table that will stand against the wall. It is usually most effectively placed, in that case, if it is made a definite part of a wall group. That is achieved by placing it directly underneath a picture or mirror that is not so large as to overpower it; or perhaps a group of two or three small pictures will be used. The table may support a lamp, a candelabrum or a tall candlestick; a vase or a low bowl or a growing plant; four or five books between simple book ends; a bit of colourful pottery, maybe; above all, *not too many things*. Another small table may stand companionably beside the arm of a chesterfield or easy chair. Perhaps it will hold a lamp, an ash tray, a magazine or two; such little elbow tables are becoming very numerous—there will be use and appreciation for several of them, in any good-sized living room. Such tables seldom belong to any suite (unless in the bedroom, where they are frequently made to match the other furniture). They may be of quite a different wood from the other pieces; sometimes they supply a delightful note of colour, when they are lacquered or painted to fit deliberately into the room's colour scheme. Chinese red, touched perhaps with black and gold; all black, with or without the gold; a soft, dull egg-blue or very soft green—these are favourite colours and may be used to most charming effect, not only in the living room, but in the dining room, as a side

table or in the bedroom, where some tiny discarded table, renewed with paint to match the window chintzes, may add a bright little modern touch.

The large living room table runs more danger than the small one of being over-crowded—it makes such an admirable catch-all. This is often the point on which a firm stand must be taken in the matter of personal belongings. A mixture of fancy work, school books, a bit of weaving triumphantly carried home from the kindergarten, a kodak, a bag of marbles, a fashion magazine, a tennis racquet, add more than the *desirable* touch of individuality!

If a runner is liked on the table it is usually best to be dull in tone; handsome, if you like—a rich bit of dull brocade or heavy black satin edged with dull gold braid, if that would suit the room; perhaps a mistily-patterned chintz or a bit of rather bold cretonne with a black or brown ground, a strip of natural or coloured linen, with peasant or dull embroideries as the case might be, or an interesting bit of oriental or hand-woven fabric.

A certain restfulness and pleasant sense of order is given to a large surface if some sort of balanced arrangement is followed. A pair of lamps or candlesticks or pottery bowls or a couple of growing plants, placed at the ends, will create a balanced effect that will survive the addition of a reasonable number of single objects.

THERE are so-called rules for furnishing the tops of things such as a low-boy, sideboard or mantel. We hear reference to the "rule of three" or the "rule of five" which, being interpreted, means simply three or five objects placed in a row, in a balanced manner. A single object, apt to be the most prominent one of the group, will be set in the middle. From it the other pieces will descend or rise in height or, occasionally, the two tallest objects will come next, two shorter ones at the end.

The most conventional of these arrangements for the mantel, for instance, will centre a clock (which should be a plain and dignified design) with nine times out of ten a pair of candlesticks occupying the ends of the shelf. There seems to be a peculiar affinity between a fireplace and candles so that if there be but one pair in the room, it will usually find its way to the mantel, if there is one. Whether the central object attains considerable height or is kept fairly low, should depend upon the composition of the whole group, including the wall space over the mantel. For a time, this space was too often filled by a towering erection belonging to the mantel itself. When this upper section took the form of a plainly framed mirror of good quality, all was well; but it could be very horrible indeed, when it broke out here and there with small shelves and erupted in curlicues and little fretwork fences surrounding small lakes of glass or wooden panels. As a rule, the lower part of the most atrocious of these Victorian mantels was fairly inoffensive, so that it has been possible to take down these upper sections, leaving a plain shelf and empty wall space over it. A well-framed mirror or large picture is usually hung over the mantel or sometimes a group of three small pictures, in a straight row, makes interesting variation. I saw one such wall space which was badly marred when surgery was used upon the undesirable parts of the mantel; holes and cracks in the plaster, which was also innocent of wall paper, left a large expanse of rawness. It was not convenient to redecorate at the moment, but a careful search of the remnant counter in a drapery department produced a length of interesting printed linen, fine in colour and design, that made an excellent panel over the mantel—much as a tapestry would have done.

One need not be so completely conventional as to use the clock and candlesticks to carry out "the rule of three." Our illustration shows one of several mantels drawn for "House Beautiful" by Verna Cook Salomonsky. It shows how two well-placed light-brackets may become very much a part of the whole mantel composition. A low bowl, which when at its best is filled with flowers, may sound a very interesting colour note, especially if it echoes some tone from the picture or panel above it. Two small bowls or pots of flowers will be good at the ends and nothing ever seems quite so effective as ivy or some other trailing vine which may be allowed to drip over the edge of the shelf. Small figurines (such interesting ones are now offered, at moderate prices) bits of pottery in pure good colour ornaments that are truly ornamental, may be chosen—the more unusual, the better, but each should win its place by sheer merit. I have seen a soldierly row of five or seven quaint little pottery jugs, all of about the same size, ranged most effectively on a mantel shelf—an expression of a hobby quite as much as a decorative effect.

The sideboard, loaded with plate and cut glass, has disappeared from the room-in-good-taste. A comport

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Wolf Hearts

The Bitter Winds of the Barren Lands Cover the Past With a Mantle of White. Or. Mayhap. Tear Aside the Curtain to Reveal Age-old Hatreds.

By De Herries Smith

CHANTING a gay French marching song, Leon Bourassa impaled a piece of bacon on the end of a long, pointed willow stick, waving it for a moment in the frosty air, in time to his humming, before allowing it to sizzle at the red embers of the fire.

Across the camping place dug out of the snow drifts, the other man glowered from the depths of his furred parka hood. This cursed singing had got to stop—and soon! He was a slow-moving man, slow to action and anger alike, but this incessant prattling of France—France—France was commencing to embitter his soul. Trivial things bulk large in the lives of men when they are thrown together for month after month in the wilderness, six hundred miles from the nearest other white man.

If Bourassa did not quit it, well, he, Schanz, would make him; that was sure. It must come to a showdown soon, he reflected, as, following the other's example, he also speared a slice of bacon and held it before the fire. Not waiting for it to cook, he slammed the smoking morsel between two hunks of bannock, rose stiffly and striding over to the cariole groped under the canvas cover, found the bag of dry fish and tossed some to the huskies. To him there was something vaguely pleasing in the manner in which the brutes tore at the food, wolf ears laid back, wicked eyes gleaming.

Fighting! Yes, that was it!

Another thing, too. Why should he always feed the dogs while the other man sat at the camp fire eternally yowling about his blasted France? Schanz, without thinking, picked up the axe. There was something about the feel of it that caused a warm glow to run through his body. He swung the nicely-balanced tool in his hand for a moment, allowing the handle to run up and down smoothly between his fingers. Then without a word he slipped into his snowshoes and padded off in the direction of a few wind-twisted trees which marked the head of the ravine, where the two had made camp.

With vicious blows the blade sank into the knotted grain of the pine; a dozen strokes and the tree fell softly in the deep snow. Schanz jerked off his snowshoes, leaped on the slim trunk and with echoing chops sent the resinous chips flying. He slashed at the tree with quick sharp blows as though trying to shut out the sound of the chant from the camp fire, in his mind going back over the journey, step by step, while he swung the axe with the careless care of the true frontiersman.

He mumbled to himself of Bourassa's promised white fox paradise north of the Kazan River, the three months trailing through the unknown Barrens, the wind, the sleeping out in the eternal cold, the nightly chorus of the wolves.

These things were to be expected—the fortunes of any trapping venture—but this never ending chanting of France—France—France! No! He would not put up with it any longer!

THE man paused for a moment and listened. Clear on the thin air came Bourassa's light voice singing tunelessly "Oh! Madelon!" Schanz knew that; he had heard the blue-clad French infantry chorus it while as a prisoner of war he had looked through the barbed wire entanglements of the camp at Argentueil!

A booming oath burst from him; wrenching the axe out of the cut, he slammed his feet into the

snowshoes and strode back to the camp. Bourassa smiled up at him, still waving his absurd baton, tipped with the fragment of bacon, swaying his body from side to side in time to the air he hummed.

Schanz pitched the axe towards the cariole, turning gesture, coming directly to the point. "Listen, Bour—had enough of this blasted yowling. You listen to me and—"

The Frenchman leaned forward and patted him on the arm with an affected gesture drawled, "Ah! yes; let us indulge in conversation. It is the silence of these wastes that maddens men, Schanz. Let us talk of the past, of our homes across the water, of the flowers, the trees, the humming bees and the kindly sun. Then we shall forget this terrible wilderness and the Arctic winds. Is not that best?"

Schanz threw off the hand with a contemptuous gesture, coming directly to the point. "Listen, Bour—"



This was no contest under Queensberry rules.

assa, you stop that singing, or I'll stop it! You understand that! A reason! Here is reason enough if you must have it!" he shouted in sudden passion, jerking up his parka to disclose an Iron Cross sewn carefully into the lining of the garment!

With a heated Gallic expression the other man was on his feet also, the age-old hate shining in his eyes as he spat out, "Ho! ho! what have we here—a boche?"

The German's face went cold; throwing back his shoulders, he took a step forward. "Ha! The French lap-dog snaps at the German boar! Call it what you will in your accursed tongue, but I am proud that I was one of those who tore out the heart of your country and flung it—"

Bourassa's eyes contracted to pin points of flame. "Enough of this talking, Schanz. We have come to it at last! We will settle this matter here and now.

That is your desire, I imagine? Yes? Good! An other war will come but when the bugles blow either you or I will not be there to hear them—the bones of one will bleach in the Barren Lands! Do I understand you aright?"

THE German's lips parted in a sneering smile. "For a Frenchman your perception is keen. We have no weapons for two, therefore I submit that we fight as in the days of the trenches—with fists and blind gropings for the throat and eyes. Ha! Ha! It will be quite like old times. Then he who first cries "Enough!" will be left to his fate in the wilderness, without fire or food, the winner taking all. A good plan, is it not, my friend?"

"An entirely novel arrangement, Schanz—but to the devil with this talk of 'my friend,'" howled the Frenchman, tearing off his parka and throwing it from him, long-suppressed passion now mounted beyond control.

"What a theatrical people are the French to be sure!" laughed the German, methodically removing his parka and under-garment, folding and laying them on the cariole.

Then, tossing his cap on top, turned and walked towards the other humming to himself "Deutschland! Deutschland! Deutschland uber alles!" There was little to choose between the two men physically. Each boasted an excellent constitution founded by the gymnasiums of their native lands; military

training later added further developments to their frames. During their life in the far north each had driven dogs many hard miles, hewn wood and hauled fish nets through the ice, while the present journey had added the finishing touches to their toughness.

Advancing to meet the German, Bourassa suddenly laughed and stopped. The other stared at him in amazement while the Frenchman gazed out over the arena in which he was to give his life or take another's; at the universal dead white, the bare hill tops, the few gaunt trees, and the dog team sitting upright in the snow with cocked ears, while they followed this strange method of camp making.

The German waited for the humor to pass, and again the Frenchman laughed softly as his mind went back to other days when the students of the Academie Militaire had met on the soft greensward in the forest of Fontainebleau to settle their affairs of the heart with rapier and pistol. He saw again the circle of excited boyish faces, the gravelled walks, the horses tied under the shade of the long branching oaks—then this!

He chuckled at the quaint comparison, but suddenly setting his teeth muttered "For France!" and rushed at the German, who met his onslaught with the calm insult of "Schweinhund!"

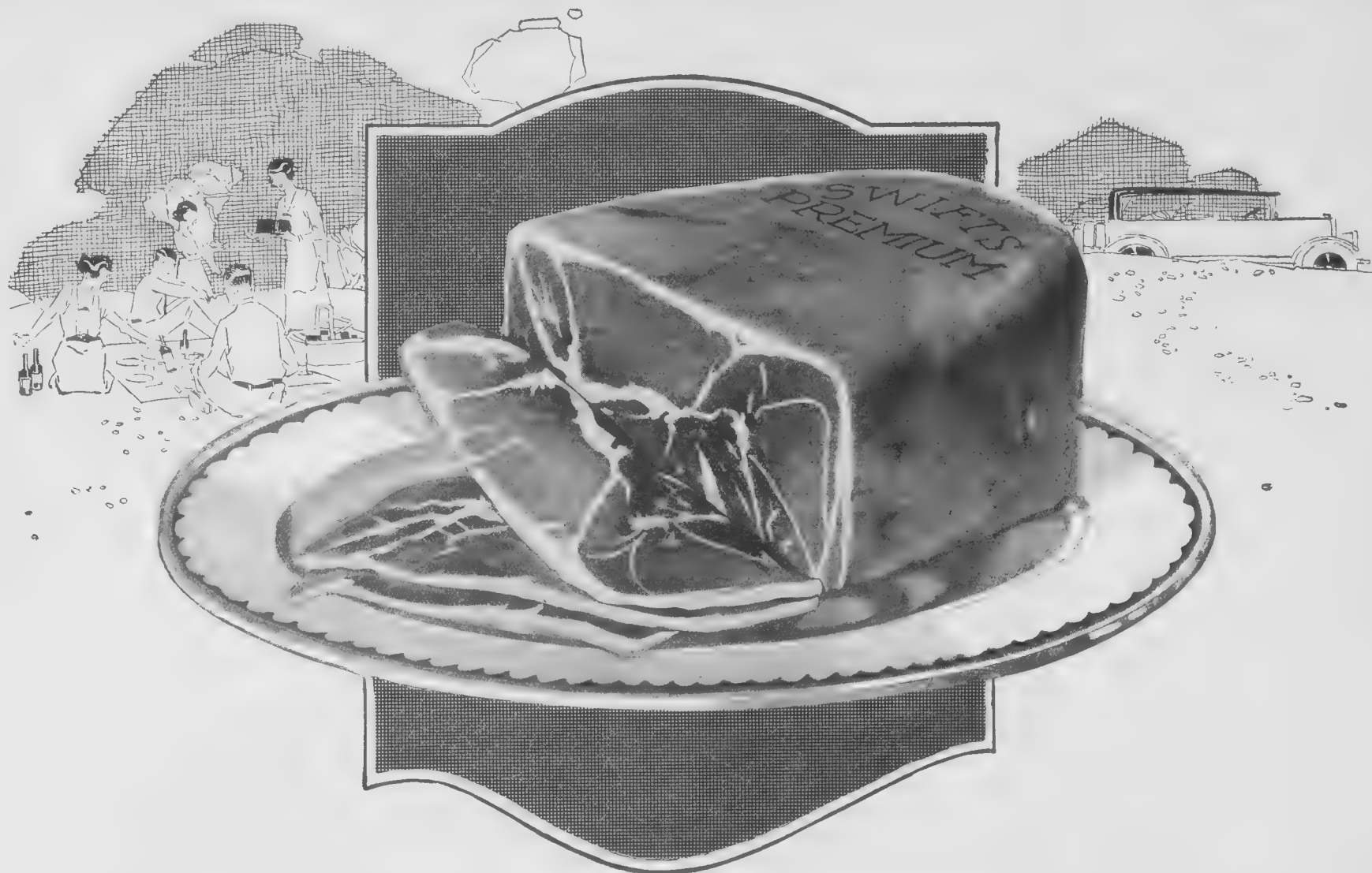
SCHANZ struck and missed. The Frenchman ducked under his arm and closed with him. So in a tight embrace, face to face, they fought and swayed, each endeavoring to reach the other's throat, tearing, biting when the chance offered, driving upward with the knee and using every artifice and foul blow known to rough-and-tumble fighters. This was no contest under Queensberry rules—it was Frenchman against German and but one law existed; kill the other man or so maim him that when left alone in the wilderness the Barren Lands would complete the work!

Sensing that something was amiss, the team dogs whined and moved back and forth uneasily on their tethering ropes. As they did so a sudden light shone in the Frenchman's eyes!

Evenly matched for a full hour the two men twisted, struck short blows and then reverted to pressure, endeavoring to crush each other's ribs.

Always the Frenchman watched the now restive dogs, bending all his faculties to forcing the German

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Swift's Premium Cooked Ham

SPECIALLY Selected Hams, cured by the inimitable Swift Premium Process that secures the mild, sweet flavor—then boned and molded into a convenient shape—just right for sandwich slices—and cooked to a delicious, uniform tenderness. No wonder Swift's Premium Cooked Ham is the first choice for the picnic basket, or the summer day luncheon. And to the delight of its flavor and the convenience of its shape, is an extra touch, for it is enclosed in pure vegetable parchment wrapper—for your identification—for your protection.

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Little Gray Home

By Elizabeth J. Pearson

THE man sitting unconcernedly in the corner was thinking deeply, as only a man who has glimpsed peace, contentment and prosperity only to have it torn from him and in its place a bewildering uncertainty, can think. He was seeing, with eyes that were bandaged and perhaps would remain forever bandaged, as far as the light in them was concerned, a vast country, dotted here and there with a bluff or small valley, with little lakes and a gigantic sea of prairie, the vast glorious prairies of the Golden West of Saskatchewan. He was peering into that beautiful valley of the Qu'Appelle seeing again the gorgeous autumn coloring, which makes this spot a natural garden; he was listening to the sweet courageous note of the meadow-lark as it gave forth its melody of song, to the cheerful robin, vainly telling the world to "cheer up." He sat very still, wondering if it were all the same out there in God's country. If old Glen the collie with whom he had spent so many chummy evenings, was still bringing home the cows, chasing rabbits and enjoying his dog's life in general; and if he ever missed the old master with whom he used to love to go on fishing excursions. Then the man sighed, for he was wondering if he would ever feel the wonderful free spirit of the West again or if he would always be in this dark dismal night, whose only brightness consisted of the memories his mind would conjure up. As he was brooding, the orchestra started to play softly the prelude to a song, and as if by magic a woman's voice commenced to sing:

"When the golden sun sinks in
the hills,
And the toil of a long day is o'er."

"With my little gray home in
West."

True and sweet, the words of the song came to the man in the corner and for some unaccountable reason he felt that the "perhaps" which the doctors had told him wasn't just as hopeless as it had been. He was a big fellow, over six feet by an inch or two, with a head well set on his broad shoulders, and covered with fair hair, which would curl no matter how often or strenuously it was brushed. The mouth was sensitive, the chin good, and the bronzed cheeks showed that he had weathered many days spent in the open country. His eyes, if you could have peeped at them, were blue, a hazy, lazy sort of blue, with a spark of fire in them, and they reflected a glimpse of his soul which was as generous and big as the land he lived in. His name was Bob Murdock, and on his little homestead, on the edge of the Qu'Appelle Valley, he had lived for the past four years, until the accident had occurred which had plunged him into a state of bewilderment and despair. He had been trying to rid this little farm of his of some of the rocks, with which that part of the country has a generous supply, and had placed a small charge of dynamite at the side of a large boulder, in order to split it and make it possible to cart it away in pieces. Whether he was too anxious to see the result of his experiment or the fuse was improperly made, he would never know; but when it hadn't gone off he had stepped back to investigate and all he remembered was a terrific noise and a stabbing pain in his face, which was excruciating in his eyes. He remembered staggering around like a drunken sailor until old Glen had come and guided him home. There his neighbor had found him next day, with blind, blood-shot eyes. Since then he had been in the hospital and the doctors would only say "perhaps."

AS the last notes of the song died away, Bob pulled himself together. After all, the best might happen just as well as the worst. Nice voice that girl had, hoped she'd sing again. My! what a merry time everyone seemed to be having. A man's jovial laugh at his elbow, a woman's response, soft and low, and above it all the clatter of dishes, the bustle of the waiters, dinner-laden, and he was all alone. Somehow he had never seemed lonely on the prairie, one seemed so much a part of the natural scheme of things. The flowers, the sky, the birds, were all his friends and comrades and here he knew no one, and his heart ached longingly for someone who would laugh at his jokes and help to pass the time pleasantly away. He thought now of the comforting companionship of old Glen. How wonderfully he understood everything. He could see the view from the door of his little cabin, a long winding valley, full of live things, gophers, rabbits, birds

and a stray coyote or two. Then down at the end of Last Mountain Lake, the place where the fishing was good, where ducks were to be had aplenty in the fall, and where, if you were lucky, you might snare some fat old muskrats with good skins. He thought of the Camerons, the family who lived at the edge of the lake, who treated him as a son. Of the glorious romps they had had together, for Mrs. Cameron was a mother who played with her boys and girls long after they had reached maturity, and he sighed as he realized how horribly lonesome he was. He heard footsteps coming near his table and the voice of the head-waiter addressed him.

"Would you mind, sir, if this young lady had a chair at your table, sir? We're full up, and she's a regular customer."

"Certainly not, waiter, if she doesn't mind having a blind man as the other occupant of the table."

Sea Dreams

By Clara Hopper

*When a-dream by the side of a murmuring shore,
A melody came to me;
The tide was the singer, the notes he bore
To Time from Eternity.
And, as a tide ever wooing a shore
Sings as no singer e'er sang before,
"I love thee, I love thee," o'er and o'er,
Sing, sing I to thee!*

*In a roseate dawn of a day by the sea,
There are waters smooth and still;
Unfathomed they lie in tranquillity
Till the sun peeps over the hill;
You and I are the sun and sea,
All alone in the world are we;
Into the deeps where the shadows be,
Shine, shine on me still!*

He heard a faint rustle of silk, a chair being pulled from the table and then a woman's voice came to his ears.

"It was awfully kind of you to let me sit here. I appreciate it very much."

"Don't mention it," said Bob, "it's nice to have company, for one gets lonely dining always alone."
"Indeed one does," was the quick rejoinder.

THEY sat for a time in silence, he thinking how nice it was to have her there, she wondering what had maimed this handsome chap and wondering if there was anything she could do to help him. The girl was a pretty little person, with masses of chestnut brown hair, clear skin and a pair of deep hazel eyes. She was dressed in a soft clinging gown of old rose shade, which admirably suited her, bringing to her cheeks the soft color that blends so well with an olive skin. She had a fine sensitive mouth, a determined chin, and there was an air about her of a dreamer who has never lost sight of her ideal. Her eyes, when you looked into them, reflected a fleeting sadness, a loneliness that pleaded for kindness. She wore no hat or coat, as the other lady occupants of the tables, and one seeing her would know immediately that she was part of the establishment.

It was Bob who finally broke the silence.

"Might I be so bold as to ask you to tell me something, which my eyes can't do for me?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"Did you hear that last song, 'The Little Gray Home in the West,' that was being sung just as you came in?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you please describe the singer to me."

There was a noticeable hesitation on the girl's part and then she answered, "She's medium height, neither fat nor thin, dark hair and brown eyes and she wears a rose-colored dress."

Bob laughed gleefully. "Such a description! I am afraid I am a mere sentimentalist. I suppose she's really just as tall as my heart, as graceful as a gazelle, with an abundance of nut brown hair, and deep hazel eyes. Is she pretty?"

"Well, some people think she is, but why do you ask?"

"Well, because when you can't see you get into the habit of judging people by their voices and, although the little singer is not a grand opera star, she has one of the sweetest voices I have ever heard, and I imagined that she was probably as sweet as her voice. You see I'm a westerner, and I have never heard anyone sing 'Little Gray Home' as she does and it sort of made me interested, loving the West as I do."

"What part of the West do you come from?"

"Saskatchewan, Qu'Appelle Valley district, and it's some country, believe me."

"I'm sure it is, I've always wanted to see it," she replied. So he opened his heart to this unknown occupant of his table, about his vital glowing country, that seemed so much a part of himself. And she listened eagerly to his tales of coyote hunting in the winter, of seed time and joyous harvest. Of the old dog, Glen, with whom he had travelled many a happy mile; of the dances down at the schoolhouse, where everybody, men, women, and children, gathered to play together for a few hours. He took her with him down to the Christmas Tree, where every child was remembered and where a jolly old Santa presided at the festive board, though the fare was sometimes stinted. She listened to him eagerly, drinking in with enthusiasm the freeness of it all, laughing at the little jokes and sighing because it was all so wonderful to her. Just like her dream castles, the life for which she had always longed.

It seemed all too quickly that the minutes sped by and the waiter again approached the table.

"Your orderly is waiting for you, sir."

"Thank you, waiter, tell him I'll be right out," and turning to his fellow diner he added, "Hope I haven't bored you with my recital. My name is Bob Murdock, and I would like to thank you so much for making this evening a very pleasant one for me, Miss—"

"O'Dare," she answered, "Rose O'Dare, and you haven't bored me in the slightest. It has all been so

interesting."

"Perhaps," he hesitated a moment, "perhaps if you are a regular customer, as the waiter said, I may have the pleasure of having you again for a supper partner?"

"It's more than likely," she answered, "and I do wish you the very best of luck, Bob Murdock, and every hope that you'll get back to that country of yours—soon!"

And so it happened that not one evening, but many were spent by these two strangers in the little restaurant, and at every meeting they became firmer friends than before. Rose O'Dare never appeared until after "The Little Gray Home" had been sung and Bob noticed that the singer always sang it, if not for one of her selections, it came as an encore, and always that true, sweet voice that seemed to make him see the little cabin, and the land he loved so well.

ONE evening when Bob appeared, Rose noticed that he seemed to be very high-strung and nervous, and after getting settled in her chair, she was surprised at his exclamation, "Well, Rose, I guess this is our last evening together."

The girl's heart contracted, but she answered, "Why? Are you going away?"

"Well, not exactly," he answered, "but tomorrow is the fatal day. They are to remove the bandages from my eyes at eleven o'clock in the morning. I just don't quite know what the outcome is going to be—nobody does—but I am sure of one thing, if I am blind, no one will ever see me again."

Continued on page 80



Every woman who loves Nature—and what woman does not!—should enjoy all the “rare days” of this perfect month in the open air.

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In Regard to "O Canada"

LETTER from a Western Home Monthly reader in Alberta has come to The Philosopher, asking for information about the composer of "O Canada." No country has a finer piece of music as its national anthem. The composer of "O Canada" was Calixa—*not*, as the name is commonly printed, Calixte—Lavallee, who was born at Vercheres, in the Province of Quebec, in the forties of the last century. The life story of that Canadian man of genius can be told in a few words. When he was barely twenty years of age he went to the United States, enlisted in the army of the Potomac under Sherman, was wounded in battle, and became a lieutenant. He afterwards studied music for three years in Canada, returned to Canada and lived in the city of Quebec and in Montreal. His life was one of hardships and poverty. He died in Boston in 1890. That is the story of his life. In the time to come, he will have a national monument of marble or bronze, as one of our great Canadians. Meantime, there is the living monument of his own making, "O Canada."

The Words Not Equal to the Music

WHEN The Philosopher was a schoolboy in Ontario, "The Maple Leaf" was in general use as the Canadian anthem. He remembers well how he used to chant it: "The May-pull Leaf, our Em-blum dear." It is still sung. But "O Canada" is now the established anthem. The words to which we sing it might be better than they are. The lines

O Canada! O Canada!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee,

contain too many repetitions of "O Canada." Objection has been made also that the deeds and devotion of Canadians in the Great War have given the whole world proof of readiness and valor, proof more convincing than any words could be; and that, therefore (say the objectors), the closing words might be amended. There was a wise man who said: "What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say." Character is more eloquent than protestations and stands in no need whatever of protestations. However, when the words of a national anthem get themselves established it is not an easy matter to change them. But there is a way of avoiding those repetitions of the words "O Canada" which each one of us can do his, or her, best to bring into general use:

O Canada, glorious and free!
We stand on guard, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

Every Canadian heart is stirred by the spirit which "O Canada" breathes. In its beauty and its power that anthem is one of the greatest national assets of our country. Wherever in the world "O Canada" is heard it commands admiration, as beautiful and inspiring music.

What Better Land is There?

IF the people of Canada, regarding themselves as a business firm, were to take stock of the national assets and liabilities, as a business firm does at certain intervals, how would the balance sheets stand? The liabilities of the Dominion were placed at something over three billion dollars in a recent statement made in the House at Ottawa and the assets of the Dominion, including natural resources were estimated at twenty-three billions. Any business man who could submit to his bank a statement showing such a relation between his assets and liabilities would not have trouble in obtaining credit. True it is, of course, that the comparison is not quite altogether on all fours; there is a difference between such a national balance sheet and the balance sheet of a business man or a business firm. The national assets cannot be converted immediately and, in as large measure as might be desired, into cash. But at the same time the situation of this country is one which, when considered in the right light, is distinctly encouraging. Taxes are high, and we have been going through a time of depression. Now the clouds have lifted, and the period of depression is beginning to recede into history. It is not the first period of depression in the history of Canada. Our fathers went through experiences of hard times much more severe. The plain fact of the matter is, today there is no other country in the world for whose condition Canada has any reason to desire to exchange her own. What family is there in this country which having come from another land to make a new home in this new land, would now desire to go back? That is the test. With every day of this advancing spring confidence has grown strong. There is something in the air and sunshine of this country which dispels gloom and despondency. This is no land for members of the Ancient Order of United Gravediggers.

The Governor-General on Education

BARON BYNG of Vimy, Governor-General of Canada, spoke of education in a brief speech recently in a way which proves that he has sound ideas on that important matter. "To me," he said, "education is the enlarging of the capacity for acquiring knowledge. When growth ceases, decay sets in. There is no standing still. We must never cease to learn. It is only by the continued mental growth of the individual that the state remains spiritually and mentally free. Just as a country is counted rich by the amount of its developed natural resources, by the perfection of its agricultural production and the quantity of its manufactures and trade, so it is rich in the truest wealth according to the mental development of its citizens." It is not often that the true meaning of education is better expressed.

The Philosopher

The Wild Flowers of the Prairies

WHAT a tapestry of many colors spreads itself over the prairies! From the first anemones, with their delicate blue and lilac tints to the last purple stars of the prairie daisies, what a varied wealth of hues, blue-mauve, red-brown, pink, gold and purple and innumerable colors, comes as summer's gift to the West—wild roses and bluebells and gorgeous tiger lilies, crimson and spotted orchids in the damp and cool places, the fragrant, fluttering petals of the blossoms of wild cherry and wild plum in their season, the tiny yellow bloom of the willow, the violets in the moss and the purple flags in the swamps, the lady-slippers, columbine, wild honeysuckle and many more besides, bring color to delight the eye and give perfume to the prairie breeze. The long hours of sunlight bring out the vivid hues and store the prairie flowers with abundant nectar which make the prairies the best pasture grounds for bees on the continent. No wonder the early explorers and travellers in the West left enthusiastic descriptions such as that of Hind, who wrote: "The prairie must be seen at sunrise, when the boundless plain suddenly flashes with rose-colored light—at sunset, when just as the huge ball of fire is dipping below the horizon, he throws a flood of red light, indescribably magnificent, upon the illimitable waving green, the colors on the innumerable wild flowers blending and separating with the gentle roll of the grass in the evening breeze—and by moonlight, when the summits of the low green grass waves are tipped with silver, and the stars in the West suddenly disappear as they touch the earth."

Conservation of Wild Bird Life

WILD birds will accept the hospitality extended to them by human beings who give proof of being their friends. Jack Miner's lakes near Kingsville, in Ontario, have become known far beyond the borders of Canada on account of their having become established stopping places for ten thousands of wild geese, ducks and other migrating birds every spring and fall, because they know they can tarry a while there without fear of molestation. There are many marshy or otherwise uncultivable regions which might be put to similar use. The project of making St. Andrew's marsh, which is northwest of Winnipeg into a preserve for wild life has been revived. The United States Government, under legislation recently passed by Congress, is acquiring 340,000 acres of such land in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, along the Mississippi, for the same purpose. The Migratory Bird Refuge Commission, for the establishment of which that legislation made provision, will likewise attend to the enforcement of the Migratory Birds treaty with this country. The migratory birds, in travelling north in the spring and south again in the fall, follow rivers which flow north or south. The Mississippi is thus the greatest bird highway on this continent, as the Nile is in Africa. Many of the birds that follow the gleam of the Mississippi fellow likewise the gleam of the Red in their long journeying high in the fields of the air twice a year. Great multitudes of these alight in the St. Andrew's marsh every spring and fall. But while the Mississippi and the Red are followed by many thousands of migrating birds, there are innumerable other routes which innumerable other thousands of migrating birds follow, all the way across the continent. The main financial provision for the United States Government plans for bird sanctuaries and feeding grounds will be derived from the fees for Federal hunting licenses.

An Inspiring Example

THERE should be some way of preserving in public memorial form such a story as that of Dorothy Mitchell, who was an exhibitor at the last Winter Fair in Regina. When her father died last year she was left, in her sixteenth year, the eldest of eight children, on a farm near Oakshela, in Saskatchewan. She and her young brothers decided to carry on the work of the farm. They put in the crop and harvested it, going to school between whiles. The spirit of the pioneers showing itself again in the younger generation of today! Such determination, patience, courage and capacity for hard work, laid the foundation of Canada, and the same qualities will work out the greatness to which our country is destined. The thought of that young family holding together and facing the future with hopefulness and energy is inspiring. Surely their example should be a cure for pessimism, like the thought of what the pioneers went through. The pioneers came to the west before there were roads, towns, churches or schools, and they had to work against many discouragements and disadvantages, but they carried on. In the remoter districts there are many of the pioneer conditions of life and work. All honor to the men and women who carry on so bravely and hopefully. And a special tribute is due to that young Saskatchewan girl and her younger brothers who, finding themselves left to their own resources, have demonstrated so successfully that the spirit of the pioneers is still with us.

Parliaments and Radio

THE rules of procedure of the Dominion Parliament are to be revised and improved. One of the suggested improvements which is needed badly, and the need of which has been making itself more felt with every session, is that a limit shall be set to the length of speeches. In this connection it is interesting to note that the proposal has been put forward by Prime Minister Baldwin of Great Britain that the debates of the House of Commons at Westminster, "the Mother of Parliaments," be broadcasted by radio. The suggestion that the speeches of our legislators in Canada, Dominion and Provincial, should "go on the air" has been made more than once, but not yet by anybody holding a high place of authority. It is undeniable that on both sides of the Atlantic the legislative bodies are becoming more keenly aware of the importance of their establishing more direct contact with the people whose creations they are. Parliaments and Congresses are, after all, what public opinion makes them. They are not a boon granted by an autocrat, but an authority created by the people. There has been a great advance since the time, as late as a century and a half ago, when the British Parliament, so far from craving publicity, regarded itself as a body deliberating in strict privacy. There were severe penalties against any person who dared make public a report of anything that was said in Parliament. The proposal which has been made by Prime Minister Baldwin is due primarily to the fact that the newspapers of wide circulation in Great Britain print only very brief reports of the most important speeches in Parliament and let all other speeches go unreported. Practically the same thing is true in Canada, and this is one of the reasons why the need of shorter speeches at Ottawa has been making itself more and more evident to the Dominion legislators themselves. As for the idea of broadcasting Parliament by radio, there is one thing, at any rate, which can be said with confidence. It is that the speakers will have to be brief and to the point—otherwise their vast invisible audience will "tune them out." Speakers will also have to keep constantly in mind that when they speak for radio transmission they are speaking to all sections of the country and to all classes, creeds and conditions of people.

The Need of Give and Take in Canada

NATIONAL unity is not merely a very desirable thing: it is essential to the best progress and welfare of Canada. In considering this thing of fundamental necessity, we must always remember that there are questions which cannot be settled by the device of counting heads. Canada is too far-flung for that. The nine Provinces which make up this Continent-wide Dominion contain sections whose interests differ and the conditions of whose life and work differ too greatly to make all our national problems soluble by such a simple, drastic method as the counting of heads. We have no "color" question in Canada, as they have in the States. But we have other problems—and there are many other problems in the States, too. If, for example, the people of Eastern and Central Canada, who are the overwhelming majority of the people of Canada, were to decide by their votes in an election that Oriental immigration should have unobstructed entry into the Dominion, the people of British Columbia, it is safe to say, would go to whatever lengths were necessary to protect themselves from an invasion of such a character. This imaginary case is mentioned simply for the sake of illustration. It does not throw light on what must be recognized as a necessary principle. No one area, no one section, can for its own benefit and advantage impose disabilities or inequalities upon another without causing national disturbance, that is to say, political trouble. This must be recognized, if there is to be Canadian national unity.

Civilization Will Not Crumble

"HUMAN society is not a bit better than it was in the jungle ten thousand years ago," said Clarence Darrow a short time ago, and his words were given wide newspaper publicity all over this continent. "Some day," he added, "a frightful cataclysm will overtake society, and civilization will crumble." Mr. Darrow is the criminal lawyer who defended the two youths in Chicago, whose trial for murder last year was the most sensational of modern times. He succeeded in saving them from the gallows; they were condemned to life imprisonment. That trial made Mr. Darrow so great a celebrity that the newspapers both in this country and in the United States find his utterances worth printing. But why should any special value be given to what Mr. Darrow says? His statement that human society is no better than it was "in the jungle ten thousand years ago" is a piece of absurd nonsense. What has Mr. Darrow to base that statement on? And on what does he base his claim to utter prophecy? Such views and prophecies are simply the emanations of a mind which has allowed itself to become poisoned with pessimism. There have always been such minds in the world. There have always been prophecies of gloom. But progress goes on. Sometimes it has its setbacks, but it continues to move on. Humanity moves onward and upward, with haltings on the way up the grade to better things. At times in history it has almost seemed as if the forward march were to be abandoned and humanity were going downhill. But such a thing has never actually happened. Mr. Darrow should cheer up. Civilization is not going to crumble.

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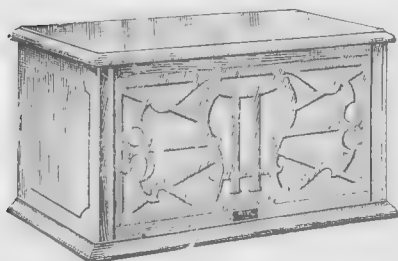
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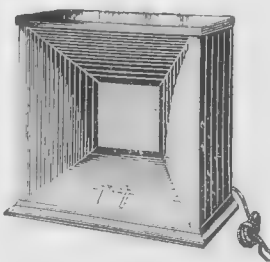
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The Red Fox

Written and Illustrated by
Dan McCowan

W
Wrigley's is as beneficial
as it is pleasant and lasting.

R
Regular use of it will aid the
teeth, appetite and digestion.

L
It cleanses the teeth, removing
food particles that cause decay.

G
Good gum is good for you -
doctors and dentists affirm this.

L
Let the children have Wrigley's
for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E
Eat wisely, chew your food well and
use Wrigley's - after every meal.

Y
You will note a marked improve-
ment in your health and spirits.

S
Smiles come easier, breath is
sweeter, the world is brighter with
Wrigley's.
"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!



TO one who has been privileged to observe and study wild life in Great Britain there is a certain charm in meeting like types of bird and beast in the forests and on the mountains of Western Canada. The various traits and curious subtle mannerisms which in many species appear to be universal will frequently set the observer to retrospection and will invariably recall memories of far away and long ago.

On a recent walk through a pass in the main chain of the Rockies the writer started a red fox from covert in a poplar tree bluff. The incident was in itself commonplace and scarcely worthy of entry in a naturalist's diary. Yet in an instant the grim rugged Rockies were transformed into heather-clad Grampians. The impetuous glacial stream became an amber foam-flecked hill-burn; one listened instinctively for the weird cry of the whaup and hearkened for the stirring "k-bick, k-bick, k-bick" of the grouse. This memory vision came from distant days when on the steep slopes of Ben Viorlich we shared a tedious vigil with shepherd and game-keeper and at length discovered the hiding place and secured the offspring of as wily a pair of lamb killers as ever vexed the sheep farmers of Strathearn.

And as this Rocky Mountain Reynard stole furtively from copse to cairn and there faded swiftly from sight, another recollection of bygone days came clean-cut and sharply etched. Across the broad acres between Bridge of Weir and Houston a tired, bedraggled fox ran bravely for his life. A dripping lolling tongue showed clearly his distress. Within a furlong's length a pack of eager hounds held grimly to the chase. Adown the fields and over the hedge tops came a scattered handful of scarlet-coated riders—the diehards of the Lanark and Renfrew Hunt. With thunder of hoofs and spatter of soggy loam they swept on and were over the hills and far away. A barefooted boy climbed down from a vantage point on top of a dry stone dyke and even though thrilled by the sound of the hunters horn and flushed from the excitement and glory of the chase, prayed inwardly that the plucky little fox eluded his pursuers and reached his home "earth" in the heart of the Hangman's Wood.

THE Red Fox is one of the most interesting types of wild life native to the Canadian Rockies. Found throughout the forested regions of northern Europe and America, its general appearance and life habits are similar in both continents. The species is characterized and derives its name from the rusty-colored coat of fine soft fur with which it is clad. Outstanding markings are the black-fronted forelegs and white-tipped tail. A full-grown adult will measure forty inches from nose to tail-tip and stand from twelve inches to fifteen inches at the shoulder. Although equally speedy, the fox is considerably shorter of leg than the coyote of the western plains. Clear-eyed, sharp of hearing and possessed of a keen sense of smell, the red fox is nimble-witted and alert to possible danger. It is usual to attach such terms as sly and cunning to the fox; a knowledge of the ways and habits of Reynard will convince anyone that many years of persecution have resulted in the members of the fox family becoming endowed with an uncommon amount of cleverness and common sense.

Foxes apparently pair for life. A home is made in a deeply-dug burrow or

amongst a pile of rock debris. "Old Rusty" is a firm believer in "Safety First," and so the den is usually furnished with an emergency exit. A pair of foxes may continue to occupy the same den for many years. The young are born in the early spring, a litter generally numbering from three to six. Blind at birth, the tiny cubs are quite helpless for about a week. A little later and when they have developed considerably, they are allowed to play around the entrance to the den. In but a few months they have been taught to hunt skilfully and have learned the all-important lessons pertaining to self-preservation. Then they leave the home and fare



The Red Fox

forth severally in the great adventure of life. The red fox, when permitted to live out its natural term of life, attains to a considerable age. The writer knows of a dog fox which has occupied the same den for upwards of fifteen years. To all appearances he is as active in body and as alert in mind as ever.

FOXES hunt both in the daytime and at night. In the prairie provinces of Canada they frequent the willow-fringed river banks and are fond of scrubby uplands. In the Rocky Mountains they are not particularly abundant but are evenly distributed. Their menu includes many items varying from time to time as the seasons change. Mice are perhaps the most important food-animals to the fox. When mice are abundant there is prosperity among the fox population; when the tiny rodents are scarce there is famine amongst the fox tribe. Birds and their eggs are eagerly sought and devoured. Small fruits such as blueberries, raspberries and service-berries (a fruit similar to the black currant) are apparently relished, a trait strongly reminiscent of the Biblical foxes which spoiled the vines in their eagerness to partake of the ripening grapes. When the mantle of night has fallen and the ranch house poultry are roosting in fancied security, it is then that the red fox makes his foray and bears away on his shoulder the plumpest chicken in the flock. On such hazardous adventures the fox is exceedingly adroit and elusive. In contriving to outwit his would-be captors, the strategy and resource exhibited by this "artful dodger" is to say the least rather amazing.

Cross, Silver and Black Foxes are color phases occurring in litters of the ordinary red variety. A few years ago an Assiniboine Indian dug out a fox burrow in the foothills west of the city of Calgary and there secured a family of five

cubs of which two were silver-furred, two cross and one red.

Thirty years ago saw the beginnings of the fox-farming industry in Canada, the first experiments being made in the eastern provinces. At first the results were disappointing, but after a few years the great fox boom set in. The birthplace of this new industry was Prince Edward Island. By the year 1911 the buying and selling of breeding foxes became general. Prices advanced by leaps and bounds until in 1913 young foxes sold for fifteen thousand dollars a pair while animals of tested breeding qualities were freely marketed at thirty thousand dollars a pair. Fox farming is at present being successfully conducted in many parts of Canada. A large fox ranch is situated at no great distance from the Alberta farm of the Prince of Wales.

THE largest and finest red foxes in Canada are those found in the region drained by the MacKenzie River. In addition to being unusually strong and vigorous, the foxes in this territory are clad in coats of superfine quality. Black foxes seem to be of more frequent occurrence in the MacKenzie Basin than in any other part of Canada.

The hand of man has been set against the fox for many generations, yet in spite of long-continued persecution they succeed in persisting, even in comparatively densely settled communities. Two hundred years ago

the State of Pennsylvania placed a bounty on red foxes of two shillings for adult specimens and one shilling for cubs. This bounty was offered only for animals killed in settled regions and Indians were not eligible for the award. By the year 1829 the bounty had increased to seventy-five cents. In 1860 the price upon Reynard's head was increased to two dollars, at which figure it still remains. It is interesting to note that in spite of being outlawed for two centuries, the red fox is far from being a rare species in the present-day Pennsylvania. No fewer than twenty-five thousand red foxes have been destroyed as vermin in that one state during the past seven years.

For reliable and authentic information regarding the fur-bearing animals of Western Canada there is no better source than the records of the Hudson's Bay Company. From 1853 to 1877 the number of fox pelts sold in London by that great pioneer fur-trading company totalled two hundred and fifty-six thousand red, sixty-eight thousand cross and twenty thousand silver and black. A further twenty years of intensive trapping did not diminish the annual catch of fox fur. In 1887 no fewer than ninety-three thousand foxes were taken in the North-West Territories of Canada. Today the red fox persists in a remarkable manner and continues to yield a tribute of valuable fur.

From very early times the life and habits of Reynard have formed themes for song and story. In the literature of the Anglo-Saxon peoples one may find countless allusions to the red fox and to his cunning tricks. In the lone Northland of Canada the lure of the black fox skin has led many a daring trapper into grim perilous places and has brought many a weary hunter to the end of his last long trail in a great white wilderness.

The heights of common lives, though low, Are green, and by the sunshine kissed; And, like the higher summits, glow With tints of rose and amethyst.



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\$735	Chevrolet Touring
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\$1,015	Chevrolet Coach
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\$1,495	Oldsmobile Coach
\$1,525	Oakland Touring
\$1,600	McLaughlin-Buick Special Six Roadster
\$1,620	McLaughlin-Buick Special Six 5-Pass. Touring
\$1,645	Oldsmobile 4-Pass. Coupe
\$1,695	Oakland Coach
\$1,720	McLaughlin-Buick Special Six 5-Pass. Enclosed Touring
\$1,745	Oldsmobile Sedan
\$1,820	McLaughlin-Buick Special Six Coach
\$1,895	Oldsmobile De Luxe Sedan
\$1,930	McLaughlin-Buick Special Six Business Coupe
\$1,995	McLaughlin-Buick Master Six Roadster
\$2,050	McLaughlin-Buick Master Six 5-Pass. Touring
\$2,085	McLaughlin-Buick Special Six 5-Pass. Double Service Sedan
\$2,095	Oakland Coupe
\$2,095	McLaughlin-Buick Master Six Coach
\$2,165	Oakland Sedan
\$2,250	McLaughlin-Buick Special Six 4-Pass. Coupe
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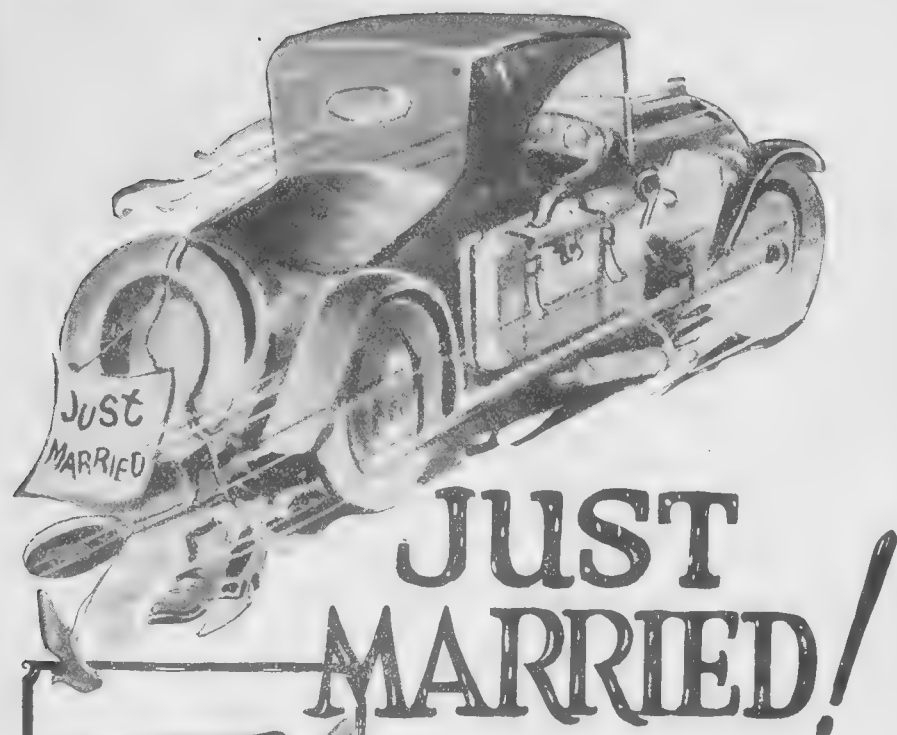
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Among Russia's Refugees

By Lieutenant T. C. Wetton

AMID the great upheaval of the once mighty empire of Russia and the tragic breakdown of its government, its economic, religious and social life, followed by its inevitable train of battle, murder, almost every form of unspeakable outrage, pillage, famine, pestilence and death, the plight of those unfortunate Russian exiles (but fortunate in their success in escaping from the further horrors of their once "Holy Russia"), who have meantime found what I fear is too often only a temporary haven of refuge in other countries, cannot fail to arouse the interest and sympathy of travellers who have met some of these refugees, under their varying conditions, in different parts of Europe. Pathetic indeed is the position of many of the Russian refugees, and whatever one's political opinions may be, instinctively there is a recognition of a deep pathos and humiliation, in many cases quietly and heroically borne, now being endured by many of these exiles from their own country; members of the former Russian aristocracy, government ministers, army and navy officers, and other officials who formerly held high office under the Czarist regime.

Even to the most casual reader of the daily press is apparent one outstanding feature: that much of the news from Russia filters through either Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, or through Reval, in the newly-created republic of Esthonia, situated on the southern side of the Gulf of Finland, and whose inhabitants, a branch of the Finnish race, speak almost the same language as the people of Finland. All kinds of news relative to Russia, from refugees, travellers, and from other sources, is picked up at these two points and either in its modified or enlarged form, in the latter case doubtless imagination plays its part, the "latest news items" are despatched to other parts of the world. Oftentimes so conflicting is the news received that people in other countries far distant from Russia are naturally apt to doubt the accuracy of some of the reports received of the condition of Russia and other matters relating thereto. But it is only by personal contact with refugees near the Russian border that one begins to obtain some really first-hand information of the horrors and hardships endured by these unfortunate people, both in Russia and in their escape therefrom. While I was in North Russia I had opportunities for getting information right on the spot. In addition it has been my lot, both in England and in the Baltic region, to meet various types of refugees and others who have succeeded in getting out of Russia.

During the spring of 1920 I was present, in an official capacity, on the arrival at an English port of one of the first batches of repatriated British prisoners and refugees from Russia, which com-

prised soldiers and civilians, men and women and children of all ages, there being some old people among the party. Most of the civilians had been living in Russia in pre-war days, but after the revolution there, many of them had been prisoners in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Although previously engaged in business there, on their arrival in England they were practically all destitute, but only too glad to find themselves once again safe in England and away from Russia. A few weeks earlier to the foregoing event, at the British consulate in Helsingfors, Finland, I met a party of exchanged British military prisoners who had just arrived from Russia, via Reval. Their dirty, unshaven appearance, their old, travel-stained, tattered clothing, which was partly khaki and partly civilian, the dirty bandages on some poor wounded men, and other sad signs of Bolshevik treatment they had evidently received, were in themselves, to me, at any rate, strongly convincing outward signs that life in "Soviet Russia" was not altogether the "Eldorado" that some presumably wise folks would have us believe.

During the war and post-war periods the various Baltic states have contained within their respective countries a very cosmopolitan population. In addition to their own nationals, foreign military and civilian officials, commercial travellers, and not a few Russian refugees are to be found in these countries, either resident, temporary or as transient visitors. It was during the early part of 1920, after I had previously been doing military duty in North Russia and Finland, that I was sent on an official trip from Finland to England as courier or "King's Messenger" with dispatches from Lord Acton (then British Minister at Helsingfors) to the British Foreign Office in London, and travelled by boat from Abo (Finland) to Stockholm, thence by rail across Sweden and Norway, and completing the journey by boat from Bergen (Norway) to Newcastle. Among the many passengers on the SS. "Oihonna" from Abo to Stockholm, I believe that I was the only one on board who could claim British nationality. Many other nationalities were represented: the Finnish-Scandinavian captain and crew, Finlanders, Swedes, Norwegians, Estonians, Poles, Germans, French, Danes, a Dutchman, Russian refugees of previous good social positions, and some Americans. Among the latter nationality one loud-voiced lady, who was evidently *not* of a retiring disposition, throughout the voyage was constantly retailing, seemingly for all and sundry among the passengers to hear, of the various places she had visited on her trip to "Yurup," of the various hotels at which she had stayed in "Yurup" and in the States, of her house in Buffalo and how many thousand

Continued on page 78



Rose-beds in the Cape Town Municipal Gardens, South Africa.

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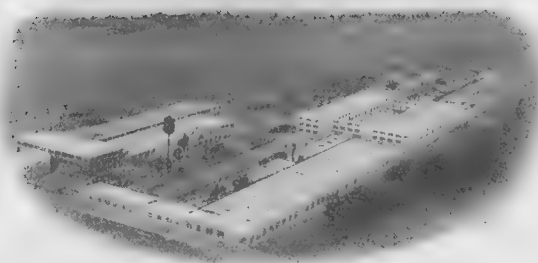
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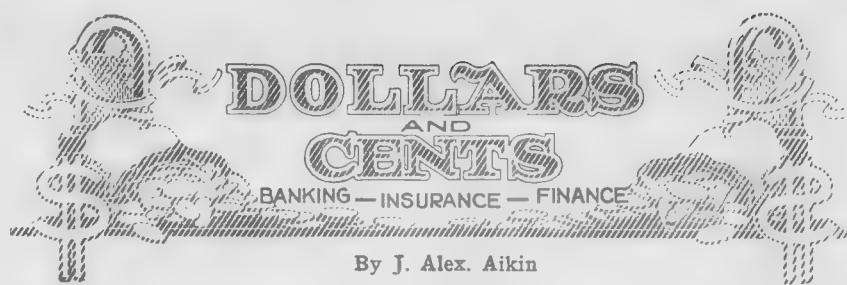


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By J. Alex. Aikin

Back on the Gold Basis

WITH a minimum of effort and noise, Great Britain is again back on a gold basis, not for currency but for export as the Bank of England may judge advisable to maintain sterling at or near par. Since the war broke out in 1914 there has been in Britain, as in Canada, a regulation prohibiting export of gold except on permit. The circulation of gold as currency was stopped and will continue to be forbidden. There is no real hardship in this, for gold sovereigns or dollars have no higher purchasing power than paper money backed by gold in international exchange. To have provided for gold currency would have cost the British Treasury a large sum; there are 250 million reasons why it should not be done, Mr. Churchill said, meaning probably the estimated cost would be 250 million sovereigns, a price far too high for the thing to be secured.

The announcement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, like any such budget information unless stated otherwise, went into effect immediately. The British pound sterling is now worth \$4.86 2/3 in gold in any international transaction. The daily quotation may vary slightly up or down according as bills on London are in demand or are in excess on the money market. Provision had been made in advance to prevent any "runs," and so that clever attempt to push the pound on New York or Paris banks will likely result in the shavers being burned on the fingers. It will cost Londoners nearly £400,000 to protect themselves against any attacks of that kind, but the price is not too high. There was no gentleman's agreement with New York banks, as was stated by one Washington correspondent with a large vacuum; the British Chancellor had arranged for \$100,000,000 credit with the Morgans at a given rate of interest, 1 1/4 per cent. for the first year and half that for the second year if the money were not drawn, and a line of credit on approved banking form with the Federal Reserve Bank for \$200,000,000. Mr. Baldwin remarked in this connection that he would trust these New York bankers just as far as the directors of the Bank of England and no farther. What do you think of that remark? Typically Baldwin.

This gold standard by which the world trade is carried on and by which prices are largely fixed, means in effect that a dollar is worth 23.22 grains fine gold and a sovereign 113 grains fine gold. The British mint will pay £3 17s 9d for a standard ounce of fine gold, which means it requires one ounce of gold to make 3 3/4 sovereigns gold.

The amount of gold in actual possession of the Bank of England is not large, when compared with the total trade and clearings of the nation. It was stated the Bank of England had £253,000,000 gold available, which with the credit of \$300,000,000 in New York makes a total of approximately £300,000,000 gold.

In Canada there is approximately \$300,000,000 gold available, \$225,000,000 in the Federal Treasury and \$75,000,000 with the banks, the amount going up or down according to demands. It is anticipated the Minister of Finance will announce at Ottawa before the House is prorogued that Canada has resumed payments in gold. The announcement will be more or less perfunctory, for with England on a gold basis Canadian bills on London will be accepted in New York at par, above or below as the day's transactions may offer. It is mostly true that Canada has more due from London than from New York. With London bills at par there will be simple return to the old triangle before the war. We export more to Britain than we import. We buy more from the United States than

we sell, and we pay the difference usually with bills on London.

What is specially attractive in the new deal is that sterling may again be seen in Canada, and that British investors may again be enabled to send over some money without having to be penalized for doing so in the way of the discount which has been on sterling for five years. Certainly British capital is wanted in Canada and there will be longing eyes looking eastward for the ships to come in. Industries, mines and agriculture are all ready with opportunities for the British investor, many of whom no doubt were waiting for the day. Canada is a favourite with plenty of British investors who have invested with profit in other days and who find this country is convenient to reach when they want to look over their investments or new prospects.

Mr. Keynes and the Managed Currency

WHAT becomes of the proposals for a managed currency made by J. M. Keynes, and given more or less favorable recognition by Reginald McKenna and other bankers of note on both sides of the Atlantic. For the present they must be withdrawn to await the action and effect of the new situation. There is reason in the claim of Mr. Keynes that even under the gold standard there must be management; that unquestionably is true in this particular instance, for has not Mr. Churchill arranged in advance for a supply of credit with which to "manage" to hold sterling at or near par. There is the element of doubt as to what may occur, though unless there should be some important unexpected event, the finding of much gold or some great world upheaval like the Great War, the ordinary course of trade and industry will not upset calculations.

There was general recognition of the fact by bankers that a swift return to a gold basis would have caused unnecessary suffering in Britain, through the pressure which appreciated gold values would have exercised on prices, then on the down grade. Wages have suffered there as here, in the standard of wages and in the aggregate paid. To have hurried back to gold payments would have meant worse conditions. The United States with its hordes of gold is not unwilling to let some of it go, seeing it is a danger centre which might act on prices in a manner which is not wanted.

Mr. Keynes holds the view that while the gold standard undoubtedly maintains exchanges and prices in conformity with other gold standard countries, it may involve far greater fluctuations in internal prices than have been experienced even in the deflation periods following the Great War. He regards stability in internal prices as of more importance to a nation than maintenance of a stable international exchange, which he sees as a more or less convenient thing, though a very desirable one.

Mr. Keynes proposed that Great Britain should divorce herself entirely from the gold standard for currency and prices, and that the Bank of England and the Treasury should "manage" currency and credit in the light of index numbers, figures for unemployment and production, etc., by means of the bank rate and other devices, so as to maintain the utmost stability of prices "without regard to the effect on our exchanges or whether we are moving in the same direction as, or away from, other countries." Mr. Keynes couples with his plan, however, a proposal that the Bank of England should maintain a reserve of gold and be ready to buy and sell gold at certain published prices "in order to keep the dollar-sterling exchange steady within corresponding limits."

If, however, the stability of sterling

Continued on page 31

Legal Information

This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

FOR some time past we have received from various subscribers numerous enquiries concerning legal matters. These enquiries cover a multitude of subjects dealing with domestic and farm, with rural and urban activities. In the course of centuries the scope of law has been so greatly broadened that it is impossible for the average citizen to know what his rights are. To the common law has been added statute law of all kinds, aimed and introduced to afford protection to one or other classes of society. Extensive in breadth and multitudinous in kind are the problems affecting mankind and judicial ingenuity and legislative action have been sought to deal out a measure of justice on the basis of equity and impartiality. One of the oldest maxims of the legal world is that "Everybody is presumed to know the Law." To hold otherwise would open an avenue for fraud and deceit that would cause the administration of justice to be of no avail. However desirable would be the acquisition of such knowledge by the ordinary individual, unfortunately the demands of time and sense render it impossible of fulfilment. The interpretation and application of both the common and statute law necessitate the attention of a mind trained in the intricacies of legal lore. To satisfy our patrons, therefore, in solving some of their simple legal problems, we have decided to open a legal column wherein we will endeavor each month to answer all legal questions submitted to us. It is not intended that this column is to be a substitute for a solicitor or to abolish the necessity of consulting a solicitor, but is simply to be used as a guide, firstly for the determination of an individual's rights, and secondly for the obtaining of advice as to the best means for the assertion and retention of these rights.

To insure the giving of complete satisfaction it is necessary that the following instructions be carried out in detail: Whenever an enquiry is submitted all the facts surrounding the subject should be carefully outlined as briefly as possible. It is impossible to give an opinion without a solicitor being acquainted with all the facts. The law in the different Western Provinces is by no means uniform, and our enquirers should be careful to see that names and addresses are clearly stated.

The second essential feature is the necessity of prompt action whenever any question of law arises. The courts will not grant assistance to those who sleep upon their rights; they will only grant assistance to those who are active in the maintenance of their claims. Too often, rights have been lost through neglect to take proper steps within the specified time. The moment that a person is in doubt as to his legal standing in any matter it is important that he obtain definite advice as speedily as possible. This is one of the main reasons for the institution of this column, so that no reader need be in the position of having forfeited his rights through failure to obtain legal advice.

In addition to the legal column there will be published at intervals articles dealing with subjects of importance. It is our intention to publish articles dealing with divorce, lien notes, chattel mortgages, threshers' liens, real property,

wills, and other topics of importance. These articles will appear in due course and readers are invited to write us in connection with any points arising therein.

We append below questions which have been received by us, together with the answers.

(Q) A year ago I took a chattel mortgage, but failed to register it. Is the mortgage good?—E.G.S.

(A) Yes, as between the parties but not as against subsequent purchasers or mortgagees in good faith.

(Q) My husband left me a year ago, leaving for the States with another woman. Previous to his departure he treated me with the greatest of kindness. Can I divorce him if I prove that he is living with this woman in Minneapolis?—Distressed.

(A) No. To obtain a divorce you must prove infidelity and either cruelty or desertion for two years or more.

(Q) My husband died a short time ago. What must I do to get our house in my name so that I can sell it? I have two children both over 21 years of age; there was no will.—Widow.

(A) Take out letters of administration of your husband's estate. When you are appointed Administratrix you can apply to the Land Titles Office and have the title registered in your name, as Administratrix. Your children share with you in the net estate. After your husband's debts are paid you can transfer the property to yourself and the two children, all three being registered as owners. The children can then join with you in selling the property or can transfer their interests to you so that you can sell it.

(Q) A judgment has been obtained against me and the sheriff has threatened to seize my goods. How much seed grain can I claim as exempt?—R.A.S., Alta.

(A) Seed grain sufficient to seed all land under cultivation not over 160 acres at the rate of 2 bushels per acre, choice of seed being left to you.

(Q) My son died last week, age 19½ years; he has left a will leaving all his property to a friend. Is the will legal?—Father, Sask.

(A) No will made by any person under 21 years is valid.

(Q) I have a bunch of lien notes. Should I register them?—Merchant.

(A) Registration of lien notes in Manitoba is neither necessary nor possible. In Alberta and Saskatchewan registration is necessary.

(Q) I rent a house by the month. There is no written lease. If the landlord sells the house and wants me to move how much notice must he give me?—J.E.S.

(A) A full month's notice from the end of the current month. If notice is given on May 27th you must move out by June 30th. If notice is given on June 2nd you can remain in the house until July 31st.

(Q) I bought a farm from a party but never got transfer of title. The party has disappeared. How can I get the farm in my name?—A.R.B.

(A) Have your wife or brother buy the land at tax sale and complete the tax title. You can then obtain transfer of title.

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Dollars and Cents—Continued from page 30

prices required a change the Bank would alter its gold prices. Thereupon the dollar-sterling exchange would alter in sympathy, internal prices remaining unaltered. The argument of Mr. Keynes is that "without being tied to gold, we should by this means maintain comparative stability in our exchange with other gold countries."

Apart from Great Britain and the United States, the other countries should hitch themselves either to the dollar or to the pound sterling, Mr. Keynes suggests.

The total stock of monetary gold in the world was estimated in 1923 by the United States mint at \$9,790,000,000, nominally £1,962,000,000, of which \$4,136,000,000 was in the United States at the time. In 1923 the production of gold was \$350,000,000, of which \$150,000,000 was used for industry, \$65,000,000 being used in the United States. The gold in the United States doubled in the ten years 1914-24. In 1914 the per capita gold possessed in the United States was \$18.90; in 1924 it was \$39.85.

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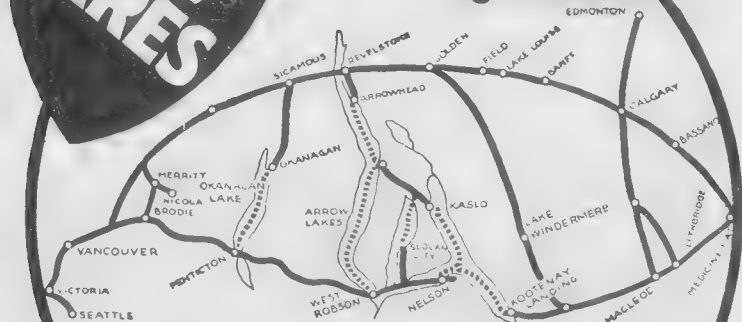
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Ask the Agent for Full Information

CANADIAN PACIFIC

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

Conducted By H. J. Russell, F. C. I., of St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

No Future

A FEW weeks ago I met a young man who had started recently with a business organization of considerable standing in Winnipeg and the Dominion.

"How are you getting along?" I asked. "Oh, very well," he said. "I can do the work all right but there's no future with the firm."

I took his answer for what it was worth, but I asked a friend later what he knew about the firm in question. He told me that the general manager was probably receiving a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, that the men under him in the head office were receiving some very attractive salaries, according to the kind of work they were doing, that the firm had branches throughout the Dominion, and that the branch managers were all well-paid men.

The young man who cannot see a future with a firm of this kind will have to travel, I think, a long way before he finds a position with a better future. Perhaps the difficulty lies in the fact that so many want to begin half way up the ladder instead of at the bottom.

Shakespeare says that "There's place and means for every man alive," while Johnson remarks that "to improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Again, Bacon states that "a wise man will make more opportunities than he finds."

When a young man says that there is no future in the work that he is doing, he is in danger of being in the position described by Haliburton: "Give me a chance, says Stupid, and I will show you. Ten to one he has had his chance already, and neglected it."

Opportunities in the West

RECENTLY, I was walking along a Winnipeg street with an old man and a youth. We passed a fine residence and, pointing to it, the old man said to the youth:

"Let me tell you something. Do you see that fine home there? It is the home of a successful doctor. He lived as a boy in a small country town. He had a drunken father who made no effort to provide him with an education. But he got through the public schools and by hard work succeeded in earning enough to pay his way through the university. To-day he is one of the most sought-after physicians in the city."

During the past twenty-five years, Western Canada has provided thousands of such opportunities in many branches of work. These opportunities still exist. Hard and persistent work is necessary but the rewards are waiting.

Character in Education

HITHERTO in the public schools of Canada it has been the custom to grade students almost entirely upon the results of examinations. This plan has shown to some extent the knowledge that the students had of the various subjects upon which they were examined, but it has not always revealed important features of character development. The records of a school may show that a student has secured fairly high marks in his subjects, but they do not show what the standing of that student may be as regards habits, to which considerable importance may be attached by a community.

Mr. A. C. Campbell, Principal of St. John's Technical High School, and a member of the Advisory Board of the Department of Education, is working out a plan whereby he hopes to record with a fair degree of accuracy the standing of his students as regards their attitude to work and responsibilities and their response to ethical requirements.

At a certain time of the year, probably at the Easter examinations, the members of his staff will be asked to report upon each student, not only as to his standing in his school studies, but as to the way

in which he meets the requirements that are suggested by the following headings:

Initiative.
Effort.
Form.
Athletics.
Integrity.

Under the heading of Initiative the student will be reported upon as to his power of taking the lead, or of originating.

In connection with Effort, the teachers will report upon the endeavors of the student to keep up with his work. Thus, a student who may be trying very hard but who may not be making high marks in his studies, will at least be given credit for genuine effort.

As regards Form, more emphasis is to be put upon the manner in which the student does his work, the care with which he compiles his notebooks, his penmanship, the condition of his desk and textbooks, care of clothes, and general neatness.

The physical condition of the students will be reported upon by those teachers who have opportunities for observing his interest in athletics and in outdoor life generally.

Attendance at school implies recognition of the moral obligations of punctuality, of regular attendance, of respect for the school and other students' property, of avoidance of cheating and lying, and from these and other points of view, the students will be judged as regards Integrity of purpose. It is recognized, as Goldsmith says, that "Both wit and understanding are trifles without integrity. The ignorant peasant without fault is greater than the philosopher with many."

The plan will apply to both boys and girls and the records will be confidential. The results in so far as they affect the standing of a school in terms of character building will no doubt be watched with much interest by Canadian educators.

Short Course in English

ARTICLE No. 7: In Article 6, some suggestions for effective composition were listed, and this month we are presenting two letters. The first letter violates the rules of good letter writing, while the second shows the improvement that is achieved if the rules are observed.

The wrong way:

Dear sir,

Yours to hand and contents noted. Enclosed you will find my wholesale price list and discount sheet, which I trust you will find satisfactory. I send you my illustrated catalogue in another enclosure. I am prepared to despatch promptly and will give you goods that will meet every demand of your trade.

Let me hear from you and oblige
Yours truly,

The right way:

Dear Sir,

Our catalogue, which you have asked us to send you, leaves the city by the same post as this letter. It is our latest and best book, and we believe that you will find it a valuable guide. We think it contains everything a dealer would wish to know about our baskets before taking the final step of ordering from us.

May we suggest that the next time you come to the city, you should allow us to show you over our basketries. You would return with a number of interesting things to tell your women patrons, and would become acquainted with everything that is good and up-to-date in the basket-making trade.

There are 3,000 baskets listed and described in the catalogue, 101 of which are illustrated. You have therefore a wide range of selection. If you will give us an idea of the sizes and character of the baskets you contemplate stocking, we will gladly make suggestions. We sell to hundreds of dealers in baskets, and our experience may be of value to you.

Yours truly,

Question: Is the following sentence correct?

"He must conduct his business on an honest foundation."

Answer: The sentence contains an incongruous metaphor and is therefore not correct. It may be revised to read "He must conduct his business in an honest manner" or "He must build his business on an honest foundation."

"He who does not write as well as he can on every occasion, will soon form the habit of not writing well on any occasion."—George Ripley.

Article No. 8 will deal with English in Advertising.

Religion in Education

FROM the Heidelberg Press, Philadelphia, a new volume has appeared entitled "Latent Religious Resources in Public School Education." The book will be of interest to Canadian readers because of its bearing upon religious education in schools.

Dr. C. A. Hauser, the author, has written the book for the purpose of bringing into closer personal relationship two groups of educators who should become, he thinks, more intimately acquainted. These two groups are the public school teachers and the Church school teachers.

He believes that the common goal of the teaching in the two schools is the cultivation of worthy citizenship. The public schools emphasize citizenship in a democracy, and the Church schools, citizenship in a democracy that is Christian.

Interesting type lessons are reproduced showing points of similarity between well known events in the Bible and events in history and exploration. It is the opinion of the author that while every branch taught in the public school has a latent religious value, some branches are more fertile than others, and that English literature, history, science, civics, music and art rank among the first.

"God," he says, "is still speaking to His children and although the Bible contains His revelation in a unique sense, revelation did not cease when the Bible was complete.... Modern life must be known and understood if the sins and errors it commits are to be lessened and man is to live in accordance with the will of God. So history, literature, science, civics, geography, mathematics, languages, art, music and other branches of knowledge all have their contribution to make, in that they represent an expression of the Divine mind and will through another form of revelation to man."

Getting Acquainted With Our Contributors

MR. H. J. RUSSELL, who since August, 1919, has contributed to the Western Home Monthly the page "The Young Man and His Problem," was born in London, England, and came to Canada in 1903. As a "hired man" on a Saskatchewan farm at ten dollars a month, he had what he thought was a rough introduction to the country, but he now looks upon his early farming experience as a very valuable part of his education.

After some years in the West, which included experience in a departmental store in a British Columbia interior town, Mr. Russell turned east to Winnipeg and entered the legal offices of Munson, Allan, Laird and Davis. From there, he entered the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway, first as Secretary to the Assistant Land Commissioner, and later as Advertising Agent in the Department of Natural Resources. During his railway work, Mr. Russell wrote numerous agricultural and land settlement booklets and was associated with railway officials in a strong colonization policy at a time when immigration into Canada was very heavy. He edited also for the company a monthly magazine entitled "Western Progress," which was distributed extensively throughout the United States.

After some four years of service with the C.P.R., Mr. Russell joined the staff of the Manitoba Free Press, serving as assistant to Mr. W. F. Payne, and later as reporter, special writer, and night telegraph editor.

During his work in Winnipeg, Mr. Russell carried on special studies in the field of commercial and vocational education, and in 1912 he entered the service of the Winnipeg Public School Board and was assigned to the Commercial Department of the new St. John's Technical High School, in which he is now Commercial Master. Later on he



Mr. H. J. Russell

was made Principal of the Night School Departments of the School, but relinquished this work to become associated with the University of Manitoba as lecturer on business subjects in connection with its extension courses.

Mr. Russell has a first class professional certificate from the Province of Manitoba, a commercial specialist's certificate from England, and is a Fellow of the Institute of Commerce, and also of the Faculty of Teachers in Commerce of Great Britain. He is a member of the Institute Stenographique of Paris and has won a gold medal and several silver and bronze medals for commercial studies.

Recently he was awarded fourth place in the United States and Canada for a business essay in a national competition conducted by Forbes' Magazine of New York.

He is a member of the Canadian Authors' Association and has written a text book, "Canadian Commercial Correspondence and Business Training," which is published by the McMillan Company of Canada. Just now he is engaged upon another book for the same company. His educational work has brought him into direct contact with large numbers of young men and it is out of this experience that he contributes to his department in the Western Home Monthly. A few years ago, he was elected Secretary of the Manitoba Educational Association and is responsible for arranging the convention plans of this body, which meets annually in Winnipeg.

In spite of the extent of his educational activities, Mr. Russell claims that he has more leisure time than most people. He spends his vacations in the open and is fond of travelling.



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We made and discarded 130 formulas before we offered Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Into it we embodied the supreme desires of 1,000 men in a shaving cream. Then added strong bubbles, the superlative requisite of all.

We developed 5 new delights—supplanted 5 old mistakes with amazing advantages.

You may agree that it's the finest shaving cream men will ever know—or you may not. But in justice to us both, won't you mail the coupon and find out?

Learn why men adopt it

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a sensation. Few products ever won so many folks so quickly. You must have heard about it. Men everywhere are telling its delights.

We urge you to find them out. It excels in all the five ways men desire. Its new results will amaze you.

Ask for this Ten-Shave Test. Do this to please yourself and us. Please do it now. Cut out the coupon as a reminder.

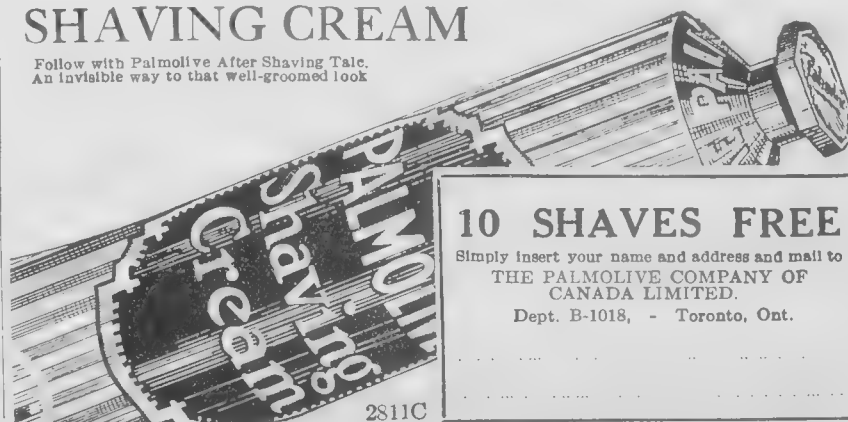
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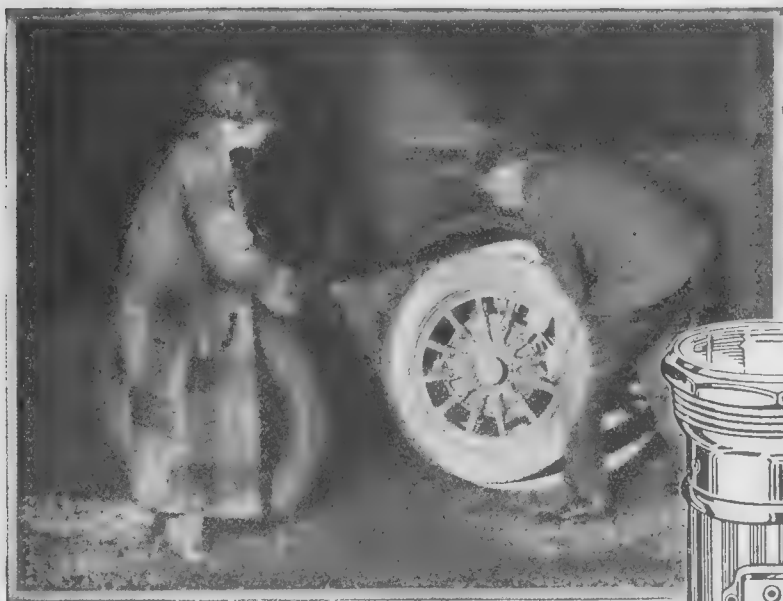
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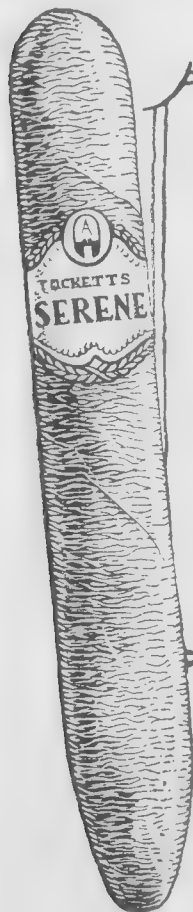
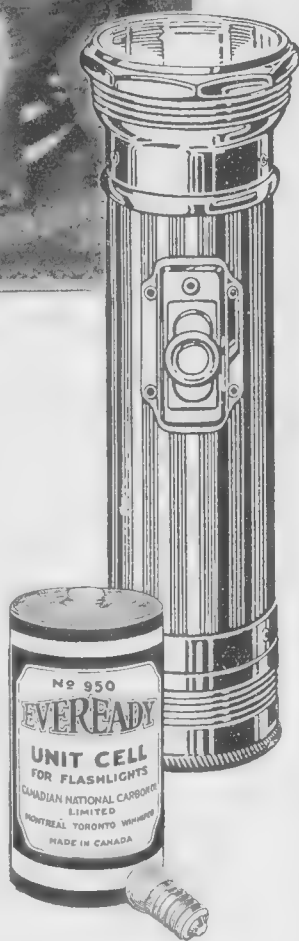


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Woman's Influence on Radio

By Percy W. Mack, Vice-President
Acme Apparatus Company

THE hand which rocks the cradle and rules the world will have an important part in shaping the destinies of radio. Women are becoming an increasingly important factor in the development of the new utility.

Although women spend 85% of the money that goes into the home, they have not been sold on radio as rapidly as might have been expected with a utility which is so essentially for use in the home. This has been due largely to the fact that radio has been enshrouded in technicalities which are abhorrent to women and has been sold as separate packages which were not fit for the living room.

No matter how much the man of the house may like to clutter up the place with batteries, wires, and paraphernalia in his experiments, the average wife objects to her living room or parlor looking like a workshop.

It is also a fact that the man is too apt to monopolize the set in the home, and in his eagerness to get distance he rarely keeps the same program on for more than a few minutes. He might not admit it, but what he is really hearing is call letters, not programs.

The woman, on the other hand, realizes that the real and lasting thrill in radio is not distance, but quality. She knows that the distance obsession is diminishing. To a woman, radio is essentially a musical instrument, and just as women are generally more religious than men, they are better listeners to good music. Naturally they wish their radio set to look as well as any other musical instrument and be as suitable for the living room or parlor. They do not want a conglomeration of wires, batteries, and electrical apparatus, but a good looking, compact, self-contained receiving set which looks like what it is—a musical instrument. In the end woman will get what she wants and there is a distinct trend in the radio industry toward recognizing that her viewpoint must be met, and that the most substantial results in increasing the number of American homes having receiving sets will come about through women developing an interest in the utility.

Many people have asked the question why there are as yet only 3,000,000 homes in Canada and the United States in which there are radio sets instead of 16,000,000 or 17,000,000 compared with the automobile and telephone. Perhaps the largest part of the answer is women.

A new street is being built up in radio. It is Quality Street, and it is the women who are building it. Distance requires sensitive, complicated sets with the present broadcasting power. Women are interested in quality. What they want is a simple, dependable, good-looking set which will get the local programs loud and clear and which can be relied upon for consistent reception. And when they find what they want in this line the number of homes containing radio sets will rapidly increase. Women's influence on the utilization of radio and the further development of the industry is only beginning to be realized.

Ask mother—she knows

A Record Breaking Photo Transmission

PICTURES flashed by radio traversed the hitherto undreamed-of distance of 5,000 miles in the short span of twenty minutes' time, when photographs of the war department's manoeuvres at Hawaii were recently sent from Honolulu to New York.

This revolutionary feat of radio photo transmission beat by ten days the fastest known means of transportation, airplane mail and fast mail ship. If the fastest mail boat leaving Honolulu were to carry the pictures to San Francisco, eight days would be required for the trip, and if an air mail plane at San Francisco carried the photographs to New York, another two days would be consumed.

How the Feat Was Accomplished

The pictures transmitted were taken near Honolulu during the recent American army manoeuvres and naval games there.

They were developed, converted into electrical impulses of varying intensity, and then transmitted by land wire to the trans-Pacific radio-telegraph station at Honolulu. Here the electrical impulses were converted to radio signals and transmitted across the Pacific ocean to a receiving station at San Francisco. From this point the impulses were sent by land wire to the transcontinental radio-telegraph station at Bolinas, near San Francisco bay, which station sent the picture impulses across the continent to Riverhead, L.I., receiving station of the Radio Corporation of America. At this point the impulses were again put on land wires to New York City, where the pictures were transcribed on the special device which turned the tiny electrical impulses into light rays to which a photographic plate was exposed.

At the Broad Street office of the Radio Corporation, a score of newspaper men and scientists breathlessly awaited the test. At its conclusion their awe will be long remembered. The longest radio photo transmission had been successfully accomplished. The Pacific ocean and the United States had been bridged by the new invention.

The spectators were enthusiastic over the accomplishment.

This is the severest test to which any picture transmission system has ever been subjected. A year ago the Radio Corporation of America sent pictures with success over a loop from New York to London and return. That was a shorter distance and it was practically all over water. The Honolulu to New York feat included a 2,650-mile overland lap.

The Future of the Vacuum Tube

HUGO GERNBACH, one of the greatest radio prophets, writes as follows in Science and Invention:

In the radio art today, while the vacuum tubes have been perfected to a remarkable degree, they are becoming less and less popular because the public has to keep on buying batteries, which are expensive and do not last long. It is known that the public wants something better. This, of course, was realized several years ago, and many workers in the field, even at that time, made accurate predictions for the future.

The problem opened up two avenues—one to operate the tubes from the house current; second, to build a new sort of tube that would work direct on the 110-volt circuits without a "B" battery eliminator. Such predictions were made as far back as 1921, when broadcasting first became popular.

Both of these inventions have already been realized. There are now on the market a great many "B"-battery eliminators, while the vacuum tube that works right off the 110-volt current without any "B"-battery eliminator is about to make its appearance.

If this tube is put on the market, it will be seen at once that our radio-set manufacturers must, perforce, change their sets a good deal. While it will not revolutionize the working of the sets themselves, it will certainly mean one thing, and that is, the sets will have to be wired quite differently from what we are accustomed to now. For one thing, sets wired for 110-volt tubes will have to be wired in such a way that they will pass the fire underwriters' rules, to do away with any possible fire hazard. This indicates that the entire wiring of such a future radio set will have to be done in a totally different manner than as executed today.

Again, such 110-volt tubes will probably heat up a good deal, which means that different vacuum tube sockets will have to be used. It is doubtful whether the fire underwriters will pass bakelite sockets and bakelite panels on which to mount such tubes; asbestos, slate, or some other fire-proof material, will probably have to be used. From this it will be seen that one new invention always brings forth a host of unforeseen problems which must be solved as the art progresses.

The Home Garden

Conducted by Allan Campbell

Defence Against Insects

THERE seems to be one crop that never fails, come what may, and that is the insect crop, consequently out of evil may come good, for their repeated visits only tend to make us more expert in planning for their extermination. It is often an expensive experience, but, on the other hand, knowledge of their habits is half the battle.

At this time of year a description of the various insecticides would be of considerable use to gardeners and others who have plants to protect and may be of use as a ready reference guide:

Paris Green.—Paris green, 1 pound; unslaked lime, 1 pound; water, 160 gallons.

Arsenate of Lead.—Arsenate of lead, 2 to 3 pounds; water, 40 gallons.

Poisoned Bran.—Bran, 20 pounds; Paris green, ½ pound; molasses, 1 quart.

Hellebore.—White hellebore, 1 ounce; water, 2 gallons. Keep in airtight vessel.

Pyrethrum.—Pyrethrum powder, 1 ounce; water, 3 gallons. Keep in airtight vessel.

Pyrethrum (Dry Mixture).—Mix thoroughly 1 part by weight of pyrethrum powder with 4 of cheap flour, and keep in a close vessel for 24 hours before dusting over plants attacked.

Kerosene Emulsion.—Kerosene, 2 gallons; rain water, 1 gallon; soap, ½ pound. Dissolve soap in water by boiling; take from fire, and, while hot, turn in kerosene and churn briskly for 5 minutes. For use, dilute with 9 parts of water so that the above 3 gallons of stock emulsion will make 30 gallons of spraying mixture.

In controlling insect attack, the main point is to first ascertain whether it is a sucking or biting insect that is at work, for the insecticides for these classes are not interchangeable to any

great degree. For instance, a sucking insect will penetrate the poisoned area on a leaf and suck the juice that lies beyond the danger zone, whereas a biting insect will eat a certain amount of poison with the leaf.

One of the most destructive insects in the prairie provinces is the cutworm, and the majority of the eggs are hatched out by the middle of April. The cutworms remain below the surface of the ground during the day, rising to the surface at night to feed. They prefer to feed a little below the surface of the ground, and in dry years they are able to do much more damage, as in the dry soil they pass more easily from plant to plant, whereas in wet soil they are considerably retarded in their operations and have to feed above ground. Their liking for plant food is very extensive and includes grains, roots, alfalfa, and all kinds of vegetable crops.

For the control of these insects, the mixture of poisoned bran, described above, is recommended. The mixture should be scattered on and around the infested areas late in the afternoon so that it will not be dried out by the sun and will be in good condition and attractive to the pests when they come up to feed at night.

For the Colorado beetle (potato bug) spraying with Paris green is recommended, and this process should be repeated to catch the next generation.

The cabbage butterfly may be controlled by dusting pyrethrum powder over the cabbages as soon as the butterflies appear. The dusting should be done early enough in the season so that the powder is not in the cabbages when they are cut for the table.

The aphids on maple trees are sucking insects and kerosene emulsion should be used where they appear.

Strawberries for the Prairie Garden

THE wild strawberry is a familiar sight to all of us and it is a token that the West should not be discouraged, but rather encouraged, to produce the cultivated variety and it has been demonstrated that strawberries of first class flavor can be produced in Manitoba gardens.

For the best results in strawberry growing, the soil should have an abundance of plant food and should be well drained, though strawberries require a fair amount of moisture for proper development. A crop of roots ahead of the season when the strawberries are put in is a good preparation. A good dressing of well rotted manure makes a satisfactory fertilizer and should be applied in the spring before planting commences and thoroughly incorporated with the soil.

Planting should be done in the spring for preference and strong runners obtained for the purpose. Care must be taken to have the crown of the plant just at the surface of the ground after

it has been planted. If this rule has not been followed and the crown is too high, it will dry out, or, on the other hand, if it is planted too low, it will be smothered. The roots properly spread when planted will have a better chance to develop.

After planting, cultivation should be proceeded with in order to cause rapid growth. This cultivation should be deep at first then shallower as the roots become established and then this work may be continued to keep the surface soil loose and the land free from weeds.

In order to conserve the strength of the plants for the production of runners during the first season, all blossoms should be pinched off as they appear, and when sufficient runners have been produced, the superfluous ones should be destroyed.

The following varieties have been successfully grown in Manitoba: Senator Dunlap, Dakota, Beder Wood, Progressive (everbearing), Superb (everbearing). The later two varieties have continued to bear fruit until October.

Sweet Clover as an Aid to the Farmer

ONE of the outstanding problems that beset the Western farmer today is that of restoring fertility to soil that has become depleted of the necessary organic composition through repeated growing of grain crops, and as one solution to this problem we would urge the adoption of sweet clover as a part of the crop rotation. The ability of this crop to thrive under conditions, both soil and climatic, that would be anything but favorable to grain crops, is a decided recommendation in itself alone apart from its value as a hay crop and its popularity (endorsed by the cows) as a pasture crop. It is claimed that sweet clover is able to withstand the effects of pasturing somewhat better than alfalfa.

This plant, being a legume, is able to draw upon the air for its nitrogen requirements, hence its soil-improving qualities which make it of great value as an agent for the supplying of the necessary plant food and also it becomes a buffer against that bugbear of the prairie farmer, viz., soil drifting.

In conclusion, there has been one question repeatedly raised in regard to its palatability due to the fact that it has a bitter taste, and in reply to such question it may be said that this flavor is not sufficiently pronounced to interfere to any great extent with its feeding qualities, in fact, cattle soon acquire a relish for sweet clover hay.

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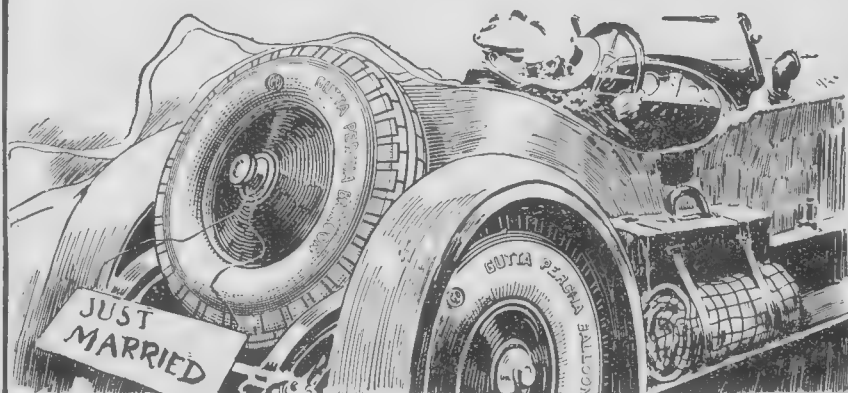
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Why Courtesy Counts

By Emma Gary Wallace

IT is perfectly true that some very good people indeed do not have the charm of fine manners. Usually, it happens that these people have not had the advantages of refined surroundings, and so have grown up rather blunt of speech or inclined to ignore entirely those little politenesses which oil the machinery of everyday life so successfully.

Such people may be successful and self-respecting and valued members of society, but we are of the opinion that they would have been more successful, more at ease among their fellows, and more valued members of society, with a larger influence, if they had expressed inner thoughtfulness by outward graciousness.

When we come right down to it, courtesy and true politeness are merely "In honor preferring one another." They are thoughtful consideration of the rights, comforts and feelings of others. And it is surely not too much to expect that the people about us will be kindly and well-mannered, and that we shall extend to them the same deference and thoughtfulness.

On a farm about a mile from a prosperous and progressive little town, were born twin brothers about thirty years ago. The children looked remarkably alike, and enjoyed a happy childhood together. As they grew up, one possessed the ambition to obtain a college education. The other had no interest in this sort of thing at all, preferring to work for the farmers about, in the hope that sometime he might buy a little place of his own.

As the time went on, Fred, the twin who wished to go to college, observed that educated people read good books, and observed the educated people he met in the course of his attendance at high school and his going about the town. The other twin openly declared this superficial, and he chose his associates from those who looked at matters much as he did. He was an honest fellow and often said that he had no desire to pretend to be what he was not. This was Frank's attitude. He was naturally a little timid and shy, and Fred felt that his brother often made this an excuse for unnecessary crudeness.

Both boys graduated from high school. Fred went away and worked his way through college, often doing many different tasks to help himself along. He took care of the furnace and walks, shoveling the snow in winter of a large home, to pay for his room rent. He waited on table for his board. He pressed the clothing of his fellow students. He collected laundry for a laundry company, and he learned to paint signs and did much of this in his spare time. Often he was obliged to study very late to make up for the hours engaged in such work. But he never failed in cheerfulness and in that kindly manner which marked him as a gentleman.

People often remarked that it was a pleasure to have Fred Walgreen around, and on a number of occasions he was given opportunities and preferences which would not have been his had it not been for his fine manner and sincerity. In fact, Fred Walgreen always seemed to know the right thing to do and to say at the right moment. He did not know this naturally, but he cultivated the spirit of helpful service. He watched what those who ought to know the right thing to do actually did under different circumstances. He even bought a book of practical suggestions on etiquette. This book not only told in a simple way what to do, but why it was the correct thing.

When Fred would go home on vacations and would try to talk to Frank about the advantage of acquiring a little polish of manner, Frank would make fun of the idea and would declare that people needn't expect him to be a "Dude" or a "Chesterfield," for he never expected to be anything more than a plain Canadian citizen. It was in vain that Fred tried to show him where he was wrong, and that good manners, used in a straightforward and correct way, were an asset to any man. He tried to show his brother Frank that even as a shopkeeper puts samples of his goods in the window to show what he has inside, so do we exhibit our manners as a sample of the ideals and thoughtfulness and

kindliness and education we possess. But it was of no use. Frank would listen but he would not act on the suggestions offered.

FRED graduated from college and succeeded in obtaining an excellent position as a teacher. His pupils were young folks and he felt that his example and influence were very important, so he was careful at all times to show respect for the elderly; to protect and shield the weak; to be fair and kind in his judgments, and to be specially gentle with those who might not be within hearing.

He was a manly fellow, and the boys admired and imitated him, and the girls always felt that they could depend upon his advice in an emergency. It was not so much that he told them what to do, as that he invariably led them to see for themselves what was the right and the kind thing.

Fred rose from one position to another in the system until he became the youngest Superintendent of Schools who had ever filled that office there. Moreover, he

When the time came for Frank Walgreen to go back to his home, he simply got up and walked out of the house without so much as saying goodbye or thanking the kindly lady where Fred boarded, for her hospitality and efforts to make him comfortable. He did not know what to say and he made no effort to say it. Fred was honestly ashamed of his brother's lack of ordinary courtesy.

THE two of them walked silently along to the station some blocks away, and they were silent until Frank said:

"Well, Fred, I reckon you will be glad to ship me back to the rocks and hills. I don't belong among people like these. You must remember my associates are a different kind—a kind who do not set much store by whether a man eats with his knife or his fork, or whether he rises to give a lady a chair or lets her fish around and find one for herself, but, if the country were in peril, we'd fight for it. And we work hard to produce things for the rest of you to eat and to wear."

"That's all right," returned Fred gravely, "that is, it's all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. You know perfectly well that you chose your own associates. You could have had the best of good reading and companions of a better class, had you wanted them. It was an obligation you owed yourself and your mother and father, to make the most of yourself possible. You can be a gentleman anywhere and in doing any kind of work. What do you suppose Mrs. McKay thinks of you, that you were so discourteous in leaving? You did not mean to be, of course, but facts are facts."

"I'll probably never come back again," retorted Frank, miserably, "and so what she thinks doesn't matter."

"Yes, it does matter," defended Fred. "I want her to think well of you, and to appreciate what you are in reality—a fine, clean, hard-working young man. As it is, I fear she is not doing you justice in her own mind, and perhaps she is wondering why our mother gave one better advantages than the other."

"In reality, you know that our parents gave us equal advantages, and so others are done an injustice as well as ourselves."

"I am afraid, Frank, that the opportunities which you are capable of filling will never open up to you as fully as they should until you begin to appreciate the value of courtesy and the heart-kindness which it expresses. It is not too late yet. Go back home and commence now to make more of yourself than you have ever done before. Mary, your wife, and the two little kiddies will be glad of it, for it will mean so much to them. Remember, Frank, to be a gentleman is a matter of the heart and the mind, as well as the outward manner. I am coming up to see you next summer, and I shall expect that you will have made a long start in the right way."

THAT'S how it came about that Fred Walgreen spent part of his vacation that year and the next year with his twin brother, and when he saw how earnestly Frank was trying to redeem the carelessness and mistake of his youth, he did all in his power to help him. Today, Frank Walgreen is one of the leading men in his community. He serves as a supervisor, and has been elected to a number of posts of honor. In speaking of this he often says:

"I wasted a lot of time and had some odd ideas, but Fred finally jarred them out of me, and today I know for a certainty that anyone has more influence and more respect who is courteous, and who is ready to throw the weight of his influence on the right side. Courtesy counts, for it is a sign of applied intelligence!"

It is true that courtesy makes for restraint and refinement of manner. It encourages broader sympathies and deeper understanding of the people about us, and by this means it helps us to help others to do and to be their best. Rudeness and crudeness repel and drive people away. Courtesy is winsome, even though it is firm. It pays to know the right thing to do and to say at the right time, and to be able to do and say it in the most graceful outward manner.

Prairie Land

*In my dear land the wild duck
broods*

*In June,
And meadow larks
Drop liquid heaven
From golden throats;
The trailing plover
In the summer fallow
Paces aside
From the nestling's hollow,
And the lady's slipper
Holds a golden dipper
To a dew-drenched moon.*

*Pluck me a rose
From a million roses,
Red dog roses,
Blown in June,
And warm your hands in the
blazing glory
Of tiger lilies
In the breast of noon,
While the sea-green earth
To the sun smiles back
From Prairie Land,
In June.*

—I. M. C. Thompson.

filled it in a thoroughly efficient manner and with credit to himself. The people were proud of him, and felt that they had been fortunate indeed in having one of this calibre to head their educational system. There was a fine degree of harmony in the schools, and it was evident that the standards of Scholarship, Athletics, and Social Affairs were all maintained on a high plane.

One day Frank decided to surprise his twin brother by paying him a visit. He came unannounced, and while Frank was clean enough in a way, his appearance bordered on being shabby. His overcoat had seen a good deal of wear and the velvet collar was worn off in spots. His suit needed pressing, and his nails suggested neglect and the lack of care.

Fred welcomed him warmly, and apparently did not see any of these things, but next day being Saturday he took his twin brother to a nearby city and insisted on buying him a complete outfit. Frank did not like it. He said what he had was good enough. Fred responded easily:

"Probably that's true, Frank, but people judge us, and rightly too, by the samples we show them of ourselves and our success. My friends will not know what a good fellow you are, and I do not want you to be at the slightest disadvantage with them."

Fred Walgreen did his best to give his brother a nice time, but Frank was decidedly out of his element. He felt awkward. He was awkward. He was not able to hold his own in a conversational way. And repeatedly he saw where his manners must have mortified his brother.



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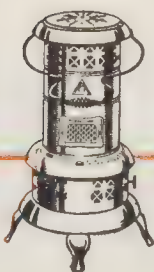
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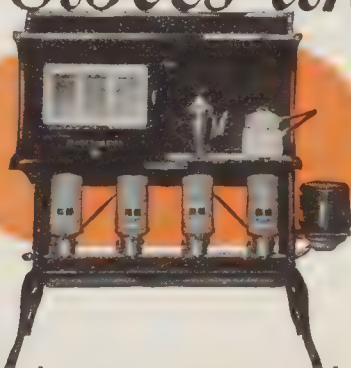
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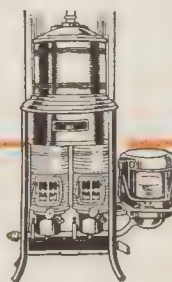
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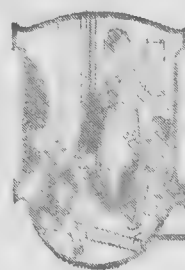
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MOTHER'S PAGE



Linen and Lavender

By Winifred N. Whitlock

HAVE you ever seen a real old-fashioned linen closet? Our grandmother had one, the whole length of a large room, with shelves to the top, which nearly reached the ceiling, filled with piles of linen, and as grandmother opened the doors the fragrance of lavender greeted you.

There were sheets and pillow-cases, towels, table-cloths and serviettes. You looked and wondered if such a lot of linen would ever be used in the owner's lifetime. But what matter? From it's stores would come part of the daughters' wedding gifts and in those days there was generally more than one daughter.

The good old days have gone. We once lived in an apartment and at twelve o'clock one Saturday night a lady, whom we had never seen before, came and begged the loan of a towel as her's hadn't come back from the wash! We felt glad that though we hadn't a linen closet filled with linen we could help out the neighbor whose supply of towels had to go to the laundry all at once.

We don't know if we'll ever be fortunate enough to live in our own house but if we are we'll have a linen closet and put our linen away with lavender.

"But why wait for the house?" we asked ourselves, so we started a linen closet with a cardboard box and some lavender!

We hadn't much money (no need, moreover, for the past tense) so we made a start with a pair of huckaback towels which cost 25 cents a pair bought on bargain, and embellished them with crochet ends. Then we bought a pair of pillow-slips and worked them, and then we got more ambitious and bought a pair of linen towels. We shall never forget the thrill of owning our first pair of linen towels!

Here let us digress. If you can afford it buy linen towels instead of cotton towels. They are nicer to use, last longer and keep their color better.

Then we bought a lunch cloth and worked it and put it in the linen closet (why call it a cardboard box?) but someone admired it and being hard up we sold it, and bought another and some serviettes with the proceeds.

By the time the lid of the box wouldn't shut we moved into an apartment with a cupboard and gave the linen more space to spread.

Don't be afraid to start in a small way or to let people know. Sometimes friends find it hard to think of something to give at Christmas time and it is never hard to find something for the person who takes a pride in her linen closet.

"Now Mary's got that linen craze, the best thing we can do is to give her something for it," they will say, and you will get a pair of towels or pillow-slips instead of a boudoir cap or camisole next Christmas.

In these days the linen closet can be filled in many ways. If we are unable to go to the city the shopping service of the departmental stores will do their best to fill our needs, the magazines give pretty patterns for crochet and embroidery and if one is an adept at any particular line of fancy work, one can generally do a piece for a friend in exchange for their specialty.

"What's the use in keeping a lot of things?" says someone. The trouble with us is we can't keep the things as long as we would like to, but if you are one of those lucky individuals who don't meet hard times, there will be lots of fun collecting and working and giving a piece of your work away to a loved friend for

a wedding gift or starting your young daughter with a Hope Chest—even if it is only a box.

We have a friend of over forty who never did fancy work. She had had to work hard all her life and had never had time. At our suggestion she got a Linen Closet. Her husband made her a large box and covered and lined it with wallpaper and we worked her a pair of pillow-slips to start her off. Now she is never without a piece of fancy work that she picks up while waiting for something to cook or in the evenings when she isn't dress-making or darning and she is so interested in her Linen Closet and learning to do embroidery, and her young daughter who never used a needle before has caught on to the idea of the Linen Closet.

Linen and lavender! They are symbols of many old-fashioned virtues. They mean thrift, cleanliness, fragrance and a love of home. Every woman, rich or poor, should take a pride in her linen. She who "looketh well to the ways of her household" was surely a woman with a well-stocked linen closet, and by well-stocked we mean filled in accordance with our means. We haven't much but we can truthfully say that we never sit down to a meal off a table covered with a newspaper, but we know many people better off than we are and the tablecloth only comes out for visitors.

"I should have nice linen if I were rich," we often hear a woman say. We don't believe it. She might have a lot of linen bought haphazard but she wouldn't have hand-worked linen laid away in lavender to hand down to her daughter.

Women folk like collecting, whether it's scalps, picture-postcards or pieces of linen, so why not encourage our young daughters to collect and sew for their linen closet? In France, in the pre-war days, every father who could afford it gave his daughter a "dot" and the peasants gave their daughter an "armoire," an old-fashioned roomy chest of drawers and as soon as she could sew the little Norman maiden was given something to make for her dowry chest. One girl we knew had six dozen of everything when she married and she was only a little over twenty.

One lady we know said: "Well I call it very silly; they might never get married." But as we pointed out, even if a girl doesn't marry she has to use towels to dry herself with!

What to buy depends a good deal on finances and taste but the time to buy is certainly when prices are low. We bought some linen in pre-war days that we were very glad of when prices soared and now that low prices prevail is the time to start your linen closet. When high prices come round again you may not be able even to afford the lavender!

Get a box or a chest and start in right away. In a year's time you'll wonder how you ever existed without your linen closet.

Fate

FATE sat weaving. All went peacefully till with a sudden movement the threads were entangled. With swift fingers she strove to get them straight. The weaker threads were broken, the stronger ones were frayed, but all were straight again. Then she wove peacefully on, but in the warp and the woof was one weak spot.

So in life. Humans are woven in and out by swift fingers and are entangled in circumstances which blast and fray their lives. The weaving it breaks; the strong it frays. When life goes on smoothly as before, this spot, like the heel of Achilles, is their vulnerable point.

The Cry of the Children

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

WHAT do children need most in the world? Surely it is a home and a mother to make that home all it should be.

In a city, one runs up against many kinds of people, but a woman's heart is the same the world over. It is seldom that I see that rare phenomenon—a woman who does not like children. Though nearly all women like children, I think we often see the most ardent love for them in those who, for some reason or other, have been denied the joys of motherhood. There is a hunger seen in the eyes of these women as they look at others more blessed than themselves. There is an emptiness which nothing but a child can fill. There are arms aching to hold the child that never was, there are hearts overflowing towards the child that might have been. There is a great store of unused love in the heart of many a woman.

Love is too precious a thing to be wasted. There are so many children in a big city whose lives are dark and gloomy because no mother consoles them in their childish sorrows. No mother "kisses the place to make it well!" No mother smooths the pillow when their little heads ache, no mother watches beside them in long nights of sleepless pain. There are other children—those who belong in homes where drunkenness holds its sway. The mothers of these children degrade the sacred name of motherhood, making it a curse instead of a blessing!

There are children brought up in institutions, hedged in by rules where discipline reigns supreme and love is almost unknown.

There are children, even nowadays, who are made to work too young, either outside or in their own homes. There are children who are household drudges (I have seen them myself), and who nurse babies too heavy to hold, while they should still be nursing dolls!

It is the age of the child, we are told, but there are still many wrongs to be righted before the child is treated fairly by everyone.

If our ears are attuned to listen, we shall, even as in the days of Mrs. Browning, still hear "The Cry of the Children." It is very distinct—it comes in the child's high treble, the baby moan of pain, the heart-broken sobs of older children. It is always audible to those who love children. It is an appeal "for a really, truly home," for a mother who understands.

When I see these children on the one side and childless women on the other, I feel I must do something to bring them together. We have many, many appeals to our charity: There are appeals for foreign missions, appeals where there are earthquakes, appeals in times of sickness and distress; but how often do we hear the appeal to childless women to adopt a child?

Some women do adopt children, but not half as many as could do so. I have known two women only, out of all my acquaintances, who did this; and these two were singularly blessed. Where all had been cold and "feless—a house but not a home—the walls were soon

resounding to the echoes of gay, childish laughter, the floors to the patter of little feet.

I have seen people accumulate wealth, only to leave it to some distant cousin they had never seen! I have wondered why these people cared for money—when there was no child on whom it could be spent!

There are women who would like to adopt a child, but they do not dare broach the subject to their husbands! How do they know how their husbands feel about it, if they do not ask? These very husbands may be longing for the sight of a child about the place, and they do not like to suggest it themselves! For just such trifling reasons as these, a child is kept out of what would, doubtless, be a very good home.

Other women are afraid of what the neighbors will say! These last are often unmarried women, and they fear public opinion. The world's censor of commendation should make no difference where a child's happiness is at stake. Think of it! On the one side a lonely, childless woman, on the other a motherless, lonely child: the two are kept apart for such small reasons that I long to break down the barrier and say: "Mother, take your child! Child, go to your mother!"

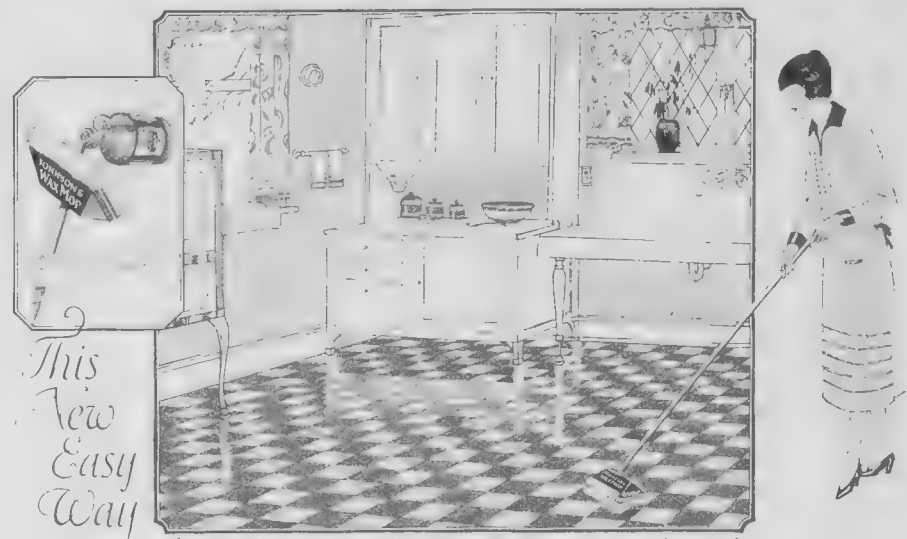
Many foster-mothers make the best mothers. With the world so full of beautiful, motherless babies, unloved as they so often are, have these women any right to deny themselves the gift of a child? Have they any right to keep the child from having a mother?

It does not cost much to add one more to a family of two. Where there is enough for two, there can be enough for three. As for the "old maid" or the "bachelor girl" as she calls herself, she often has much too much of this world's goods to spend on herself. What does she do? She must love something! Let us enter her house. Beautiful Persian and Maltese cats come purring against my skirts; I am greeted by a chorus of barks. Lovely dogs, with high pedigrees, come around me. Now, I do not ask that woman to give up all her cats and her dogs, but a dog or a cat less and she could give a home to a motherless child. She will be more than repaid. I am not belittling the advantage of keeping cats and dogs, for I like them myself. However, I know this: there is a corner in every woman's heart, which no animal can fill. It is the corner where a child should be.

There is no music in the world to compare with the music of a child's voice! Ask the mother to whose ears the wail of her first-born was the most delicious music. There is no love to compare with the love of a helpless baby who needs us all the time! There is no sunshine so bright as the sunny smile of a happy child.

Oh, you women to whom the world seems hard and unreal! You need not look with such envy on mothers. Be mothers yourselves. Adopt a child, if you have the means, as a great many of you have. You have no idea of the happiness that will follow. I would tell you if I could, but it is one of the joys that is indescribable. Even a lover of children can only say that, to know what difference a child's presence can make in a house, you must experience it yourselves!

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to have Beautiful Waxed Floors

"HOW do you keep your kitchen so spick and span? It always looks as though you'd just laid new linoleum."

"Why, this linoleum has been down six years. But the man who laid it waxed it for me with Johnson's Liquid Wax and he told me if I'd keep it waxed that it would stay like new. And wear years longer."

"No, it isn't any trouble at all since I bought one of those Johnson Floor Polishing Outfits. Every couple weeks I spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with the Wax Mop. It only takes a few minutes—I don't touch my hands to the wax or the floor—I don't even stoop down! Just pour a little Liquid Wax onto the Mop and a few easy strokes give the floor a thin, even coating."

"Then I polish the wax with the Weighted Brush. In a few minutes my floor is beautifully polished—and it's no more trouble than running a carpet sweeper."

"Why yes, I wash my kitchen linoleum, of course. But it doesn't seem to need washing nearly as often. And then it's so easy—more like washing off a piece of glass than a floor."

"But I never wash the inlaid linoleum in my other rooms. I polish it a couple of times a year with Johnson's Liquid Wax and that gives such a hard, dry polish that dust stays right on the surface. I re-wax the doorways and traffic spots when they start to show wear—but that only takes a few minutes."

"All the wood floors in my house are waxed too. In fact, I couldn't keep house without Johnson's Liquid Wax! I use it to polish my furniture and woodwork—to clean white enamel—and on the car!"

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1 Johnson's Wax Mop . . . 1.50
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Stores displaying this sign can furnish the Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit. They also carry a full line of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes.

Insist upon your dealer supplying you with the Johnson \$7.25 Floor Polishing Outfit for \$5.50—it means a saving of \$1.75.

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit—write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can. If you already have a mop—you can get the Weighted Brush, a quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax and the 25c Book for \$4.00—a saving of \$1.75. Or, any of these articles may be purchased separately.

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Last Call For APRONS

Goodness gracious, but what a number of our readers want these RUBBER APRONS!



And, no wonder, because the Rubber Apron, pictured above, which we are offering our subscribers, is manufactured from the best quality gum rubber, is the best in design and workmanship and of attractive appearance. A wide range of pretty colors to choose from including green, rose, orange, peach, cerise, gray and blue.

How to Get One

We offer one of these rubber aprons in return for only one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly at \$1.00, or three years for \$2.00, your own renewal or a new subscriber—it makes no difference—and we send you the apron immediately, all charges paid.

This offer of course will not last indefinitely, so we urge our readers not to delay too long, but let us hear from you right away.

And don't forget to mention your favorite color—if you have any particular preference—for we think we can let you have the desired shade.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Enclosed please find \$..... for years subscription to The Western Home Monthly and please send me Rubber Apron, as advertised. I prefer the following color.....

Name

Address



Around the Fireplace

ALWAYS when I write this department the picture in my mind is of a group of girls and young women in a cozy living room with a fireplace where a log burns lazily, creating interesting lights and shapes while we chat in a heart-to-heart talk. There is inspiration created by the loving personality of young womanhood and my association with girls has made me love, respect and admire them.

From time to time men write to this department and their letters help me, because we frankly admit that we like men and value their interest in us.

Now comes a letter from a mother who writes: "I feel I am acquainted with you as I have read your page for years and enjoy your talks to girls. I am sure many mothers like myself would appreciate a helpful talk on lessons in life's truths that girls should know. If we mothers could tell our girls what they should know so many tragedies would be avoided."

Since I have had many similar requests from the girls themselves, perhaps just a little talk on the subject might not be out of place. Though I have been much with girls in their sufferings through life's most tragic experiences, I have kept this page clean of sordid stories. The news stands are full of them. A Canadian publication like The Western Home Monthly should be the best seller for every home in Canada, because the reading matter is carefully censored that it may be mentally, morally and constructively fit for the young people of a Canadian household. Only this evening I went to a news stand and conspicuous everywhere were magazines filled with crime-breeding stories of the seamy side of life.

When an artist wants to paint a beautiful picture he does not choose an imperfect model. He goes to the art gallery where he may find a painting as free from imperfections as possible. He must have before him the picture ideal. He cannot paint a fine picture with his eye on imperfections, or ugly errors. So is it true in life. A girl cannot fill her mind with the mistakes of life and develop into beautiful womanhood. If she is familiar with the true, the beautiful things of life, she will instinctively shrink from that which is dangerous. Most girls know when they are near danger, but they are heedless.

"How did you get here?" I asked a

girl the other evening who was in a cot near a girl I visited.

"Oh, I went to a midnight party with a man who called for me where I worked. They gave me something to drink—I did not remember anything until the next morning, so here I am."

"Why did you not hunt up the church of your denomination when you came to the city and get in the right company?" I asked.

"I suppose I should have," she replied, "It's too late now."

The help in the right direction is the greatest need of our girls. Close companionship between mother and daughter, free from criticism and nagging will more than anything else prevent tragedy.

There are so many distractions today that I feel our girls have a much harder time in this age, more to contend with, than the past generation. The majority are strong and capable. But we hear more of the other kind. Most of our homes are happy, but it is the home with the tragedy that is published in the newspaper. The lessons of life should be told a girl by her mother. Sometimes a mother cannot approach her daughter in the beautiful manner of close heart-to-heart talks, though this would save many tragedies. I will gladly send the name of a book to any mother who requests it. This book contains what a girl needs to know. I know a teacher in high school who asked the girls to meet her one evening after school. Certain things had occurred that convinced her of the lack of mother instruction. So she talked to them in a motherly attitude. She said her talk was just what a mother should tell her daughter. She expected the mothers would not like it, but, to her surprise, the following week they thanked her for telling their daughters what they wanted to and could not.

I feel that mothers criticize and nag their daughters too much. This drives many girls away from home. They can be led with kindness, but cannot be driven with the lashing whip of criticism.

Sometimes—often, I think—girls are bored with constant reference to the ideal. We must live it. They do not like advice. They hate the word "don't." So do I. A happy home atmosphere where there is love, music, books and kind companionship will more than anything else keep our girls in the path of peace, purity and accomplishment.

Love Letters from the Golden Book

LOVE letters make history. They really do. I wonder how many of our girl readers would care to have their letters recorded in history? I once saw in a public restaurant in this city, a group of men laughing at the letters a young man showed them and how I longed to tell the girl who wrote them. Always remember that anything you write may be seen by others than the one for whom you intended.

I found in The Golden Book some quotations from love letters written by famous men and women of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. I think I will give them to our girls. They prove that human nature is ever the same.

This from Richard Steele to Mary Scurlock:
"Madam:

"It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love and yet attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired

to know when I had been last at Hampton Court. I replied, 'It will be on Tuesday came sennight.' Prythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure, O love;

'A thousand torments dwell about me! Yet who would live to live without thee?'

Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much and with what disinterested passion I am ever yours,
"Rich. Steele."

Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendower.
"Jan. 1, 1859.

"Oh, I still breathe it, the magic fragrance of those blooms thou pluck'dst me from thy heart! They were not buds of life: so smell the wonder blooms of heavenly death, of life eternal: so decked they of yore the hero's corse, ere it was burnt to God like ashes. Into that grave of flames and perfumes leaped his loved one, to mingle her beloved's ashes with her own—and they were one! One element, not two mortals; one divine substance of

eternity. Thy caresses, they are the crown of my life, the sweet roses that blossomed from the wreath of thorns wherewith alone my head was clad. Now am I happy! Not a wish, not a longing! Delight, supreme consciousness, strength and aptitude for everything, for every storm of life. Nay, nay, repent them not! Repent them? Never!

Sarah Bernhardt to Sardou:

"Wonderful Boy:

"Where art thou tonight? The letter came but an hour ago—a cruel hour—I had hoped that thou wouldst pass it here with me. Paris now without thee is but a morgue, before I knew thee it was Paris, and I thought it heaven; but now it is a wide desert of desolation and loneliness. It is like the face of a clock when the hands have been taken away. All the pictures that hung in my memory before I knew thee have gone and given their places to the radiant moments that we have spent together.

"I cannot live now away from thee—thy words, even though they were bitter words—would give chase to all the world's uneasiness and make me glad; my art has been nourished by them and softly rocked in their tender cradle until they are as requisite to me now as are the sunlight and air. I am hungry for them as I would be for food. I am thirsty for them, and my thirst is surpassing. Thy words are my food, thy breath my wine, Thou art all to me.

"Thy Sarah."

Nathaniel Hawthorne to his wife:

"I am sometimes driven to wish that you and I could mount upon a cloud (as we used to fancy in those heavenly walks of ours) and be borne quite out of sight and hearing of the world; for now all the people in the world seem to come between us. How happy were Adam and Eve! There was no third person to come between them, and all the infinity around them only seemed to press their hearts closer together. We love one another as well as they, but there is no silent and lovely garden of Eden for us. Will you sail away with me to discover some summer island? Do you think God has reserved one for us, ever since the beginning of the world? Foolish that I am to raise a question of it, since we have found such an Eden—such an island sacred to us two—whenever we have been together. Then we are Adam and Eve of a virgin earth."

Balzac to Countess Hanska:

"Dresden, Oct. 21, 1843.

"If happiness for a woman is to know herself unique in a heart, alone, filling it in an indispensable manner, sure to shine in the intelligence of a man as his light, sure to be his blood, to animate each heartbeat, to live in his thought as the substance itself of that thought, and having the certainty that it would

always and always be so; eh bien, dear sovereign of my soul, you can call yourself happy, and happy *senz a brama*, for so I shall be for you till death. One can feel satiety for human things, there is none for divine things, and this word alone can explain what you are for me."

Thomas Carlyle to Jane Welch.

"Scotsbrig, Aug. 12, 1826.

"My darling:

"O my good Jane, it is an awful and delicious thought, this of wedlock! Need is, most pressing need, that the heart you give your own heart to, be well and seriously judged and found worthy. With one whose integrity of soul you even doubted, it were better to die a thousand deaths than to wed.

"I swear it will break my heart if I make thee unhappy. And yet I am a perverse mortal to deal with, and the best resolutions make shipwreck in the sea of practice. But thou must be a very good wife, and I will be a very good husband."

Jane Welch to Thomas Carlyle.

"Oh, my dearest friend, be always good to me, and I shall make the best and happiest wife! When I read in your looks and words that you love me, then I care not one straw for the whole universe besides. But when you fly from me to smoke tobacco, or speak to me as a mere circumstance of your lot, indeed, my heart is troubled about many things."

John Keats to Fanny Browne.

"My love has made me selfish. I cannot exist without you. I am forgetful of everything but seeing you again—my life seems to stop there—I see no farther. I have been astonished that men could die martyrs for religion. I have shuddered at it. I shudder no more. I could be martyred for my religion—Love is my religion—I could die for that. I could die for you. My creed is love, and you are its only tenet. You have ravished me away by a power I cannot resist; and yet I could resist till I saw you; and even since I have seen you I have endeavored often to reason against reasons for my love. I can do that no more—the pain would be too great. My love is selfish. I cannot breathe without you."

On and on there are letters expressing the most beautiful blessing in the world—Love. There was Browning who regarded his wife with such sacred respect that he would not touch her prayer book without first washing his hands. Only a clean pure womanhood can inspire such love from a man.

A man who tempts a girl to sacrifice her womanhood does not love her. That alone is proof. Love that is genuine—the kind that grows in life's severest tests does not try to destroy God's greatest gift to manhood.

Eternal Youth

THE rainbow of womanhood! No compliment pleases a woman more than to be told she looks young. Girls and women in all classes long for that which makes them appear young.

Mary Garden comes along with a very convincing secret of lasting youth. She says:—"By exercising one's intelligence, I believe it possible to become truly ageless. Just so long as your mind is fixed upon the future, just so long as you possess some unrealized ambition, or cherish some unaccomplished aspiration, some goal upon which you are concentrating every power that you possess, you are resisting age, no matter what your years may total in the counting. Age begins to defeat you only when your mind retreats into the past instead of advancing into the future."

She says there are worlds for her to conquer that do not lie in anything

external to her, but in her mind and heart, that experience is the most precious gift of time.

She further concludes from her own successful experience: "To live in the past is to renounce life. To live exclusively in the present, to take life as we find it, is to live a crude nature, refusing the torch which the past has handed us to carry on. But to live in a vision of the future, to control our destiny, is to fulfil our obligations to the past, to make life itself an art, and above all, it is to remain eternally young."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs.

He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."



GENUINE Orange Blossom wedding and engagement rings are not only supreme in style; they are so fashioned as to insure the maximum in satisfaction and service. Special gold, hard iridio-platinum and the finest diamonds are used. The Traub trade mark is your guarantee of these advantages.

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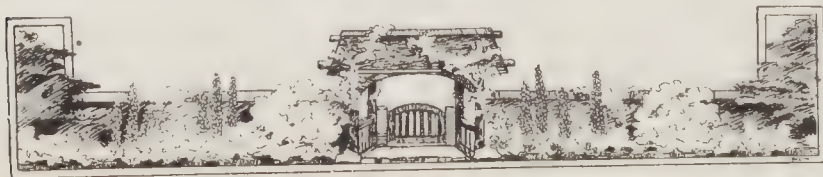
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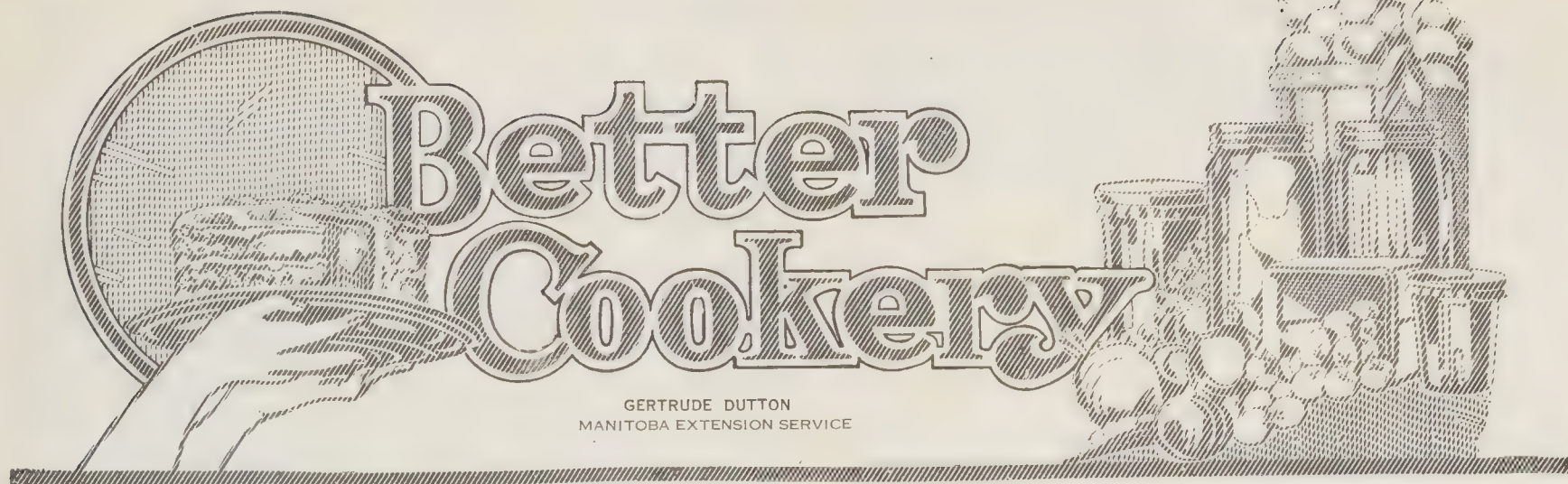
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Springtime Vegetables

As the hot weather approaches, we feel a greater need of the succulent green foods which nature provides, and smaller amounts of the hearty winter dishes. There is a let-down in body tone, in the springtime, which was formerly treated by an obnoxious dose of sulphur and molasses, or soda and cream of tartar, or something equally as unpleasant. Much better, and infinitely more palatable, would be a generous serving of lettuce, tender pink rhubarb, ruby radishes, strawberries, asparagus, tiny new carrots and beets, green onions, beet tops, spinach, watercress, or tender young dandelion greens or salad. The leafy vegetables supply an abundance of vitamins and minerals, and the bulk so necessary in a well-balanced diet. The root vegetables are especially valuable in supplying cellulose as a preventive of constipation.

Many of the tender young vegetables may be eaten raw, as salads or in sandwiches or as appetizers. Their crispness and freshness stimulate the appetite, and there is no waste of minerals or vitamins, which often occurs in cooking, especially if the juice is thrown away, instead of being used in sauce or soup.

Garnishes, spices, rich dressings, etc., should be used with vegetables with much caution. As a rule, careful seasoning with salt, pepper and butter is preferable to anything more elaborate, except at the end of the season, when much of the flavor of the vegetable has been to a large extent lost, and the new vegetables are not yet available.

Cabbage and Carrot Relish.

Scrub new carrots well, scrape if necessary, and cut in fine shreds. Mix with shredded cabbage, sprinkle with granulated sugar, and moisten with vinegar.

We know how extremely fond all normal children are of raw carrots. Try scrubbing them, cutting in slim lengthwise strips, and eat as one would celery, either with or without salt. If allowed to stand in cold water for an hour or two, they will become surprisingly crisp.

Greens With Fish.

Use beet greens, chard or spinach. Wash well, and cook till tender. Drain, chop fine, season with salt, pepper and butter and put as lining in a shallow bake dish, or in individual dishes. Over the greens put a layer of any cooked, flaked fish, season with salt and pepper, cover with lemon sauce, sprinkle with fine crumbs and grated cheese, and bake in a hot oven till the crumbs are brown. Serve hot.

Lemon Fish Sauce.

Melt 4 tb. butter, add 4 tb. flour, and when well blended, 2 c. milk. Cook till thick and smooth, then add 1 t. salt, a little pepper, 1 t. lemon juice and the yolks of 3 hard-cooked eggs, rubbed through a sieve. (Reserve the chopped whites to garnish a salad).

Carrots a la Creme.

Scrub little new carrots, and boil whole, in boiling water just sufficient to cover. Any water not absorbed by them in the cooking should be used in the sauce, made of 2 tb. butter, 2 tb. flour, 1 c. rich milk, or milk and carrot water. Season with salt and pepper, and 1 tb. chopped olives, or if these are not available, a teaspoon of very finely chopped mild-flavored onions. Pour over the carrots, and serve very hot.

Cucumber Baskets (A "Company" Salad).

Make baskets of cucumbers, by scooping out the centres. Fill with left-over cooked or canned fish, seasoned well, or fish mixed with any suitable cold left-over vegetable. Place in lettuce leaves, and garnish with either wedges of tomato, or red radishes, and serve with salad dressing.

Cress Salad.

In the centre of each salad plate, pile a heap of well washed water cress. Over this turn a cup-shaped lettuce leaf, rounded side up. Against two opposite sides of the dome lean slices of crisp cucumber. On the other two sides lean slices of ripe tomato. Between them put springs of cress. Serve salad dressing in a separate dish.

Beet Greens.

Cook the tiny beets with the greens, which are well washed, then steamed or boiled till tender. Separate the beets from the greens, and arrange them whole, in a circle around the mound of chopped and seasoned greens in the serving dish.

New Onions.

From tender green onions, cut the roots, and the coarse green tops, leaving pieces about 4 inches long; cover with boiling water, salt, and cook about 15



Potato Salad surrounded by slices of Bologna and hard-cooked Egg makes a delicious uncheon dish

minutes, or until tender. Serve on toast, in bunches like asparagus, with cream sauce, or with butter.

Asparagus

Asparagus is, perhaps, the most delicious vegetable we have. It is washed, tied in bunches and cooked in a small amount of water, in a vessel deep enough to permit it to stand upright, so that the tips are cooked in steam while the tougher portion is cooked in the water. The lower part of a double boiler may be used, with the inner part inverted over it for a lid. Seasonings of salt, pepper and butter may be used, cream sauce, cheese sauce, or the flavor may be extended by using it in omelet, cream of asparagus soup, combined with poached eggs, or it makes a delicious salad.

String Beans and Onions

Left-over string beans and onions may be used, which have been boiled till tender. Arrange in alternate piles in a shallow baking dish. Pour over them a cream sauce, sprinkle with crumbs, and brown in hot oven.

Vegetable Salad.

1 c. string beans (cooked) 1 c. shredded cabbage.
1 c. peas (cooked). Cooked salad dressing.
1 t. chopped onion. Lettuce.
½ c. diced carrots (cooked).

Toss the vegetables together lightly with a fork, and mix with the dressing, or serve it separately. Pile the vegetables on lettuce leaves, or on beds of shredded lettuce.

Vegetable and Cheese Salad.

1 c. cooked string beans. 1 c. diced cooked potatoes.
½ c. dried carrots (cooked) 1 c. cooked or canned corn (drained).

Salad dressing—1 large cream cheese, a piece of ordinary cheddar cheese, or 1 c. cottage cheese. Chill the vegetables, or any other combination of vegetables desired; mix carefully together, with the dressing, pile on lettuce leaves, and sprinkle thickly with the cheese, either grated or rubbed through a sieve.

Tomato and Tongue Salad.

Diced cooked tongue, 2 c. Diced celery, 1 c.
Ripe firm tomatoes. Chopped pickle, 1 tb.
Cucumber, 1 medium. Salad dressing.

Cut the tops from the required number of tomatoes and scoop out the inside. Peel the cucumber and cut in fine cubes. Mix together the tongue, cucumber, celery and pickles, and moisten with salad dressing. Fill the tomato shells with the mixture and put on lettuce leaves.

Asparagus and Peas

2 c. asparagus cut in pieces. 1 c. peas.
2 tb. butter. ½ c. vegetable water.
½ t. salt. 1 egg.

Make a sauce by beating the egg and adding to the hot liquid, salt and butter. Pour over the vegetables, which have been heated and lightly mixed together.

Savory Creamed Potatoes.

Cold cooked and diced potatoes 3 c
Butter, 3 tb. Milk, 1½ c.
Minced onion, 1 t. Flour, 2 tb.
Pimento, chopped fine, 1.
Salt and pepper.

Melt the butter, add the pimento, and onion, and cook a few minutes. Then add the potato, milk and seasonings, and sift in the flour. Cook slowly 8 or 10 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Spanish Potatoes

Potatoes, pared and sliced, 2 c.
Minced onion, 2 tb. Bacon drippings, 4 tb
Salt, ½ t. Cayenne, a few grains.
Boiling water, 1½ c.
Chopped green pepper, or pimento, 1 tb.

Melt the drippings cook the onion in the pan till light brown. Add the seasonings and water. Pour over the potatoes in a bake-dish, and cook till the potatoes are done.

Paprika Potatoes

Cut enough potatoes to make 4 cups, in cubes. Cook in boiling water till tender but not broken. Drain, and shake gently over the fire till dry. Put in a hot serving dish, and pour over them a sauce made by melting ¼ c. butter, and adding 1 tb. lemon juice, 1 t. paprika and 1½ t. salt.

Potatoes With Green Pepper.

Cold boiled potatoes cut in cubes.
1 green pepper. 1 c. milk.
2 tb. butter. ¾ t. salt.
1½ tb. strong flavored cheese.

Remove the seeds from the pepper and parboil it 5 minutes. Drain it and cut in fine pieces. Mix with the potato, milk, butter and salt. Pour into a buttered bake dish, sprinkle with the grated cheese, and bake in a hot oven 10 minutes.

Potato Puff I.

1 chopped canned pimento. 1/3 c. milk, scalded.
3 c. mashed potato. 2 tb. butter.

Rice the potatoes, beat in the other ingredients, pile the mixture lightly in a greased baking dish, and brown in a hot oven.

Potato Puff II (Individual).

1 c. mashed potato. 2 tb. hot milk.
1 egg yolk. ¼ t. paprika.
1 egg white.

Continued on page 47



Bread,

is the indispensable food. You may tire of everything else, but good, home-made bread never palls on the healthy appetite. The best bread is easily made at home with ROYAL YEAST CAKES. Full directions with each package.

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So inconspicuously and so easily does Harvey Tailored Underwear lend itself to the natural grace of the figure, you are conscious only of an enveloping richness that permeates its charm even to the gown of the occasion.

Shown in the illustration are two new Harvey creations, the Harvey-Nick and the Harvey Step-in. They come in a number of beautiful shades. Ask to see them.

Dealers, Attention! A full range of samples is on display at our sample room, 33 Melinda Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Ask to see the new Run Stop Harvey Hose. They will not run. Number 71 is a silk hose with

a mercerized top; Number 72 is a chiffon silk hose, and Number 74 a hose silk to the top.

Dealers, Attention! A full range of samples is on display at our Sales Offices, 713 New Birks Building, Montreal, P.Q.; 33 Melinda Street, Toronto, Ont., and 402 Hammond Block, Winnipeg, Man.

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A Shortcake Biscuit—rich and appetizing.

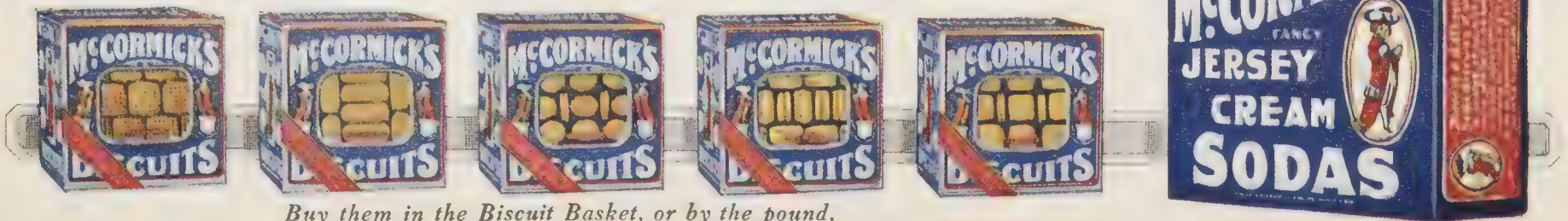
The best Home News of the year —McCormick's Biscuit Basket

McCormick's Biscuit Basket sets a new standard of quality, variety and convenience for the home. Biscuits that are of a high dietetic value ready at a moment's notice to provide tasty pleasure for the family or friends. You may associate them with a cup of tea, a snack between meals, or, for dessert; a "bite" for the children at recess, or for luncheon.

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Mix the hot milk with the potato, beat with a fork till smooth. Stir in the egg yolk, and paprika and salt if needed, then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg white. Put in six buttered custard cups or ramekins, brush with melted butter and brown in a hot oven.

Lettuce Cress Salad

Head lettuce.
1 bunch cress.
1 t. grated onion.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. thin radish slices.
Dressing.

Shred the outside leaves and mix with the cress. Arrange heart leaves around the sides of salad bowl. Pile the shredded leaves and cress in the centre. Cover with radish slices. Mix the onion with the dressing, and serve with the salad.

Spring Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper shredded.
1 hard boiled egg, chopped.
8 radishes cut in thin slices.
3 onions, cut fine.
1 lb. chopped parsley.
 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. salad dressing.

Mix the ingredients with the dressing, and pour over lettuce leaves, or washed and chilled shredded lettuce, or sections of head lettuce.

Italian Salad

1 carrot or 2 small ones.
1 turnip.
2 c. soup stock or water.
2 boiled potatoes.
1 beet.
1 t. minced onion.
1 c. salad dressing.
4 tb. tomato catsup
Water cress or parsley.

Cut the carrot or turnip in cubes and cook in the stock or water. Drain and cool. Cut the potato and beet (canned or boiled) in thin strips. Mix carefully with the carrot and turnip. Mix the onion and catsup with the salad dressing, and put on the mixed vegetables, and garnish with the cress or parsley.

Country Salad I

1 c. cooked corned beef cut in cubes.
1 c. shredded cabbage.
1 c. green peas.
1 c. diced potatoes.
1 tb. chopped pickles.
Cooked salad dressing.

Toss the ingredients lightly together with a fork, with enough dressing to moisten.

Country Salad II

2 c. cooked cold meat.
1 c. chopped celery or shredded cabbage.
1 t. minced onion.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sliced radishes.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cooked rice, or macaroni or diced potato.
1 lb. minced green pepper.
Dressing.
Lettuce.
Ripe tomatoes.

Mix together the meat, celery, onion, radishes, rice and green pepper, with enough salad dressing to moisten. Pile on lettuce leaves and decorate with the ripe tomatoes sliced, and sprinkle with paprika, chopped parsley or green pepper, chopped.

Spring Potato Salad

2 c. diced potatoes.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cooked peas.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. finely diced cucumbers.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped water cress.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper.
Dressing.

Mix the ingredients together, except the pepper. Chop it and sprinkle on top.

Radish Salad

Red radishes. Lettuce.
White radishes. Dressing.
Chopped chives or onions



Continued from page 42

Wash the radishes and crisp in cold water. Arrange on shredded lettuce, alternating the red and the white, cutting them in two if rather large. Sprinkle with the chopped onion. Serve with dressing.

Salmon and Asparagus Salad

Lettuce. 1 can salmon.
Dressing. Asparagus.
3 or 4 hard cooked eggs. Garnish.

Cut the asparagus in inch pieces, cook and chill. Flake the salmon and season with salt, paprika and lemon juice or mild vinegar. Mix carefully with the asparagus and moisten with the dressing. Pile on lettuce on a flat dish. Surround with slices of hard cooked egg. Garnish with parsley or cress, or slices of olives.

Pineapples.

RIPE fresh pineapples, to be enjoyable, must be really ripe. If one cannot tell this by the odor, it may be determined by giving one or two of the spikes, or leaves at the top, a quick jerk. If



Fruit Salad in Jelly with Whipped Cream Dressing

they loosen readily, the fruit is ripe. When possible the pineapple should be prepared several hours before it is required, by washing, cutting in slices, paring with a sharp knife, then cutting or tearing in pieces with a fork, sprinkled with sugar, and put, closely covered, in a cold place till ready to serve.

A few ripe sliced strawberries are an excellent addition.

Pineapple Celery Salad.

1 fresh pineapple cut in cubes.
1 c. celery cut in small pieces.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. walnut meats cut in pieces.
Cream dressing.

Pineapple and Grape Fruit Salad.

2 grapefruit. $\frac{1}{2}$ c. walnut meats.
1 fresh pineapple. $\frac{1}{2}$ c. dressing.

Cut the pineapple in cubes. Mix with the celery or grape fruit. Moisten with the dressing, and sprinkle the nuts on top. Arrange on lettuce leaves.

Pineapple and Orange Salad.

3 large oranges.
1 c. canned crushed pineapple or 1 fresh pineapple.
Lettuce. Dressing.

Peel and slice the oranges and arrange on lettuce leaves. Cover with pineapple, and put the dressing on top.

Tomatoes Stuffed With Pineapple

Dip medium-sized tomatoes in hot water to loosen skins, and peel. Remove thin slices from top of each and take out seeds and some of pulp. Sprinkle inside with salt, invert, and let stand one-half hour. Fill tomatoes with fresh pineapple cut in small cubes or shredded, and nut meats, using two-thirds pineapple and one-third nut meats. Mix with mayonnaise dressing, garnish with mayonnaise, halves of nut meats, and slices cut from tops, cup square. Serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Malaga Salad

Remove skins and seeds from white

grapes; add an equal quantity of English walnut meats blanched and broken in pieces. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with French dressing, and garnish with Maraschino cherries.

Fruit Salad in Jelly

In individual jelly moulds arrange diced fruits such as oranges, bananas, grapefruit, apples, Maraschino cherries, etc. The mould should be only about a third filled, and too great a variety of fruits should be avoided as sometimes a number of different flavors detracts from the appetizing qualities of the dish. A few chopped nuts form a toothsome addition. Fill the mould with acidulated gelatine mixture, judging the proportions for quantity required from directions in package. When firm turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with whipped cream dressing.

Whipped Cream Dressing

1 tsp. mustard
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. powdered sugar
Few grains cayenne
1 tsp. butter
Yolk one egg
 $\frac{1}{3}$ c. vinegar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. thick cream, sweet or sour.

Mix dry ingredients, add butter, egg, and vinegar slowly. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Cool and add to heavy cream, beaten until stiff.

Uncooked Cream Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. thick cream
3 tb. vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
Few grains pepper
Beat cream until stiff, using Dover egg-beater. Add salt, pepper and vinegar very slowly, continuing the beating.

French Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper
2 tb. vinegar
4 tb. olive oil

Put ingredients in small cream jar and shake. Some prefer the addition of a few drops of onion juice. French dressing is more easily prepared and largely used than any other dressing. One tablespoon each, lemon juice and vinegar may be used.

Labor Saving Device

WOMEN are finding new ways to save themselves work, effort, money. They are gradually reducing housekeeping to a science. They know that every ounce of saved effort is worth seeking for.

Labor-saving devices have been multiplied in recent years. Perhaps there has never been such a revolutionary improvement in housekeeping methods as the invention of the electric vacuum cleaner. But the wise woman hasn't discarded her handy carpet-sweeper since she bought a vacuum. She uses it for going over the rugs and carpets to remove the inevitable litter which accumulates in the best-kept homes.

The carpet-sweeper goes over the floors, easily quickly, without strain or effort. It picks up crumbs, lint, string, threads, dirt and dust, all the litter of the day, in a few easy strokes. It is quick and handy, and emptied with a pressure of the thumb neatly and instantly. A good sweeper is inexpensive because it lasts for years and is operated without effort or expense.

Many women who have homes keep one on each floor and so save the trouble of carrying it up and down stairs. They like it because it does not scatter dust, like a broom, so makes dusting easier.

These economies of labor are keeping women young. For effort which destroys tissues through expenditures of energy, is thus avoided. The skin and hair don't suffer from dust clouds, and the hands don't lose their grace and beauty, as they do in using a broom.

Many
a woman
has added
to her
reputation
as a
clever
hostess
with
dishes
prepared
with

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Try this delicious recipe today:

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into 1 cup strawberry juice and pulp mixed with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, and when sugar is dissolved set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups heavy cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries and leaves.

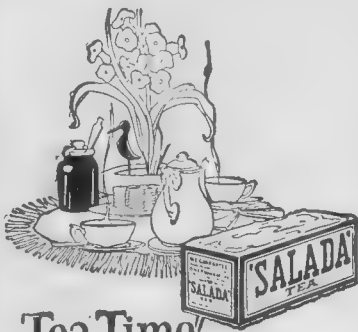
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but it must be Keen's 229



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Some Housekeeping Helps

By Emma Gary Wallace

WHEN stuffing a fowl or poultry of any kind, the dressing is usually put into the bird in a cold, moist mass. This takes a long time to heat clear through, and frequently, if the cavity is packed quite solidly, the dressing will come out in a rather heavy and compact mass.

To avoid this, and to insure a light, more digestible dressing, and also to hasten the roasting of the bird, try this plan:

Prepare the dressing just as you do at any time, using your favorite recipe. Then put it into a kettle or frying pan according to the quantity, and stir with a spoon and cook until the whole mass is thoroughly heated through and steaming hot. The stirring and the cooking tends to make the flavor more uniform, and to mellow the seasonings and especially the onion. This cooking may continue about twenty minutes. Then the fowl is filled but not packed.

The hot mass will help warm up the inside of the bird and the cooking will be hastened by from thirty to forty minutes easily. Moreover, the steaming from the inside out in this manner helps to make the meat tender.

In making dressing this way, some prefer to put fat into the kettle or spider, and to fry the onion to a light golden brown. The rest of the dressing, with its seasonings, is now put in with the onion, and the whole mass blended. The separate frying of the onion removes the objectionable strong flavor for those who do not like it, and makes a dressing which is toothsome and yet not pronounced in taste in any way.

WHEN preparing cranberry jelly or when cooking cranberries, save out a portion of the sweetened, cooked mass from which the fruit has not been strained out. A small bowl of this may be set aside and it should be a little thicker than rich preserves, or so that the juice just begins to jell when cold, but is not a very solid mass. Frequently, when cranberry sauce is prepared for the table, there will be a small quantity left over which will answer this purpose very nicely.

Make deep tart shells of rich pie crust. Fill with the cranberry sauce, and finish with whipped cream well sweetened and flavored with a few drops of vanilla. These cranberry tarts will make a delicious dessert, and one a little unusual and much appreciated.

I LIKE an ordinary table, and it seems very difficult to persuade those who assist me for hire, to grasp the seemingly obscure point of where I wish the bread and butter plate, the table napkin, the silver, the tumbler, and the table furnishings located.

Maids seem to look upon "A place for everything and everything in its place" on the festive board, as fussy, to a degree. Then, too, they dislike to charge their minds with a single detail more than they have to.

At last the problem was solved in this way—for not once, but practically for all time.

I took half an hour one stormy evening and drew a diagram, to a fairly accurate scale, of the top of my table. I then illustrated how to set each of the four places which accommodated our family, and I also gave the location of certain other items. I pasted this rather crude but perfectly clear drawing to a piece of pasteboard and, on the other side, made three other table tops much smaller in size, indicating with figures how the space would be divided if only three people were at home, or five, or six were present to eat. Then I added a few brief directions, being careful to couch them in a single sentence. These were:

1. Serve quietly, avoiding the sound of dish upon dish, silver upon silver, or silver on china.

2. Serve food from the left, so that the one at the table may use the right hand with which to help himself.

3. Remove soiled dishes from the right, and do not pile them one upon another.

4. To expedite service, you may use a tray on the small side table, on which food and dishes may be carried to and from the kitchen—but the tray must never be brought to the table, and it would be better left inside the butler's pantry, if the arrangements so permitted.

5. Watch the face of the hostess for signals, and if you do not understand, go quietly to her side.

6. Take pride in carrying out every detail of table service correctly.

7. If you don't know—do not hesitate to ask.

Now, when a new maid or an occasional helper comes in, the card is handed to her, and she is requested to read it thoughtfully. It saves a lot of nervous strain and unnecessary effort and anxiety. Try it yourself!

Keep Fit Beyond Seventy

By Mary I. Barber

A JOURNAL published by one of the state departments of health has taken for its slogan "70+." This is to remind people that it is possible to prolong life beyond the limit of three score years and ten. This publication states that the five diseases of middle and after middle life which exact the heaviest toll from mankind are: Bright's disease, cancer, diabetes, heart disease and tuberculosis. All are slow of development; all are preventable; and all yield, in a greater or lesser degree, to treatment.

What is the treatment for tuberculosis?—rest, fresh air, and proper food. For diabetes?—primarily a special diet. For Bright's disease—special diet.

If diet is an important factor in the treatment of disease, is it not even more important in the prevention of disease? Can many ills of the flesh be avoided by an intelligent food program from birth to the age of 70+?

The majority of persons eat too much and are inclined to overdo white bread, meat, and potato meals. These are constipating—and constipation is said to be responsible for many serious diseases.

Probably the best general rule for keeping fit is to avoid constipation. Eat more coarse foods, fruits, and vegetables. The easiest way to include laxative material in your meals is by a judicious use of bran. This need not be a hardship. Indeed

eating crushed bran is a pleasure when it is baked into appetizing cookies and tea cakes. The following recipes are suitable for afternoon teas or to serve with fruit or a frozen dessert:

Marguerites

2 eggs 1/4 t salt
1 c brown sugar 1/2 c nut meats, cut in small pieces
1/2 c flour 1/2 c crumbled bran
1/4 t baking powder

Beat eggs slightly, and add remaining ingredients in the order given. Fill small buttered tins two-thirds full of mixture. Bake in a moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes.

Hermits

1/3 c butter 1/3 c raisins
2/3 c sugar 3/4 t cinnamon
1 egg 1/2 t cloves
2 tb milk 1/4 t mace
1 3/4 c flour (or more) 1/4 t nutmeg
1/2 c crumbled bran 1/2 t salt
1 t baking powder

Cream the butter, add the sugar and egg, and beat well. Add the milk and crumbled bran, raisins and flour, which have been sifted with the spices and baking powder. Chill, roll thin, cut and bake in a moderate oven, 400° F.

When the cakes are cool, they may be frosted with confectioner's sugar frosting, and chopped nuts or crumbled bran sprinkled over the top.



Do We Eat too Much?

By Emma Gary Wallace

THE raising, preparing and serving of foods occupies much time and costs much effort and money.

On every side, we see people who are evidently suffering from ailments traceable directly or indirectly to the foods which they eat. Constipation is the great American evil, and a Denver physician claims that 80 per cent. of all cases of constipation can be cured by the patients themselves, if they will only take the trouble to select the right diet, and to observe proper hygienic habits.

This is a very important declaration, for constipation is the most prevalent disorder from which American people suffer, and it is claimed that 50 per cent. at least of all our people are victims to some degree of this difficulty.

It is an acknowledged fact that constipation is the cause of a great many other ills which follow in its train, and which come broadly under the head of food poisoning. Sometimes the wrong food is chosen, or the wrong combination of foods, or too much or too little food is eaten. Probably, in by far the greatest number of cases, we have too much food, and in many instances too little exercise. Some of our hardest workers are light eaters.

Henry Ford is quoted as saying: "I take lots of exercise, eat lightly, and get all the fresh air I need."

Mr. Ford is spare in build, but his physical and mental activity are well known. It is claimed that he has manufactured in his plant about half the cars in the world today. He is muscular, alert, and ready to adopt a better method at any point where personal or business efficiency can be increased. Careful eating is said to be an established Ford habit, and doubtless the famous maker of automobiles for the masses has reasons of his own for so limiting his diet.

Another well known man who eats very lightly is Thomas A. Edison. He was quoted in that thoughtful publication, *The Literary Digest*, as saying:

"I consume five ounces to a meal, three times a day, including the water in the food. I drink lots of water."

"The man engaged at hard physical labor, whose work makes his body-engine require more fuel than mine does, could get on perfectly well with eight or ten ounces to a meal, although he might find the achievement of the habit difficult."

"On the average, men would get on better if they reduced their food consumption by two-thirds. They do the work of three-horse-power engines and consume the fuel which would operate fifty-horse-power engines."

Mr. Edison, who is always keenly analytical concerning any subject to which he gives his attention, goes on to prove that the habit of over-eating is a serious one from the world's economic standpoint. He points out that we are consuming for food purposes 600,000 bushels of wheat to obtain a result which could be better gained by using 200,000 bushels of wheat.

The wastefulness of this is shown by Mr. Edison to be far-reaching. First, it wastes the wheat, and any wastage is regrettable. Next, it decreases the power of each acre of land to support human life. As it is, three times as much wheat land is used as is necessary. If enough wheat were used and no more, the other two-thirds of the wheat acreage could be employed for other purposes, or those nations now under-nourished could have enough and to spare.

Further than that, over-eating increases illness and the death rate. Here, again, we have a great economic loss in the wiping out of valuable assets of citizens, experience and earning power.

Mr. Edison calls attention to the fact that the putrefaction of food stuffs in the lower intestines is the cause of most diseases.

The great inventor does not sleep as much, anywhere near, as the average

individual. He feels that over-eating and over-sleeping are very likely to go together. In summing up the situation he says:

"Humanity will never reach its ultimate development until it cuts down sleep and food. I consider this the most important conclusion which I have come to during my years of hard and constant effort."

This last statement is tremendously significant. We are all bound to admit that Mr. Edison has, in his years of scientific research, reached many important conclusions which have influenced the entire human race and advanced civilization to a degree difficult to realize. And yet he says that this conclusion concerning sleep and food is the "most important" of them all.

MR. EDISON proves his sincerity in these findings in reducing his own food intake accordingly, and sleeping, if reports are correct, but four or five hours out of the twenty-four. He is now seventy-six years of age, and still going strong.

Indigestion is an enemy of anyone upon whom it fastens its clutches, for it lowers the ability to achieve satisfactory results, and it kills in large degree the pleasure of living.

It is said that when Mr. John D. Rockefeller was sixty years of age or thereabouts, that he offered a fortune to anyone who would give him a new stomach. Mr. Rockefeller was perfectly safe, for as yet new stomachs cannot be purchased or inserted by the most skilful of surgeons.

However, Mr. Rockefeller did determine to co-operate with Nature in every way possible, by means of the proper selection of food and the wise balance between work and play. Now, at eighty-four years of age, he is active, plays golf, and enjoys life. His diet is simple in the extreme, and his habits as correct as he knows how to make them.

In commenting upon such men, who are careful eaters and who use unusual intelligence in their daily routine, Dr. R. R. Daniels says:

"They are buying their health with self-control, abstemiousness, and common sense. You can have it at the same price."

If we were asked to pay silver or gold, we might declare ourselves unable to do it, for in these days of complex living, most of us have all we can do to make both ends meet. But the "price" is not payable in cash—nevertheless it will increase our cash assets by savings and an enlarged ability to earn. And yet how difficult it is for people to exercise sufficient will power to be self-controlled, abstemious, and thoroughly commonsense in such matters.

This doesn't mean that we are of necessity to give up all the good things of life, or to take no further pleasure in preparing, serving, or eating. Quite the opposite is true, for quantity does not make for deliciousness or artistic attractiveness in appearance. Precious gems come in small packages.

In place of consuming large quantities of food in an unholy mixture of materials and flavors, we will come to express our refinement and intelligence by an appreciation of leisurely eating, of proper choice of foods, and the enjoyment of the finest flavors in an unadulterated form and in mixtures as carefully blended as a rare perfume.

WE look back with amazement, and even with disgust, at the food habits indulged in by many characters well known to modern history. Kings and queens and their royal following gormandized and ate coarsely, with a corresponding grossness of life and passions.

A recent illustration of this in the play "Robin Hood" on the silver screen shows a leading royal character constantly gnawing on a chunk of meat, and often tear-

Continued on Page 50



Look out! Two winners are coming! The flavor makes boys and girls pals with Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

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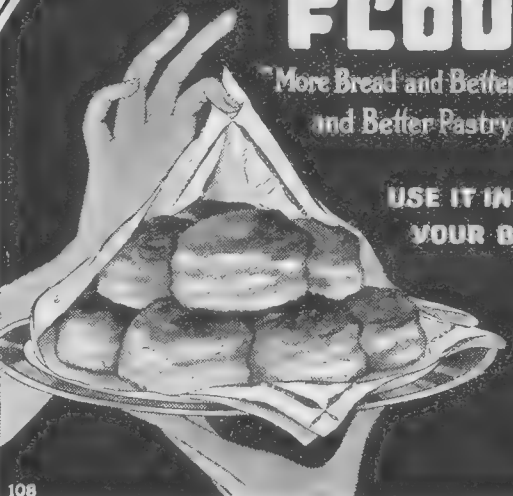
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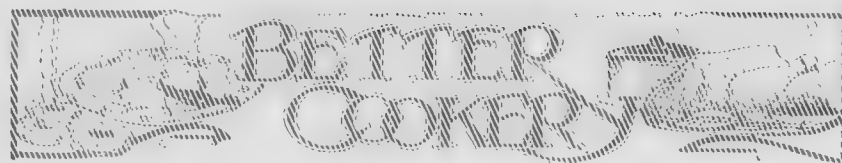
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Do We Eat Too Much?

Continued from page 49

ing asunder a huge bone with his hands. Somehow the feasts of those days—and it is not so very long ago, were strangely reminiscent of the cave man and the prehistoric character.

Not long ago some joker described the cave mother as going to the mouth of the rocky cavern and shaking the tablecloth vigorously. The picture was ludicrous in the extreme, for we cannot conceive of the cave man laying aside his club to use a table napkin, and to partake of food spread on snowy napery.

With the coming of higher standards of living, the niceties of table service naturally took their place in both the entertainment of guests and in everyday living. However, the time is not very remote when the board of the average well-to-do American family was overloaded. Pie and fruit cake for breakfast were served, in place of fruit and cereals. In fact, it is within the memory of many when the regulation breakfast, in rural districts at least, included meat and potato, pie and cake, cheese and relishes, and as a wind-up and a concession to modern standards, a fat dish of oatmeal and cream.

The hostess of twenty years ago did not feel that she had done proper honor to her guests unless she had offered them a lavish assortment of foods, and as guests frequently arrived unannounced, it was necessary to keep a well-stored cellar and pantry.

These food supplies were not of the kind we use on an emergency shelf today, but rather baked goods in the form of great jars of cookies, pound cakes, rich, frosted layer cakes, fruit cakes mince pies, boiled hams stuffed full of cloves,

and pans of sausage meat, and head-cheese, a barrel or at least a keg of sauerkraut, and so on ad infinitum. When a cake began to get a little stale, the family ate it up and a fresh one was set away in reserve for the coming of friends or relatives.

Then came the demand that each meal be freshly prepared, and that a greater variety and simpler menus be served. This was made possible by the development of the refrigerator car and modern means of rapid transportation.

It is scarcely to be expected that we have come to the end of the line and have nothing more to learn or to put in practice. Perhaps the day will come in the none-too-distant future, when we, or at least our children will look back with amazement and pity because of the quantities of food consumed at this time. Doubtless fifty or a hundred years hence, they will use us as warning examples of the habit of over-eating and thus developing stomach, kidney, and food poisoning diseases. They will show the causes of malnutrition even among those who are hearty eaters, and give startling statistics concerning the nervous instability and constipation from which Americans of an earlier day suffered.

Perhaps it is a good idea to stand aside right now and watch ourselves go by. We may learn something, and if we have the will power to exercise self-control, abstinence and commonsense, we may become the leaders in the new movement of "Less Food and That Better Suited to Our Needs."

The subject is at least worthy of careful consideration in the interests of health, economy, and even beauty itself.

Spring Fishing

By Barbara Brooks

AS ordinarily used, the term "fish" includes, besides the fish proper, many other aquatic animals such as lobsters, scallops, turtles, etc., but in trout season the term "fish"—to the fisherman at least—means trout and nothing else.

If your husband is an enthusiast over this sport, you realize that he rarely praises the way the trout is cooked. To him the fish is good because it is freshly caught and he looks upon it as his own particular achievement. Nevertheless, the method of cooking may make or spoil the freshest or rarest fish. Because a woman is a good meat cook, it does not follow that she is equally expert at cooking fish. The tendency is to over-cook fish, and many recipes give a time that is too long for best results. Cook fish until the meat separates from the bones and the fish looks plump—not shrivelled.

Large trout are delicious baked. Clean, wash and wipe dry, then fill with bread stuffing. Place the fish on a greased pan, sprinkle it with salt and pepper, brush over with melted butter and dredge with flour. Bake in a hot oven, basting often with melted butter or bacon fat.

Small trout are delicious dipped in salted milk (1 tablespoon of salt to 1 cup of milk), then in fine crumbs, then placed in a greased pan with a little melted butter or oil added to each fish. Cook in a very hot oven. When the fish is removed from the oven, each piece will be beautifully browned on all sides, and will be perfect in shape.

Rolled corn flake crumbs are good to use instead of dried bread crumbs because they are easy to prepare and are naturally a golden brown. With this way of cooking fish, called the "Spencer Method"—care should be taken to completely cover the fish with crumbs, use a hot oven and add no water to the pan. You will enjoy the result more than by frying the fish, and there will be no odor of cooking in your house.

If your fisherman has been unusually successful in the number of small trout

which he has caught, they may be served cold. Prepare a fish stock and in it cook the trout for a short time—until the meat begins to leave the bones. Cook together one cup of vinegar, several whole cloves, a small stick of cinnamon, and a cup of bay leaves. Strain and season with salt, add one-fourth cup of oil. When the fish are cold, arrange them on a platter and pour the oil and vinegar over them. Garnish with slices of onions and lemon, and sprinkle with paprika.

Over Sixty Ways to Serve Cheese

THAT Canada will soon take its place with the nations that are the largest consumers of cheese seems assured considering the steady increase in its consumption in the past few years since the Kraft-MacLaren Cheese Company, of Montreal, introduced the five pound box. The Kraft Company were the originators of the popular tinfoil-wrapped cheese, without rind or waste, in the five pound wooden box, and while the original product has had many imitators, none have been able to produce a cheese of the same uniform quality and flavor because the Kraft process is protected by patents. The Company does not make cheese, therefore, it is not competing with the cheese factories. But it purchases Canadian cheese in enormous quantities, thus keeping the cheese factories busy and adding to their prosperity and that of the farmers. Kraft Cheese is simply a scientific blending of these manufactured cheeses by means of the patented Kraft process which absolutely controls the flavor.

The company has just issued a beautiful recipe book showing over 60 different ways in which cheese may be served. Many of the dishes are illustrated in natural colors. A copy may be obtained, free, on writing to the company in Montreal, mentioning this paper.

The Home Doctor

Imagined Ills

THE hypochondriac always believes sincerely in the seriousness of his disease, or diseases, for, differing in this respect from the malingerer who simulates disease to attract sympathy or to escape unwelcome duty, he may have a succession of them. The malingerer is a knave, but the hypochondriac is usually not mentally well balanced. The entirely sane person wants to be well and refuses to notice the occasional little aches and pains to which we are all subject, but if the hypochondriac feels a little dart of pain somewhere, or a momentary ache, he immediately attributes it to the beginning of a disorder of some subjacent organ.

When once he imagines the disease, he dwells on it continually and gives unremitting attention to every sensation in its neighborhood, which may perhaps be caused by some shifting of gas in the intestine, and eventually he may actually cause disease. Experiments have shown that by thinking intensively of a part of the body a person will cause blood to flow to that part and produce congestion. The hypochondriac, therefore, is not only a nuisance and a trial to his family; he may do himself real physical harm. Sub-

consciously he may know that he is not ill and so resent the advice to consult a physician, or he may find delight in talking with the doctor and submitting to an examination. He may even, if he imagines ulcer of the stomach, appendicitis, or gallstones, urgently call for an operation and beg surgeon after surgeon to operate on him.

The treatment of hypochondriasis is mainly persuasive. If the trouble has not lasted too long, a tactful physician may be able to convince the sufferer that he is not really ill and that he only runs the risk of really getting the trouble by continually thinking of it and watching every symptom. But the mind sometimes will not let go, and by always harping on its woes it may get itself off the track and need treatment. Fortunately, this is rare, and in many cases the honest and really earnest hypochondriac can be reasoned out of his delusions and so be saved a lifetime of misery. We have used the masculine pronoun in speaking of the hypochondriac, but there are also women hypochondriacs, and sometimes they are worse than the men—at least, they make more trouble for the relatives with whom they live.

Hypnotics

HYPNOTICS are sleep-producing medicines. The tendency of our present form of civilization, especially in the great cities, is to interfere with the normal faculty of sleep. When that harm has been done, the victims naturally struggle to regain the lost gift, for they soon realize how much they are handicapped without it. To take refuge in some form of hypnotic is the easiest thing to do. It seems to the sufferer that a dose or two of "something" will re-establish the habit of sleep, and he does not foresee how fatally easy it is to form that worst habit of all—the habit of depending on a drug for a natural function.

Many people are unnecessarily troubled on the subject of sleep. They believe they need more than they really do, and are terrified every time they miss a few hours. Others deliberately train themselves to take an excessive amount of sleep, and still others forget that it is neither necessary nor natural for middle-aged persons to sleep as long as do the young.

But after counting out all these classes, there are still a great many people who

must work steadily through the day and who do not get all the sleep they need; they are the persons who are in danger of the hypnotic habit. The worst thing for them to do is to attempt self-treatment; there is no crisis in life when the advice of a wise physician is more urgently called for.

The condition can often be overcome by a thorough reform of the mode of life. Some people eat and drink too late in the evening; others need to eat and drink a little just before retiring; to some a warm bath will bring sleep; many people cannot take tea or coffee in the evening without hours of nervous wakefulness; sometimes heated discussion or argument has the same effect. It is always better that you should spend the hour before retiring quietly in order that the brain and nervous system may adjust itself to rest. When a hypnotic becomes necessary, let your physician prescribe its nature, its quantity and its frequency, and follow his advice scrupulously. Then you will not make the mistake of taking an analgesic, which is for the relief of severe pain, instead of a hypnotic, which quiets the nervous system.

Soap

THE amount of soap used is said to be a measure of the civilization of a people, and indeed it is difficult to picture the wretchedness of living in a community where no soap or substitute for it is procurable. It is said, and it is quite easy to believe it—that during the war the sufferings of cleanly Germans owing to the lack of soap were almost as acute as those occasioned by the insufficient and monotonous diet. Yet soap is not an unmixed blessing, for much distress may be caused by abusing it or using improperly made soap.

Soap is made by mixing a caustic alkali, soda or potash, with an animal or vegetable fat. The fat is a combination of glycerin with a fatty acid—stearic, oleic or palmitic—and when an alkali is added to it, the fatty acid divorces itself from the glycerin and unites with the alkali. A similar chemical reaction occurs when soap and water are applied to the skin; the water separates a portion of the alkali and the fatty acid, and the alkali, now being free, again forms a union with the fat of the skin, which holds the dirt, and takes away both the fat and the dirt. The fatty acid, deserted by the alkali, then acts as an

emollient upon the clean skin, which has been deprived of its thin coat of fat during the washing process.

The danger to the skin arises from the alkali, which may be in excess in a poor soap or may be applied too liberally by frequent washing. That causes the skin to chafe and roughen, and leaves cracks and fissures into which germs penetrate and grow. That in turn gives rise to eczematous eruptions, excessive itching, or pimples and pustules. Soap is especially injurious to eczema or to the skin when the outer horny layer is worn thin by friction or made sodden by long contact with moisture.

In choosing a soap it is a matter of personal taste whether it shall be perfumed or not. Whatever perfume is used is present in so small an amount that it can neither help nor harm the skin. The same is true of the preparations in most so-called medicated soaps; so little antiseptic or other medicament is present, and it is in contact with the skin so short a time, that it is difficult to imagine any germicidal action. Superfatted soaps contain an excess of fat and are believed to be less irritating to tender skins, but for the same reason they are to an equal degree less cleansing.



Why coax children to eat what's "good for them"?

Here are the vital grain foods they need in a form that they love

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Serve, too, as a night-time dish beyond compare. Serve with cooked or fresh fruits, as a garnishment with ice cream, as a between meal tid-bit (with melted butter) to supplant sweets. The ways to serve are many, each one a new delight.

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 Writing Paper

COME LET US READ A WHILE

By W. H. M. Librarian

AN embarrassment of riches! I hardly know where to begin my chat this month. For not only have I read a great number of novels but I have had the good fortune to meet several authors, and if you, my readers, are at all like me, you will like to hear some little personal details about the men and women who give us that "daily bread" without which we would grow faint though the pantry be stocked with generous fare.

Caradoc Evans! Magnetic name, is it not? When I heard he was to address the Writer's Circle, I was all agog with excitement. I knew nothing about him except that he was a Welshman who found it safer to live in England! Caradoc Evans! I pictured a man of giant-like proportions with a red beard; a man such as Somerset Maugham would write about. The chill of disappointment fell upon my soul as a man of very ordinary stature, with black hair and no beard at all, entered the room. Nothing, I thought, to indicate the writer, the dreamer, the fire-brand, the exile. But when he began to bite off sentences from strings of bitterness and cynicism, I felt the power of the man. And when he spilt golden, visionary phrases in his soft, blurred, Welsh voice, I realized that he was not an exile for nothing. From the glowering eyes and bitter mouth, I was prepared for realism when he read one of his own stories. Nevertheless I was startled, shocked, hurt by the relentless realism in "Be This Her Memorial." The picture of that heroic Nannie, lying on the floor, a roasted rat, her last meal, clasped in her dead hands; herself a meal for the rats that glide from every corner of the room; this is a picture I shall fail to forget try as hard as I may. If I have aroused an appetite in you for stories of unusual strength and fearful starkness; or if you are a student of the short story and do not as yet know the masterpieces of Caradoc Evans, then procure the two volumes published by Andrew Melrose, "My People," and "My Neighbors." But blame me not for any agony of soul you may suffer.

A Woman Explorer

AFTER meeting the sombre visaged Caradoc Evans, whose eyes tell of a seething, tumultuous soul, it was pleasant to turn to the quiet, smiling visage of Charlotte Mansfield, who has the distinction, I believe of being the first woman to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Charlotte Mansfield is a woman of many parts. Years ago, she made a name for herself as a writer of verse; then she became a noted explorer, and, as a result of her travels, has written a great number of books—fiction and fact. Also, she is a gifted lecturer. I heard her, a couple of weeks ago, speak about Spain, the less-known north-western section.

This fascinating travelogue was illustrated by pictures which her husband, Colonel Mansfield, had taken during their year's sojourn in this picturesque locality. While there, she told me, she and her husband had made some new and important discoveries concerning Christopher Columbus, which discoveries they were about to incorporate into a novel of historic interest. About one of her novels, anon.

Earnest Ernest Raymond

THE years fly past so quickly that I shrink from guessing how long ago it is since I told you about, nay begged you to read, "Tell England." Strange how I can re-capture, as I write this paragraph, the joy I felt when reading that novel; how I poured out this joy in several reviews, and how pleased I was when the publishers, McClelland and Stewart of Toronto, wrote an appreciative letter. Imagine my delight when I found myself sitting next to the author of "Tell England," at the anniversary dinner of the Writer's Circle.

"Are you really Ernest Raymond who wrote 'Tell England'?" I asked of this exceedingly tall, thin, thoughtful, boyish-looking man.

"Yes, really," he assured me.

"Then I have been in love with you for years," I announced triumphantly.

"How jolly," said Ernest Raymond and turning to Major Rutter, author of "Songs of Tiadatha," he asked him not

to "butt in" as this was a very private affair.

It is not my intention to give you any further confidences about the delightful conversation that followed, for what I really want to tell you is quite an astonishing thing. Ernest Raymond, a young writer of to-day, really believes in goodness as an asset. Furthermore, he told the seventy people present at that dinner, that to be a successful writer one must be good. He adapted the hackneyed "Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever" and preferred to say, "Be good, young author, if you would be clever."

It stirred me deeply to hear Ernest Raymond's plea for right thinking; for sincerity; for a philosophy of life that was true to the beauty of life in place of that twisted philosophy donned by such present day writers as Michael Arlen, for one purpose only—to shock. Cassells and Company are shortly bringing out a new novel by Ernest Raymond, and I, for one, am longing to read it.

The Divine Lady

AT last another novel by a Canadian as distinguished as "Our Little Life." "The Divine Lady," which I have just borrowed from the library, is by E. Barrington of Canada, and is, so W. A. Deacon wrote me, Dodd, Mead & Son's best seller. My borrowed copy bears the imprint of the English publishers, George G. Harrap. When this literary editor of the "Toronto Saturday Night," a truly discerning critic, wrote to me about "The Divine Lady," I made up my mind that I would read it at once. I now advise all lovers of a most artistically-handled historic novel to go and do likewise.



I smile when I think of my schoolgirlish knowledge of "The Divine Lady." There was Emma, the beautiful wife of Sir William Hamilton, and there was Nelson. The three lived together in the same house, and people marvelled at Hamilton's love for Nelson. That was the sweet little story as I learnt it years and years ago, and with which I have been content until Mr. Barrington's amazing story swept me along on the high tide of its passion—until the death of Nelson abrupts the most amazing love story the world has ever heard. What I found so magnificent is Mr. Barrington's handling of Emma's character. She is not "that bad impossible woman," nor is she the perfect, much-wronged woman. She is a most remarkable creature, and as such she possesses many virtues. Had she had no blemishes, there would have been no need for Nelson to make that amazing appeal to his country "to look after his Emma and their daughter."

All the characters in this book of great strength are penned with master strokes; the cold, calculating, selfish beast of a Greville is as much alive for us as is the adorable, beautiful, pulsating Emma, Romney's inspiration and Nelson's down-

fall. I am in no position to judge of the historic accuracy of this novel. I can but express admiration for the author's art.

So Irritating!

SHORT, meaningless sentences. Repetitions. The constant use of the word "stink." The appearance of characters unlinked to the story. Page after page of brain twisting style. Such is "West" by Bryher (Jonathan Cape, London). Half way through this book, one is amused for a few pages by a clever description of "shooting" the movies and by a brilliant satirical portrait of a woman known as Mrs. Tinker. Three quarters through the book and one begins to realize the motif. Nancy, she has no other name, has fled from Europe to America. In Europe everything "stinks," there is no beauty, no cleverness, no kindness. In America, she will find all these much-to-be-desired qualities. Well, of course, as you and I could have told her, she doesn't. She finds advertisements so realistic they border on the indecent; and people that worship the movies. Nancy goes back to Europe.

A Smiling Novel

THERE is a young writer in London today who is rapidly coming to the fore. And he is doing it without writing sex novels or Freudian stories about those horrid complexes that make young women fall in love with men who wear beards like their papas! This brave young author has the audacity to write about happy normal folk who love and live decently and who would rather the world laughed with them than shuddered at them.

Kenneth R. G. Browne is the name of this daring novelist. But after all one is not surprised to find Mr. Browne flourishing a pen with courage. His military record showed what he could do with a weapon; and when in 1918 he set out to prove that the pen is mightier than the sword, he aimed at the humorist's bull's eye—"Punch"—and hit! He also contributed to "London Opinion," and for a year was assistant editor of that gayest of papers. "The Passing Show." Now he is a novelist, having contributed to the gaiety of nations, "Following Ann" (Cassells and Company).

I sent my last review copy to a friend and asked for his opinion. "It is like Dickens," was his observation. Curious this, for K. R. G. Browne is the grandson, not of Dickens, but of that famous illustrator of Dickens, Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz."

"Following Ann" is a jolly, happy, healthy book such as one loves to take on a holiday or for a railway journey. By strange misadventure, the hero, returning from his ranch in Canada to claim the title which comes to him on the death of his uncle, the late baronet, loses his papers of identification. They are found by a plausible villain named Cherry, who forthwith impersonates our hero, Sir Michael.

The two meet at a country house and the entanglements become serious. The author keeps up the suspense admirably. Situations are exciting, the characters interesting and described with unflinching and untiring wit. Also, there is a love thread running through the story which binds us closely to the tale and to the author—to the latter by a debt of gratitude for a few hours pure enjoyment.

A South African Story

"THE Dupe," by Charlotte Mansfield (Simpkin Marshall and Co.) deals with the years 1914 and 1915, touching upon the events at the beginning of the war; of the slow awakening to the danger of the German element in South Africa; and the intrigues which so nearly led to disaster. Although Mrs. Mansfield has made of her book a very readable love story, she has sacrificed nothing of historical accuracy and, both in description of scenery and events, she is absolutely truthful. This I have from one who knows Africa well. War-weary as we are, even to the weariness of hearing about the war, it speaks much for the narrative that it compels attention from the beginning to the end.



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4806—Rubberized gingham, or other gingham, percale, drill, muslin or sateen would be good for this cap and apron. The pattern is cut in one size: medium. It requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for cap and apron. The cap alone requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5114—Jumper styles are in vogue in every conceivable material. The model here portrayed was developed in new cotton prints, with rep for the guimpe. Gingham, flannel, tub silk and linen are also attractive. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the guimpe. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5112—Jean, drill, linen or khaki are excellent materials for garments of this kind. It is provided with ample pockets at the sides and a smaller one on back and front. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches waist measure. A 34-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5110—Tub silks such as broadcloth are attractive for this design. It is also good for flannel, kasha, linen, and rep. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material if made of one material. If made as illustrated, the facings and belt will require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material. As pictured, white taffeta with facings of yellow faille was used. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5099—Challie with plaited frills of crepe de chine and tiny buttons is here shown. The dress is cool and comfortable. It may be developed in any of this season's pretty materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. This style would be pretty in dotted Swiss or linen. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5100—Dotted Swiss or dimity as well as other soft materials are ideal for this little garment. It is cut in one piece, with seams at the underarms and may be easily developed. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: for 6 mos., 1, 2, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27 or 32-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4863—Figured percale is here shown. The free edges are bound with bias tape. This is also a good model for gingham, cambric and drill. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4889—Striped and plain woolen is here combined. This is a good model for satin, crepe or charmeen. Roshanara crepe with satin for collar and panels would be very attractive. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of one material, 40

inches wide. If made as illustrated it will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of striped or figured material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5117—Crepe or chiffon embroidered with floss or chenille, or taffeta or chiffon with bead or other embroidery would be attractive for this design. It is also good for crepe de chine with ribbon binding. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material if made with the bertha. Without the bertha 3 yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5115—Striped linen, gingham or flannel will be very attractive for this design. The pattern

is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. This style is easy to develop and easy to launder. It is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4804—Printed crepe or foulard would be very pleasing for this style. One could use voile or taffeta. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

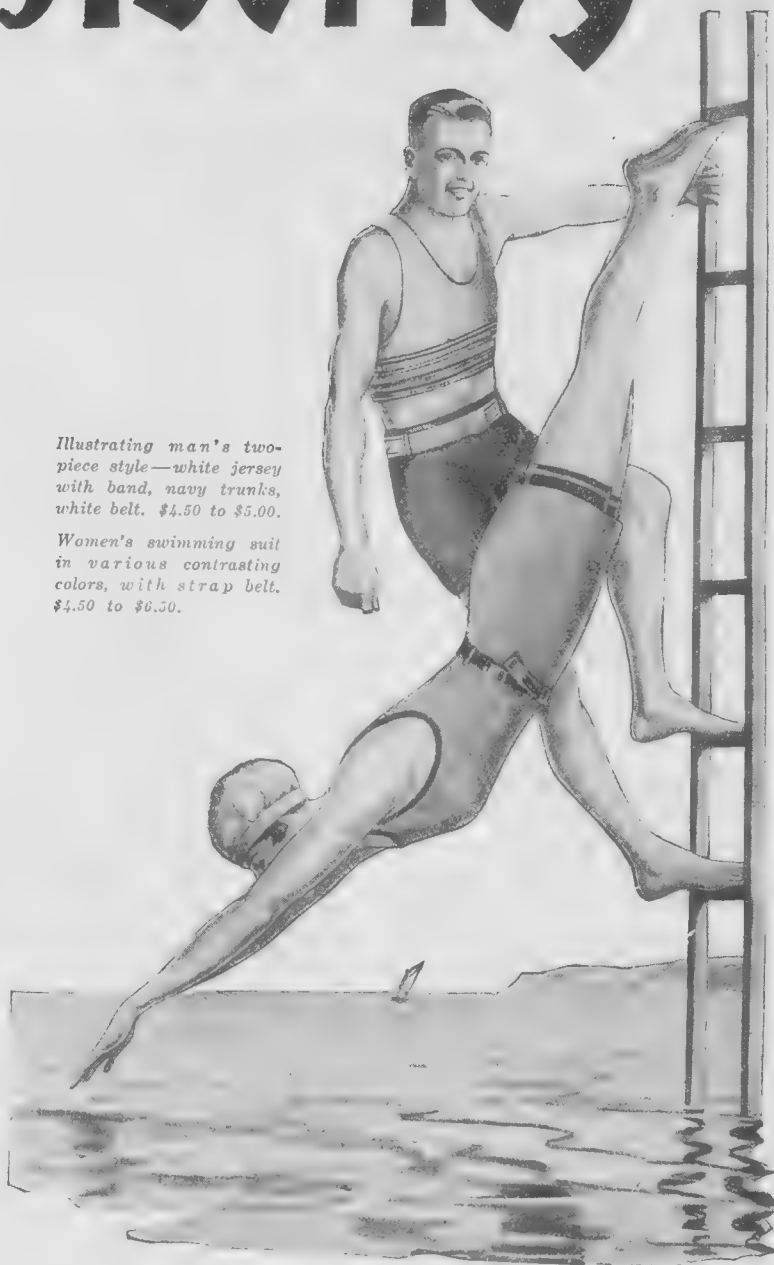
5104—This is a comfortable house dress for stout women with slender hips. Striped flannel, gingham or percale may be used for this model. It is made with the popular "bosom" front, and has comfortable slenderizing lines. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 42-inch size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of one material 36 inches wide. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. If made as illustrated the dress will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of plain material, 36 inches wide, and 4 yards of striped material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4532—Cambric, nainsook, sateen, crepe and silk are suitable for this style. The pattern provides for round neck outline or camisole top. Lace and insertion or embroidery will be suitable for decoration. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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Aberley Form-fitting
100% PURE WOOL

Swimming Suits

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Golf in Jasper National Park Embraces Both Sporty Play and Striking Scenic Effects—A Formidable Work to Carve Ideal Course Out of Mountain Wilderness.

By Alasdair Mhor

THE White-tail or Virginia Deer, expressing "deerish" thanks to the humans who have cleared away trees and provided pleasant pastures for him in Jasper National Park, is risking an unpleasant surprise if, this summer, he heeds not the warning cry of "fore" but, instead, gets his ear in the way of a rapid-travelling golf ball when he is enjoying his morning constitutional. For this year he must share his playgrounds, at the foot of towering, snow-capped mountains, with the humans who find health and recreation in following a small white ball around the links. But since this is the only form of "shooting" which may be enjoyed in Canada's largest National Park, the deer, bears and other animals will have little cause for unrest, particularly since they have become so used to seeing human beings, that now their wildness has departed.

Golf has become a game of universal popularity, so it was not surprising that when Jasper National Park began to draw its thousands of beauty-lovers, the demand should arise for a good golf course as a complement to Jasper Park Lodge, the log-cabin hostelry which is the tourist headquarters in Canada's finest playground. In meeting that demand the

peak of Mount Edith Cavell on the one hand, the Whistlers, Colin and other ranges on the other, engineering skill began to evolve an eighteen-hole golf course which promises thrills to even the most hardened devotee of the Ancient Game. By golf experts it is admitted to be one of the finest courses on the American Continent, and, in addition, it has the charm of a new and more striking view from every fairway and tee. From the first tee, where one drives off in a general direction toward the snow-capped peak of Mount Edith Cavell, to the 18th, where the fairway stretches gently downward to an "Emerald Isle" of green, set amid a sea of bunkers, there is a constant newness of scenic wonder to delight the heart of every lover of beauty. Certainly, for the visitor who is making but a hurried trip to this delightful playground, the journey over the 18-hole course will give almost as much delight as could be experienced in many days journey elsewhere.

THE clearing of the Jasper golf course was no light task, for first it involved the removal of an aggregate of many tons of boulders, deposited in the wide valley

mountainous region, it might be anticipated that following the golf course would entail some rather severe climbs, but such is not the case, advantage having been taken of the broad valley in which the course has been laid out.

Keeping one's eye on the ball will not be the easiest thing in the world, for the charm of mountain scenery, together with the ever present possibility of locating a bear or deer, "just around the corner" will be sufficient at times, probably, to tempt every lover of nature to look up and about. However, Jasper golf course will stand comparison, on its merits as a golf course alone, with the best that the country has so far produced, and many non-golfers will be tempted during the summer, to take up the game for the joy of covering the course itself.

FROM the first tee there is a succession of thrills. If the ball be well hit, it will flash up a magnificent fairway, in the shadow of "Old Man" mountain, to (or better still, beyond) a great bunker which lies just below the steep slope which guards the green. And this is but a foretaste of the joys that await. From the third tee one looks down along a line of magnificent firs, while to the right of the "dog's leg," which is a distinctive feature of this hole, are the cool greens of aspen poplars flaunting their flags in the wind. From the brow of the hill, the golfer looks down into a veritable amphitheatre of lake, valley and river scenery, and it was here that the workmen building the course had to serve notice of eviction on a mother bear and her two cubs, whose den of pine needles, hidden in a clump of willows, had to be removed. Mother Bruin looked on suspiciously for a few moments when the workmen arrived, and then, her cubs being well-grown, she led them off into the woods to find a new home beyond the reach of these disturbing humans.

The fourth tee brings a wonderful view of Mount Edith Cavell, with her snow-crowned peak glistening against the blue sky, and a correct drive on the fifth carries the ball toward the foot of Whistler Mountain, a favorite climb for the guests at the Lodge and so named because of the colony of Whistling Marmots which have made their home here. Numbers 5, 6 and 10 lie in a small valley under the shadow of the Colin Range, while 7 and 8 virtually lead the player to the foot of towering peaks. At Number 9 comes the curve of the horseshoe which leads back into the main valley again, while Number 10 has a maze of natural hazards which will give the average golfer just a little trouble at times.

A great, rock-built tee at Number 11 gives the golfer a feeling of confidence as he drives off from the eminence. Here, also, he gets a splendid view of Mount Pyramid, with the lake of the same name lapping its feet, and the striated reddish sides of the mountain appear to rise almost from the green toward which the ball is played. Number 12 is a short hole, well sand-trapped, but Number 13, true to the old superstitions, is one with many griefs for the man who plays off-line shots. This is a par five hole, the longest on the course, and it stretches down toward Lake Beauvert, with a necessity for straight and true shots if one would avoid the brush and traps to either side. The next three are water holes in every sense of the word, with little bays of the lake to be driven across. Number 17, a stiff hole necessitating two strong uphill shots, brings the player to the realization that "last but not least" in importance is here something more than a trite saying when applied to Number 18 on the Jasper course.

So that is Jasper—to the golfer, a golf course par excellence; to the non-golfer, a thing of beauty and, therefore, a joy for ever. Nine of the eighteen holes will be ready for play this summer and the balance of the course will be ready before Fall. The opening of the Lodge on May 15th will see the opening of play, and if anything were needed to complete the joys of a holiday amid such surroundings, the golfer and non-golfer alike will admit, that with the completion of this course, the deficiency, real or imaginary, will have been removed.



Jasper golf course will stand comparison with the best that the country has produced

Canadian National Railways, which operate the Lodge, have been able to combine the pleasure of a perfect golf course with the ideal scenic surrounding, that have made the Canadian Rockies world-famous. A century ago this section of the Canadian Rockies was unknown except to a handful of adventurers and trappers. Today it is known and loved by thousands of Canadians and Americans, as well as by citizens of other countries, who find here, in a comparatively small radius, all that is needed to delight the eye and to provide health and recreation for the man who is tired after a strenuous campaign at his desk or other duties.

The old trapper, voyageur or fur-trader was little concerned with the beauties of the territory through which his work took him. To him the Rocky Mountains were a barrier which hindered communication and which made necessary the finding of passes through which he might make his way, unimpeded, from one side of this great territory to the other. In the wake of the adventurer came the engineer, seeking a pathway that the lines of steel might span the barrier and make communication even more rapid and pleasant—and then came the decision to set aside 4,400 square miles of this territory as a natural playground in which Canadians and their friends could enjoy themselves.

Until June of last year, Jasper National Park boasted that very wildness which the early trappers had found when they first visited this section of the Rockies. True, motor highways and bridle paths had been built, but on all sides there was Nature in all her grandeur, for care had been taken to preserve the absolute wildness of the territory. Then in the valley of the Athabasca, between the towering

of the Athabasca by the great glaciers, bearing their way down from the peaks which surround the course. But with the boulders removed, the beauty of the course became apparent. Fairways, of course, had to be cleared of trees and stumps, and now, in the final stages of a golf course, one wonders if the conditions of the wild could ever have really existed here. For once the trees and boulders were out of the way, the builders found the desired object, a light topsoil, well drained and with a gravelly subsoil so necessary to the growing of good greens and fairways. And the boulders which had to be removed were by no means allowed to go to waste, for they formed the foundations of many built-up bunkers, which golf engineers, with what seems at times almost devilish ingenuity, place in the way of the unwary to send his score soaring skyward.

An adequate water supply for the fairways, tees and greens is obtained by means of the new gravity system which has been installed with the building of a small concrete dam 285 feet high in the hills, from which the supply of ice-cold clear water is secured for the Lodge.

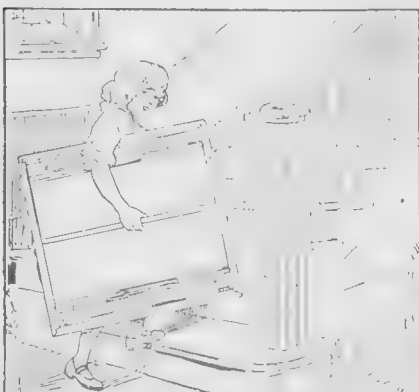
One of Canada's leading golf architects was entrusted with the task of laying out the course, and he made allowance for the average golfer; building the course to his needs rather than, as so often is the case, to the needs of the expert. Ninety per cent of the golfers play over 90, and the difference in players was taken into account to allow for the differences in players. Three sets of tees and each hole provide for the expert, the average player and the novice, and alternate routes over which the ball may be played, allow also for the differing skill of the golfer. In a

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An Incident of 1879

ONE day, in the early summer of 1879, an Indian had the misfortune to meet with an accident to his cart, within a short distance of our home. Being in need of a saw to make the necessary repairs, he came over to our house to get the loan of one. He had some difficulty in making my uncle understand by the sign language just what it was he wanted, but after a time he did so and my uncle gladly loaned him the required article, going with him and assisting him in every way to make the repairs, little thinking at the time how well he would be repaid for his kindly action before the passing of many moons.

In the Fall of that year my uncle found it necessary to make the journey to Portage La Prairie, a distance of seventy miles, to lay in supplies for the winter months. This was the nearest point where supplies could be purchased at that time, and took at least two weeks to complete the trip. The fact that his family would be alone for that time no doubt was the cause of the look of anxiety that rested on his face the morning he said farewell to us and his sod cabin home. Our home was situated on the level plain. To the north one could look for ten miles without anything to obstruct the view, and to the south one could see the Brandon Hills, twenty-four miles away. East and west as far as the eye could see, the prairie stretched in an unbroken sea of brown, dry grass, grass which was as dry as tinder. This, coupled with the fact that the prairie had not been burnt over for some years, made a very grave situation for the prairie home which was not properly protected by fire-guards. My uncle had plowed a couple of furrows around the buildings, with the idea that this was protection enough. Being a newcomer to the country he did not have very much knowledge of the conditions or how to overcome them as they existed at that time. Otherwise, he would never have left us with such meager fire protection.

Four or five days after his departure three young Indians rode up to our house and made camp near our well. The actions of the Indians did not alarm my aunt whatever, as many times during the summer Indians had camped, and we had always found them friendly and no trouble in any way. However, after they had made camp they at once rounded up our two cows and put them in the stable, and began burning the grass between the buildings and the fireguard, using willows tied together in bundles to sweep out the fire when it began to gain headway. At first my aunt became very frightened at their actions, but when she saw they were putting out the fire wherever it became dangerous she decided the Indians meant no harm. But why they should come to our home and burn around the buildings in this manner was beyond her understanding, at the time. After burning all of the grass within the fireguard, they at once began setting fire to the grass outside the plowed guard, letting it work up against the wind, and began putting it out whenever it began to show signs of becoming dangerous. In this way they

burnt several hundred yards of prairie completely around the buildings. Then they broke camp and rode away without a word or sign to anyone.

Two days afterwards the air became filled with smoke and in the evening one unbroken line of fire showed far to the west. The next morning about ten o'clock it passed our place. I was too young at the time to remember the details of its passing, but will always remember the look of fear which was on the face of that brave woman, who, alone with two small children, miles from the nearest neighbor, watched the onrushing flames coming like an express train towards her little home. The fire was gone in a flash, but the smoke hung for days over the blackened prairie. Not a living green or brown thing was to be seen as far as the eye could carry. Many of the old-timers will recall that fire of 1879, nothing like it again has ever been seen, nor will its like ever happen again for conditions are such today that it would not be possible for a prairie fire to have hundreds of miles of unbroken sweep.

Two days later a policeman rode up and was a very much surprised man to find us alive and our buildings and stock unharmed. When my aunt informed him of the actions of the Indians his surprise was increased, and he informed us that the Indians were blamed for setting the fire to burn out the settlers. It was the general opinion that the Indians had set fire to the prairie to frighten out the settlers, as they were becoming alarmed at the number of settlers that were arriving. However, that may have been that one Indian was responsible for the saving of our home and property. After my uncle came home he at once set about looking up the Indians who were responsible for burning the fireguards, and after some little time discovered that it was on the instructions of his friend of the broken cart, who, out of gratitude for the assistance my uncle had given him in making repairs to his cart some months previous, had seen to it that at least one settler was not going to be burnt out, while it pointed to the fact that the Indians had first-hand knowledge of the fire coming, and so protected our place in plenty of time to prevent any damage to our property. It also proved that the Indian of that time was one who remembered a kindness and was not slow in reciprocating.

Needless to say, my uncle, in fact all of the family, have always remembered that Indian's action, and have always had a warm spot in our hearts for the Indian in general, never agreeing with the opinion which was at one time so general, that the only good Indian was a dead one, for we knew at least one good Indian who was not a dead one.—S.C.W.

Aspiration

An Irish mother who had occasion to reprove her eldest son exclaimed, "I just wish that your father was at home some evening to see how you behave yourself when he is out!"



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Materials Required—Sweater twist, 6 spools. Black moire ribbon, $\frac{5}{8}$ inch wide, 3 yards.

Back

WORK and join seven square medallions for width of back and eight for length, fill out centres, then work straight edge to underarm like the straight edge of the front. Join the last medallion at each end of the back to the last medallion at each end of the front, fill in one centre at each shoulder (do not join corners of the next medallion). Sew up underarm seams. Now work and join five square medallions around each armhole and fill out centres.

Band around Sleeves—1st Row—Work like the first row of the straight edge at the underarm.

2nd Row—1 s.c. into the first s.c. of the previous row, * then 1 s.c. into each of the next three chs., ch. 4, 1 s.c. into the middle of the next ch. loop, ch. 4, 1 s.c. into each of the next three chs., 1 s.c. into the next s.c. Repeat from * around.

3rd Row—Work 1 s.c. into each st. of the previous row.

4th Row—Work 1 s.c. into each st. of the previous row, taking up the top thread only.

5th Row—Like 4th row.

Band around the bottom of the Sweater—First Row—Work like the first row around the sleeve.

2nd Row—1 s.c. into the first s.c. of the previous row, * then 1 s.c. into each of the next three chs., ch. 5, 1 s.c. into the middle of the next ch. loop, ch. 5, 1 s.c. into each of the next three chs., 1 s.c. into the next s.c. Repeat from * all around.

3rd, 4th and 5th Rows—Work like the 3rd, 4th and 5th rows of the band around the sleeves.

Band around Neck—1st Row—1 s.c. into the p. in the corner of the last square



Front

WORK square medallions and centres of four joined medallions, following instruction given for working square medallion and centre on opposite page. Work and join eight square medallions for width of front and eight for length, then fill out centres.

Straight edge at each side to underarm—1st Row—Work exactly like the first row of the edge at each side of scarf, leaving the length of two and one-half medallions for each armhole.

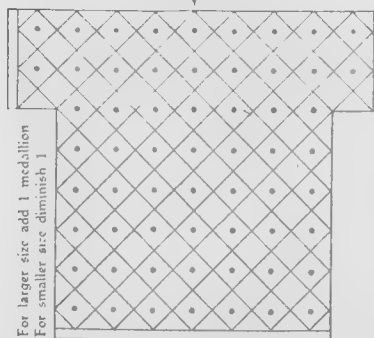
2nd Row—1 sl.st. into the first s.c. of the previous row, * 1 sl.st. into each of the next three chs., ch. 5, 1 s.c. into the middle of the next knot st. loop, ch. 5, 1 sl.st. into each of the next three chs., 1 sl.st. into the next s.c. Repeat from * to end of row.

medallion of the back before the centre at the left shoulder, ch. 5, 1 d.t.r.c. into the s.c. between the knot st. loops of the centre at the shoulder, ch. 5, 1 s.c. into the p. in the corner of the next medallion, thus forming shoulder, continue working first row across the front and across the back like the first row of the band around sleeves and bottom of sweater, forming the right shoulder like the left shoulder, close row with a sl.st.

2nd Row—Work 1 s.c. into each st. of the previous row, skipping the d.t.r.c. at the shoulder.

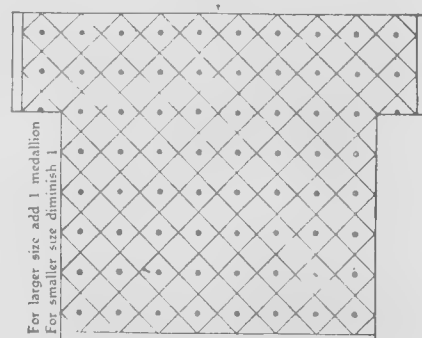
3rd, 4th and 5th Rows—Like 3rd, 4th and 5th rows of the band around the sleeves and bottom of sweater, skipping one st. at the shoulders in each row.

BACK
CENTER



7 small square medallions in row
For larger size add 1 medallion
For smaller size diminish 1

FRONT
CENTER



8 small square medallions in row
For larger size add 1 medallion
For smaller size diminish 1

Home Dressmaking Lessons

By Margaret Smith

LESSON IV

ALTHOUGH the original outlay for dress-goods of the best quality may seem high, it is undoubtedly much more economical in the end, for garments made of good material are still shapely and fresh-looking long after those of inferior quality have been discarded. The possessor of a few good clothes can always look well dressed, whereas cheap things can rarely be disguised to look anything but cheap, and soon become shabby. A habit that used to be very common was that of buying one good dress or suit, and keeping it for best wear only. After a couple of seasons, the garments were still in good condition, but were hopelessly out of style, and if the fashions changed completely, as they were very apt to do, it was difficult and sometimes impossible to alter them to conform with the prevailing mode. We are wiser now. We buy smart clothes and wear them while they are fashionable; and in the long run we find that it is a less expensive method. Wear your clothes, don't pickle them.

Materials That Require Shrinking.

ALL heavy woollen materials, such as serge, tricotine, tweeds, wool velours, coatings, etc., should be shrunk before cutting. Especially is this necessary when making coats or suits.

All tailored garments are pressed with a damp cloth and hot iron, and if the

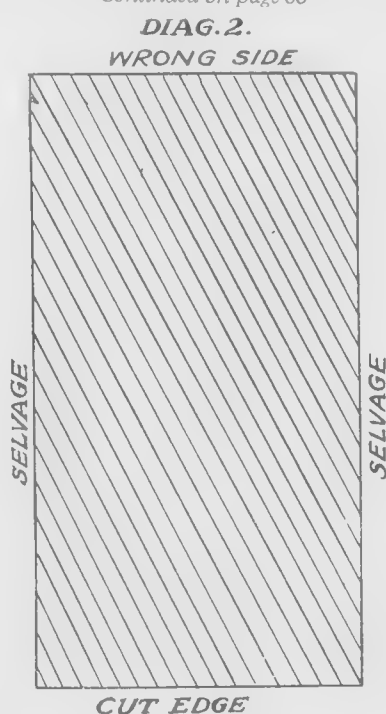
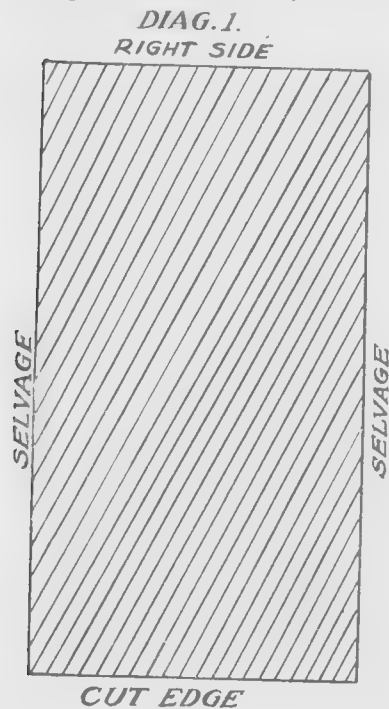
material has not been previously shrunk, the parts pressed shrink now, leaving the garment entirely out of shape. Even if the material is guaranteed shrunk, it is safer to shrink it again, to prevent any chance of its being ruined after being made up.

Not long ago in one of my classes, two students were making winter coats. One bought material at \$7.50 per yard, the other only paid \$2.75. They measured their material, both width and length, before shrinking. The cheaper material did not shrink at all, but the more expensive material, being all wool and of a loose weave, shrank nine inches in length. This was a great surprise to both girls. The secret was that the better material was all wool, and the cheaper was a mixture of wool and cotton, chiefly cotton, with a close, hard finish. But the higher-priced material made a warmer, better-looking and better-wearing coat.

Do not depend on the cost of the material having anything to do with its requiring shrinking. Make it a rule to shrink all materials for tailored garments regardless of cost. Some cheap materials shrink as much as the more expensive, and sometimes more.

Other materials that require shrinking are pique, voile, wash cottons, chambray, ratine, zephyrs, etc. These materials are better shrunk before cutting. Do not

Continued on page 60



Directions for Medallion

(See sweater on opposite page)

Start with ch. 4, join to ring.

1st Row—Ch. 1, then work 8 s.c. into the ring, 1 sl.st. into the first s.c. to close the row.

2nd Row—Ch. 1, 1 s.c. into the first s.c. of the previous row, then work 1 knot st. as follows: Draw st. on hook to one-half inch, throw thread over hook and draw through this loop, then insert hook between the thread just drawn through and the loop below, throw thread over hook and draw through the two loops on the hook; this forms one knot st., work another knot st., 1 s.c. into the next s.c., thus forming a knot st. loop, * 2 knot sts., 1 s.c. into the next s.c. Repeat from * 5 times more, 2 knot sts., 1 sl.st. into the first s.c., 1 knot st., 1 sl.st. into the middle of the first knot st. loop to close row.

3rd Row—Ch. 1, 1 s.c. into the same s.c. of the first knot st. loop, ch. 4, 1 s.c. into the first ch. to form a p., 1 s.c. into the same first st. ch. 4, 1 d.c. into the middle of the next knot st. loop, 1 p., 1 d.c. into the same st., ch 4, 1 s.c. into the middle of the next knot st. loop, 1 p., 1 s.c. into the same st. Repeat from *

around, closing the row with a sl.st. into the first s.c., thus forming the small square medallion.

Work next medallion until you come to the last p., then join to the previous medallion as follows: 1 d.c. into the last knot st. loop, ch. 2, drop st. from hook, then insert hook into the p. of a corner of the previous medallion and draw loop through, ch. 2, 1 s.c. into the first of the first two chs. to form a p., 1 d.c. into the same s.c. of the last knot st. loop, ch. 4, 1 sl.st. into the first s.c. Break thread and secure the end.

Centre of four joined square medallions—Work first row of square medallion.

2nd Row—Ch. 1, 1 s.c. into the first s.c. of the previous row, 1 knot st., drop st. from hook, insert hook into one of the four ps. in centre of four medallions, draw loop through ch. 1 (firmly), 1 knot st., sk. one s.c. of the previous row, 1 s.c. into the next s.c. thus joining knot st. loop to p., * 1 knot st., join to next p. of the next medallion, 1 knot st., sk. one s.c. of the previous row, 1 s.c. into the next s.c. Repeat from * twice more, closing the row with a sl.st. into the first s.c. Break thread and secure end.



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Spring and Summer

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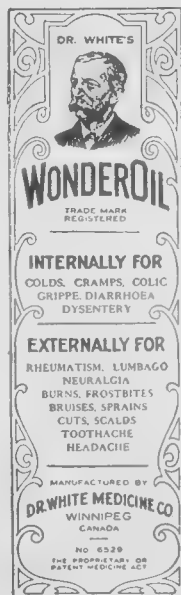
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Home Dressmaking Lessons—Continued from page 59

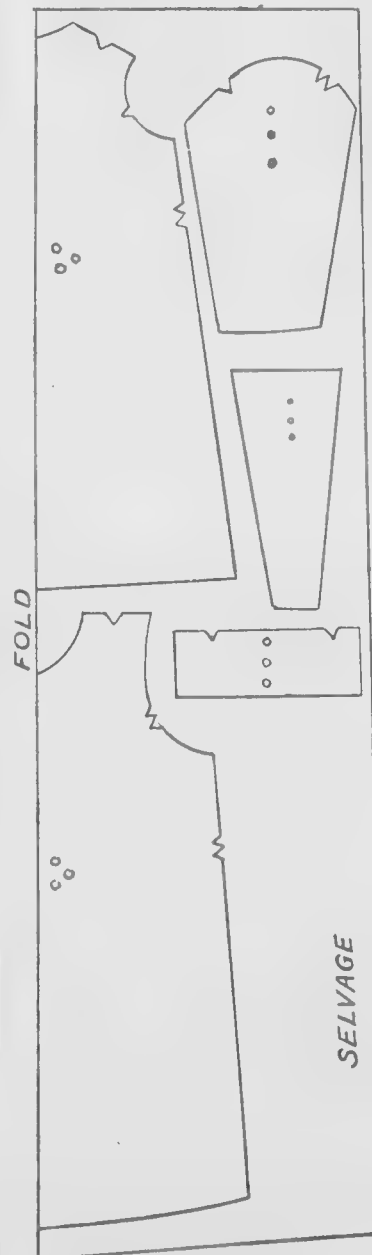
shrink colored voiles before making, however, as they never look as nice after being wet. Usually a colored voile can be worn quite a length of time without washing. It can be kept fresh by pressing occasionally, and later by dry-cleaning if the dress is worth it.

The simplest way to shrink material is to wring a large piece of factory cotton, or a sheet would answer the purpose, out of luke-warm water. Lay the cotton on a table, selvedge at table-edge. Place the material on top, double fold of goods even with the selvedge of wet cotton. Fold the cotton over so that the material is entirely covered, taking care that it lies perfectly smooth. Fold loosely and leave all night. In the morning hang the material over the clothes-line to dry, spreading it in such a way that there is no dragging weight on any part, which is liable to stretch it out of shape. If proper care has been taken to spread the material smoothly between the damp cloth without wrinkles, there should be no need to press it, and it will be ready to cut out when dry. This is the most reliable method of shrinking, much better than using a hot iron and damp cloth.

Broadcloth, and other materials with a glossy finish, should not be shrunk unless it is being used for a tailored garment, when it is absolutely necessary. Shrinking takes away the gloss, and it never looks as rich afterwards. For dresses it is not customary to shrink woollen materials.

Never shrink wool jersey cloth, or any kind of silk materials, as water spots all silks with a bright finish, and will ruin taffeta, making it hard and brittle. Water should not be used on any silk but wash silks.

DIAG. 3

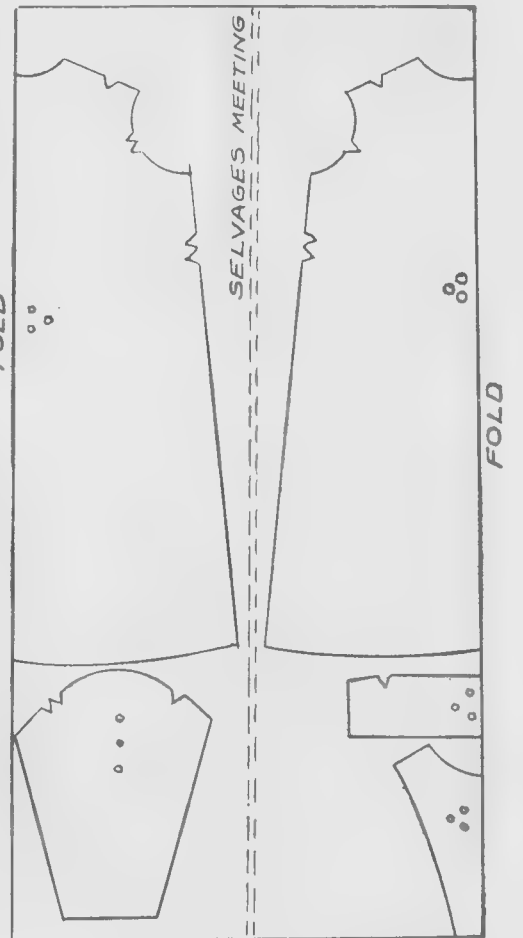


To Find the Right Side of Material

IT is sometimes difficult to ascertain the right side of a material. Some, of course, have no right or wrong, both sides being the same. Taffetas, georgette, crepe-de-chine, Canton crepe, pongee, fugi, chiffon, pussy-willow taffeta, French flannels, plain voiles, flat crepe, poplin, tussor, grosgrain, organdie, crepe-knit, have no right or wrong side. Serges, broadcloth, velours, homespun, coatings, fancy voiles, tricolette, jersey cloth, (both silk and wool), printed pongee, poiret twill, gabardine, duvetyn, suedine, osmana, tweeds, teddy cloth, vicunas, satins, jacquard velour, kasha, alpaca, wool crepe, bengaline reps, satin-back crepe, crepe-back satin, tricotine, all have a right and wrong side.

Do not attempt to find the right side

DIAG. 4



of material by the way it is folded, as it is just as often folded right-side-out as right-side-in.

The right side of any material with a twill can be found quite easily, as the same rule applies to all twilled material, such as serge, poiret twill, etc. Hold the material with the cut edge toward you. The right side has the twill running from left to right. See diagrams 1 and 2. This rule never varies.

Some materials, such as tweeds, are very similar on both sides, yet there is a decided right and wrong. Hold the material up to the light, and on the wrong side can be seen fine hairs showing all over. The right side is quite smooth. Very often the selvedge can be used as a guide, as it is usually much better finished on the right side.

Placing Pattern on Material With a Grain.

WHEN cutting out material with a pile or grain, care must be taken to have all the pieces placed on the material the right way of the grain. If the material is narrow width, two full lengths of the material will be required, i.e., length of both back and front from neck to hem. The sleeves and smaller pieces can usually come out at the side. If the material is 54 to 60 inches wide, both the back and front can be cut out of one width, and the sleeves, etc., can be cut from the end instead of the sides. The wider material is more economical than the narrow, especially for the plain, one-piece dresses. Before starting to cut the wider material, open material full width, then refold with the two selvedges meeting in the centre. This prevents having a seam in either back or front of garment. See diagrams 3 and 4.

Reports of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba and British Columbia and the Homemakers' Clubs of Saskatchewan

Arizona Women's Institute hope to have a tennis court this year. Plans are already being made for the grounds and for the necessary equipment. Repairs are being made to the community shed. A donation of \$25 was given to the local church.

Arnaud helped with the re-organization of the Boys' and Girls' Club. A demonstration was given at the last meeting on the making of paper flowers. The members are busy sewing for the children's aid.

Arrow River had an interesting discussion on "amusements for young people" at their last meeting. Plans are being made for the purchase of a bed and equipment for the Miniota hospital. A whist drive will be held to help raise the funds for this purpose.

Ashern have begun their Community Hall in rather a unique manner. In spite of the fact that the foundation was not ready as promised, the corner-stone was "well and truly" laid by His Honor Judge Cory, of Winnipeg, on the twelfth of May, and the foundation should soon be completed if the mason in charge "slaps" the mortar in even half as enthusiastically as Judge Cory "slapped" it into the corner stone. The nice little trowel provided was transferred to his left hand and the mason's large one used the first moment it was laid down. Judge Cory's address was enjoyed but the laying of the corner stone was an inspiration. And the address by Mrs. McKillican, wife of the Dean of Agricultural College, was heart warming. The Ashern Institute members will never forget the honor conferred by Mrs. McKillican, who came just for this occasion.

Austin held a two-weeks course in dressmaking and millinery, with Miss Madill as instructor. A book case has been purchased for the library.

Balmoral had a short course in dressmaking. They held a social tea recently.

Beulah had a demonstration on the different ways of serving eggs and another on candy making. Arrangements are under way for the holding of a short course in nursing.

Beausejour have re-organized their institute, and are taking over some of the work previously carried on by the Women's Service League. Plans are being made for the serving of a hot school lunch. The members also hope to provide some equipment for the school grounds.

Belmont have sent a bale of clothing to one of the outlying districts, to be distributed to needy families. One of the Institute members volunteered to assist in teaching sewing to the school children. Interesting papers were prepared and given at the last meeting.

Benito had a social get-together on March 17th.

Berton—Mrs. Perkes gave a splendid paper on "How to bring up children."

Bird's Hill recently entertained the young people of the community at a card party.

Birtle have purchased new linen for their hospital ward. The W.I. members catered for the Farmers' Conference Banquet.

Bowman have purchased a piano for their local hall. An Irish supper was given on the 17th of March. New books have been purchased for the library and help given a family who suffered loss by fire.

Brandon had an address by Mrs. McKenzie on "The treating of seeds and planting of a backyard garden." Teas were planned to raise funds to assist the Children's Home and Y.M.C.A.

Carman have arranged to assist the various families reported to be in need in their vicinity.

Clearwater are planning to have a nurse inspect the school and children. At the last minute each member was called on for a two-minute talk on some interesting subject. Arrangements have been made to put on a play.

Coulter have purchased a new piano for their hall. The following subject was debated recently—"Resolved that married women are happier than single women." The married women won two to one.

Crandall are interested in and hope to be able to arrange for a dental clinic.

Cromarty had a demonstration on soap making, and the canning of fish and chicken. Plans are being made for an overall and house-dress social.

Decker—Rev. Mr. Anderson led the discussion on "Parliamentary Procedure" at the last meeting and many helpful ideas were given. Flowers have been sent to the sick, and help given a needy family. In March a very successful play was staged.

Deloraine had a very interesting and instructive talk by Mr. Hunter, their School Inspector, at their last meeting, to which the trustees and teachers from surrounding districts were invited. Nurse James of the Memorial Hospital, gave an account of the hospital and its needs, and general health at a recent meeting.

Dominion City discussed a hot lunch for school children and Education in general, at their last meeting.

Dugald had several papers on the subject of Education, which proved very helpful. Flower gardening and house planning also came up for discussion.

Edrans are planning a sale of work made from flour sacks, and a silver tea to help raise funds.

Elkhorn staged a concert and short play which was so successful that they have been asked to repeat it at several neighboring points. The building of a rest room or community hall is under discussion.

Ellenville invited the grandmothers of the community to their February meeting, and a number of the grandmothers gave short talks on pioneer days, which proved very interesting and instructive. In March they had a debate on "Resolved that the modern girl is a better house-keeper than the one of fifty years ago," the negative side winning.

Elm Creek discussed "Canadian National Industries."

Elva had a talk by Mrs. Wright on her visit to Detroit and by Mrs. Jamieson a report of the work being accomplished by the Institute at Rapid City. The sick members in hospitals were remembered.

Emerson held a dressmaking class. An interesting talk was given by Mrs. Hewitt on the life of Mary Lyons, a pioneer in educational work in the beginning of the present century. A splendid library was secured from McGill University, Montreal.

Endcliffe held a social evening recently for the benefit of those who have been unable to attend the regular meetings. The members are interested in getting a supply of fresh water for their school.

Ewart gave a kitchen shower for a family who suffered loss by fire. A flour sack contest has been arranged.

Flee Island also assisted a family who were burned out. During the winter months the Institute meetings have taken the form of a social evening to which the husbands and families were invited. The programmes have been short and the balance of the evening was spent in having a sociable time together.

Foxwarren had the pleasure of listening to Prof. Hetherington of Wesley College, Winnipeg, at their last meeting.

Gimli are studying Canadian Authors. Excellent papers were prepared and given by Miss Groves on the "Life of Pauline Johnson," and Miss Grey on "L. M. Montgomery."

Gypsumville are taking up the matter of "fly control." Mrs. H. M. Ozouf was selected president to take Mrs. F. Conger's place.

Gladstone had a discussion on Red Cross Work and the splendid work being accomplished by that organization. A very timely talk was given by Mr. Singleton on the growing of "Gladioli." A Canadian linen shower will be held in the near future.

Continued on page 62

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Reports of the Women's Institutes

Continued from page 61

Saskatchewan

Abernethy have twenty members. Within two years they have procured a library of 50 volumes. A sick committee carries out one of their important pieces of work.

Banana Belt H.M.C., Marshall, have been doing a great deal of work among the sick. Also other community work. They intend to send two delegates to the Annual Convention.

Bramshott Club, Leask, is one of the newly organized Clubs of this year. Already they have had a course in dress-making and millinery from the department, and a talk on butter-making from one of their members. They have sewed for needy families and sent a large box of clothing into headquarters for distribution.

Cutknife Club support a village library and the members are taking a Red Cross nursing course. A paper on Current Events is a part of every programme.

Devon Club, Ft. Qu Appelle, are planning for a nursing home. They have had a number of addresses on health subjects and plan for a clinic.

Dundurn Club held an open meeting in the town to give people the privilege of hearing Mrs. W. F. Cameron of the Davidson Homemakers' Club, and Convenor of the Provincial League of Nations Committee. Mrs. Cameron was introduced by one of the members of her committee, Mrs. Ducie of Coates Club, Dundurn. Mrs. Cameron used a chart to illustrate her remarks.

Excelsior Club support a rest-room in Arcola, with Dunganon H.M.C.

Good Cheer Club, Wilcox, have a library of 260 volumes.

Great West Club, Wapella, held a Burns night for their community. One of their citizens gave an address and a programme of Burns songs and poetry was given. After this was a supper including "haggis," and then Scotch dances. The Club has been making quilts for relief.

Hazel Ridge, Shellbrook, have had papers

from their members on canning, gardening, cheese making, egg production in winter, economics, etc. They had a course from the University on millinery.

Hanley have a library of 250 volumes. They held a Tonsil and Adenoid Clinic, at which 47 children were treated. They have included "Civics" in their programme and are going to include "The League of Nations" in their study programme.

Happy H.M.C., Rouleau, have had talks on nutrition; Care of the Teeth; The Boy; Co-operation in the Home and a Debate; Resolved that Women's Clubs are beneficial to the best interests of the Home.

Island Lake Club, Dams, are planning for a Dressmaking and Millinery course next month. They have a new sick committee appointed.

Leslie Club are planning for a course in Dressmaking and Millinery; also they are working toward a rest-room. They are trying to induce local store-keepers to carry the brooms made at the Institute for the Blind and they intend to hand in an order for brooms and basketry. They will send two delegates to the Annual Convention and the District Convention. Their yearly programme will call for paper from each member of the Club.

Mair Club donated \$34.00 to the Maryfield Hospital and provided a Christmas Tree for the children of the neighbourhood.

Maymont have had a millinery course and a lecture on "Feeding the Family." They carry on a class in sewing, and have undertaken to keep their cemetery in good condition.

Midale have forty-six members. They take ten of the best magazines for the use of their members and to help with their meetings. This is a good suggestion for other clubs. They are planning to have the Red Cross nursing course. They do much local work and have permanent committees for visiting the sick, providing flowers for them, and for beautifying and keeping in order the cemetery.

British Columbia

Agassiz—The Women's Institute of Agassiz held an interesting and delightful meeting in their rooms in the Agricultural Building where they welcomed a former member, Mrs. Wm. Cuthbert, of Vancouver, B.C., who gave an interesting and educational address on "Music in the Home," two points which may be of special interest are—children, to be true lovers of music and more efficient, should begin studying it at the same time as they learn to read, and children should not be allowed to use their voices between the ages of 14 and 18 as they are changing and in grave danger of being strained. The following moneys were voted and sent to The Crippled Children Fund, Vancouver, \$25.00; The Victorian Order of Nurses, \$10.00; Armenian Fund, \$10.00, and the Cape Breton Miners' Children, \$10.00. Final arrangements were made for a Dentist to inspect and do the work of caring for the school children's teeth. A donation of clothing was asked for to send to the Armenians. Roll call next meeting will be "Useful Hints for Mothers."

Boswell Sanca—Regular meeting was held in Memorial Hall 1st April, there was a good attendance of members, several walking 7 and 8 miles. A cut-lace demonstration was held in March which was very successful. Two swings, a see-saw and football were added to playground equipment. An interesting paper was read on Immigration, also paper on Growing Garden Peas, so that a supply could be had all summer. The Child Welfare Convener is in charge of Dental Clinic, and it is expected this work will be carried out soon. A Boys' and Girls' Club has been formed, the W.I. to give them any assistance necessary. A willow basket demonstration will be held on the 15th and an Easter Dance on the 18th, when it is hoped that enough money will be raised to make final payment on Institute piano. A flower show is being arranged for July, and the members intend sending an exhibit to Nelson Fall Fair. It was decided to give a bounty for Queen Wasps killed from April to 31st May. A cake donated by one of the members was auctioned, proceeds to go towards Crippled Children Fund.

Burquillam, B.C., have affiliated with the Local Council of Women, New Westminster, and have entered for the Competitive W.I. Exhibit, open to individual institutes all over the province. They are also giving prizes to school children for the largest collection of tent caterpillar twigs.

Esquimalt heard an address by Dr. Wace on the proposed Solarium to be established on Vancouver Island for the treatment of Crippled Children. Dr. Wace explained very fully the open-air and Sunlight Treatment and its beneficial results on the small patients. The speaker received a hearty vote of thanks from the members who showed their approval of the scheme by voting a donation of \$50.00 to the "Sunshine Home." In response to a request from the Native Sons of Canada for representatives from the Institute to attend a meeting for the discussion of the Oriental Problem on March 23rd, three delegates were appointed to represent the Institute.

Similkameen W.I., Keremeos, B.C., in February had a millinery instructress in from Victoria. A course of ten lessons each was given to two classes. In March a successful St. Patrick's Day Tea was held on the 17th. During the month a dental clinic was held under the direction of the school nurse for those children from Keremeos and Cawston schools who required treatment.

Surrey W.I., Cloverdale, B.C., April meeting roll call was answered by household recipes. There was a good attendance and several new members enrolled. It was decided not to hold the usual annual flower show, but a small competition to be held amongst members. Also decided to hold a strawberry social in June. The president, Mrs. Croft, drew attention to the Women's Institute exhibit to be on display in New Westminster in September, and asked the support of the members. The Institute has been asked to form a welcome committee to new settlers being brought into district, and committee was at once appointed. An interesting demonstration was given on candy-making. After meeting, gladiola

bulbs were planted in community garden maintained by W.I.

Victoria hospital committee report that the curtains and runners embroidered by members for the hospital sun-room maintained by the Institute were finished and in place in time for the opening ceremony on March 11th. A book shower was held for the sun-room which resulted in donations of 17 books, 12 plants and one vase, the plants being the gift of Mrs. Savory. A subscription for three years of the "Western Home Monthly" was also voted to the sun-room. A good concert is given each month and refreshments served to the patients in Tubercular Ward Jubilee Hospital. The Tubercular Committee also visit the ward on the first Wednesday of each month taking smokes and fruit to the patients. A silver tea was held in aid of this work, also a rummage sale. Mrs. Palmer reported for the War Memorial Committee, stating that the unveiling ceremony would probably take place in June and that relatives of fallen soldiers, by applying to the committee secretary, would receive a special invitation to the ceremony. Mrs. Booth on behalf of the Local Council of Women thanked Mrs. Crocker for convening the Tag Day held in aid of an operating table for needy children, also the members who assisted as taggers. It was decided to place an exhibit of work at the Provincial Fall Fair, to be held in August and to run a tea-room there, as in previous years.

Victoria Women's Institute headquarters are at 639 Yates Street and are open to all Institute members visiting Victoria, B.C. The Island District Board hold their meetings in these rooms free of cost as do also the Island Institutes Central Committee.

Visions of the Past

As I sit and ponder,
My dark thoughts pass away,
And back in visions wander
To a brighter, happier day.

I hear loved voices calling,
In accents sweet and low,
Like shadows softly falling
In the sunset's after-glow.

I see dear faces loyal and true,
From out the vanished past;
And visions of the home I knew,
Too beautiful to last.

Visions of my childhood's days,
With their hopes, their joys and fears,
Visions in which I fondly gaze
On scenes of bygone years.

Visions, only visions!
I would that they could stay;
But like the waking from a dream,
They soon must fade away.

—H. J. Heath.

Getting the Men Folks to Plant Trees

By Archibald Mitchell

Western Lecturer, Canadian Forestry Association

"CAN you tell us how to get our men to do the heavy work?" so asked a lady in one of our meetings and the question was asked in different forms subsequently at many more meetings.

We were attached to the Better Live Stock Train of Saskatchewan and as always at every stop our first carfull was women. We had discussed the need for trees on the farm, of retaining a proportion of the native bush and for new planting in certain places. The home and its embellishment, the lawn and the shrubbery, and all the other necessities that go toward the building up of a real home. In the middle of the discussion this lady rose up—evidently she was a leader in the local women's organizations—and she said: "Yes, we women agree heartily with all you have said. We appreciate the value of such real homes, some of us already are groping in that direction, and we are willing to do our share towards making them. But there are some things we women can't do, we can't do the heavy work necessary, the ploughing and the digging and the planting. Those have to be done by somebody else. Can you tell us how to get our men to do the heavy work?"

And we could not tell her. All we could do was to promise that when it came to our turn to talk to the men we would talk to them like a grandfather. We did, and they took very seriously what we said to them. Under the circumstances their patience was wonderful, though, of course, not in the same class as that of the women, who have stood so long the lack of those things that make a real home, and that means so much to them. They were very patient, though sometimes we were

conscious of a feeling of satisfaction as we faced them, that we were nearer the car door than they were. They didn't say much as we delivered the message from the women. Some, indeed many of them, we could see, agreed, for they had already done some of the heavy work themselves. We don't know whether we made any converts or not, but, at any rate, we left them thinking, and that was worth something.

Good fellows! Certainly, none any better, anywhere. Hard workers and intelligent, but just hadn't taken time yet to think of all of the claims of the women and the children. The shelter and the bread and butter and a little education had seemed sufficient. The aesthetic side, the more subtle need of human nature was a new book to them.

The doing of the heavy work! that is the hard job. The finding of the time to do it, and the need of direction. At that same meeting one man told us of his place, half a mile out of town. He had transplanted three hundred spruce from the bush a few weeks before. Could we come out and tell him what to do with the grounds? We could, and found him in a very fine location, but with no idea of how to set about improving it. In a short time we showed him how to change his avenue of entrance, pointed out the site for his new house, showed how to connect up his native bush with some new planting, how to screen off his backyard and the barn and lay out a simple lawn. Mr. Wirtz will have a lovely place some day. He is quite willing to do the heavy work and so are many more, but there are still very many who don't, and the cry of the women will be heard in many a district for many a year to come, "Can you tell us how to get our men to do the heavy work?"



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Traveling Without Trunks

By Winnifred N. Whitlock

ISN'T it lovely to be planning for a vacation? Whether we are leaving for a visit to that friend in the city across the line, or contemplating spending our annual holiday at Muskoka, or, after saving for years, going at last to take that long-wished-for trip overseas, isn't half the pleasure buying and planning what to take with us? For clothes will always be an important item of a woman's vacation. Every woman likes to look her best, especially when she is casting off the shackles of household work or business routine for a brief season.

What makes up a really good holiday? Of course we all pray for good weather and we all like not to be stinted for money; there is nothing so galling as to have to stay at home from some excursion because we are afraid our funds may be exhausted before the return journey is made. But can a woman have an enjoyable holiday anywhere if she hasn't the right clothes?

First of all, don't take a lot of clothes, for taking a lot of clothes means taking a lot of luggage and that will mean added trouble and expense.

We recently took a trip overseas accompanied by a club bag and grip. When we arrived everyone exclaimed that they never knew anyone come so far with so little luggage, but the outfit had taken a year of anxious thought!

Obviously what to take will depend upon where you are going and what you are going to do, but the average person does not need evening gowns and opera cloaks, and hand baggage can easily be made to fill the bill.

A coat is a necessity. It is often cold, even in July and August. The well-dressed Frenchwoman never wears a suit "en voyage." She knows that it will need pressing before the end of the trip. The loose coat or cape over a dark dress or sports skirt and tunic or blouse, with a small, smart hat, is the best travelling apparel. Of course, if you are going overseas a heavy coat is almost indispensable as even in midsummer there are wintry days in mid-ocean.

Flowers and feathers are not suitable for travelling. If worn, they have a way of looking draggled at the end of the journey and, if packed, they emerge with the appearance of being worsted in a fight. A traveling hat should be small and smart, trimmed with perhaps a jaunty bow or buckle or quill according to fashion's decree, the kind of hat that will retain its smart look through rain or wind. A sports hat will always go in a corner of the grip and if you are the type that goes in for picture hats, buy one when you get there.

WE know two English girls who went to Muskoka for two weeks. They took muslins and gingham and silks, large hats and small hats, and naturally their trunks were the largest ever seen at the hotel. Everyone else, mostly Americans, wore sports clothes all the time and the two girls returned to the city sadder and wiser.

Shoes take up a lot of room and surely it is not necessary to take more than two or three pairs. We don't see how anyone could dispense with a pair of Oxfords for boat or train, a pair of pumps for evening wear and probably a pair of suede or canvas shoes, but more would appear to be unnecessary.

We draw the line at taking organdies and voiles and muslins on a trip. If a woman must have a light dress let it be a crepe de chine or shantung silk or a ratine. We would never venture far afield without that *piece de resistance*, a black crepe de chine or canton crepe or satin, whichever is in vogue, for it will do for almost any occasion and you will never be without anything to wear—that fatal feeling.

If we took a pleated skirt away—and we did once—we would certainly wear it "in transit," for pleats have a nasty way of getting "unput" in the packing.

Modern clothes lend to the compactness of the travelling trousseau. Costume slips take up less room than the old time underskirt and camisole, whether packed or worn, and step-ins are a space-saver. Don't forget to take a pair of dark silk (or heavier material) bloomers, if you are going by boat. They combine warmth and wisdom if it is blowy.

We advise a dark kimona; it has a better, richer look than a cotton crepe or even a light silk one. We saw a great variety on our trip overseas, one lady venturing into the dining saloon for breakfast attired in a kimona of red silk, on the back of which was embroidered a gold dragon. Her triumphant way to her place was barred courteously, but firmly by the head steward and, to his whispered invitation, the lady left the saloon with a face as red as her kimona. On a Pullman nothing looks in better taste than a navy or black kimona, or a cotton or flowered crepe of not too bright a color. Quilted and flannelette gowns are all right at home but have a bedroommy look abroad.

If you can afford it, use crepe de chine or silk for undies. It is easily washed out in the wash basin, saving laundry bills and packing of soiled underwear; but if your purse doesn't run to such luxuries—and ours doesn't—we would suggest cotton crinkly crepe for nighties and mull for step-ins. Many girls travel with their faithful friend—the little light-weight electric iron, and this, of course, solves many problems.

We must confess ourselves to a weakness for shantung silk for bloomers and step-ins. It is not expensive and wears well. Silk sounds more extravagant than it really is.

For dresses, coats and slips, if one's purse isn't large, there is nothing better than ringing the changes on beige, grey and navy, with something white or cream or colored as an extra special. Every woman has a special color and she can always have a touch of it on coat or hat or dress.

At some summer resorts, hats are not worn, so don't be without a ribbon bandeau and plenty of hairnets and if you are a bobbed lady don't forget your curlers as it may be miles to a barber's. We do envy the damsel with the naturally curly locks, especially on a holiday. She can cast care—and her curls—to the wind.

Our experience is that once you have cut down on shoes and coats and hats the rest is easy. Dresses and undies nowadays can be packed away into such small space that any woman should be able to go away for weeks—or even months—with only a club bag and a suit case. After lots of holidays with trunks and one without any, we wouldn't take a journey accompanied by any baggage we couldn't grasp ourselves—though, of course, there is no need to carry anything if you can get someone else to carry it for you!

The art of story writing is pruning and pruning and pruning. So it is with packing. Cut down what you may take to what you must take, and then cut down again. The next trip we take overseas—if we are ever lucky enough to be able to afford one—we are going to take only a club bag and leave the grip at home. By the time we are only able to travel with an attendant we shall probably have reduced the travelling outfit to such a science that we shall be able to take a club bag for the two of us!

Here's to your next vacation—without trunks.



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The Organ, and Organ Playing

By Arthur Mason

THE organ and organ-playing enjoy, it may fairly be said, a popularity which is as widespread as that of any form of music. For very many among that great public who love music instinctively, and though they have little technical knowledge of the art, the music of the organ has unfailing appeal, while the musically expert public number among them many thousands of organists, and hosts of people who take pleasure in listening to the instrument.

It is true that there are others, musically instructed folk mostly, who find the organ a defective instrument, who point to the monotony of organ-tone, to the organ's inadequacy in rhythm—the life-blood of music, and to the level sameness, in consequence, of the music of the organ, as fatal deficiencies in a musical instrument. And to some extent those complaints are justified. But they are only partly justified in respect of the organ itself. On examination, it would almost always be found that the heaviness, the monotony, the lack of either tonal or rhythmical variety discerned by its critics in the music of the organ, spring not nearly so much from inherent defects of the instrument as from lack of some or other quality in the music played, or in the player of that music.

Even the most enthusiastic lover of the organ has cause to lament the dry-bone character of very much of the music written for and played upon the organ. It is often uninspired music, it is often music written for a few of the tonal capabilities of the instrument, to the neglect of many other of its tonal capabilities, and it is often music the composer of which appears to have relied less on the intrinsic quality of his music as music, than on the easily-achieved effect possible to that music by reason of the easily-achieved and instant impressiveness of organ-tone. The music of the piano is of unending delight largely because of the varied use its composers make of the powers of that instrument. If piano music were constantly the music of a few octaves in the middle of the key-board, and music of a level solidity of tone, it would soon become dull, and the piano would soon decline in fame. Yet a very great deal of organ music hopes to be attractive to the listener by means of rolling harmonies in the middle of the organ keyboard, and in the foundation diapason tone of the instrument, tone which, noble as it is essentially, needs, more than most musical tone needs, relief and change if it is not to result at least in music that is monotonous—it is the very word for music of one-tone quality—in music that is confused, and sometimes in music that is meaningless.

FURTHER, that easy achievement of music by the organ, as the result of the easily-achieved and instant impressiveness of organ-tone, results in a considerable amount of organ-playing which is not calculated to clear the instrument of the charge of defectiveness. There is probably no other instrument which allows the performer so much result for a little skill. He has merely to press a button and the instrument does quite a lot for him. The tones of a dozen stops are instantly in action. By means of them the simplest chord he plays owns an entirely borrowed grandeur, and with little more than elementary executive accomplishment he produces music of richly voluminous splendor. The pianist and the violinist must give years of work to the acquirement of an adequate performing skill. Many organ players, on the contrary, resemble those so many singers who, having at their command, just as he has, an instrument capable of quick results, are satisfied with quick results. In their case it is the voice, and if it is a voice of quality, singing of an agreeable sort—though not the singing of the accomplished singer—is possible to it after only partial cultivation of it. A certain measure of musical result in organ-playing, similarly, can be acquired at cost of but little labor, since the instrument itself, on its mechanical side, is capable of so much. And if there were fewer organ-players content with the musical results possible to a small amount of acquired skill plus the mechanical aids of the instrument, and if there were more of the real artist-organists who give years to the task of equipping themselves as artists, whose music results almost entirely from their

own artistry, and whose wide range of artistic resource enables them to play an organ not as the organ itself and its mechanism direct, but as their own artistry suggests, then we should hear much less than we do of the defectiveness of the organ as a musical instrument.

MUSIC suffers grievous injury at the hands of enthusiasts who insist that what has been must be better than what it is. Dull music of bygone ages is placarded as good music, and claimed, sometimes unbelievably, as attractive music, apparently because other music of those ages is undoubtedly good and attractive music. But no instrument of music suffers so badly in this respect as the organ, since the bygone organ, the only music suited to it, and the only method of playing it are constantly urged as commanding the performance of similar music and the employment of similar methods of organ-playing today, though the organ itself, thanks to the inventiveness and the artistry of modern organ-builders, is a transformed instrument. It is obedience to this command which accounts for much of the criticism of the organ as a musical instrument. The organ of today, it is true, resembles the organ of centuries ago in respect of its foundation tone. But the organ, of centuries ago had little, if anything, more than foundation tone, whereas the organ of today owns a wealth of varied tones which allow its player a variety of performance unimagined by the player of olden times. And the mechanism of the present organ is a wonderful array of ingenuity which has expanded beyond calculation the powers of the instrument and the artistic possibilities of organ-performance. Yet it is insisted that real organ-playing should concern itself almost entirely with foundation tone, with solidly contrapuntal music, and generally with a use of the instrument which ignores the organ's development out of its primitive stage to a level which allows it not only an entirely different range of music, but an entirely different calibre of performance.

Using the organ of today, as it is capable of being used, the artist-organist can make a music that shall all-express him as effectually or almost as effectually and with quite as attractive a display of artistry of performance as can the artist-pianist or violinist. But while he uses the organ of today as he would have used the organ of 200 years ago, it is not at all surprising to find the organist's music regarded as dull, unrhythmical, of little variety of expression, and so, for the most part, unattractive.

To play the modern organ in the modern way, moreover, is not at all to use it in a cheap, a flippant, or a foolish way. It can be so played, and it is so played, by many artist-organists, and still retains its dignity, its solemnity, its charms—still retain the qualities which make it the instrument it is. It must be so played in the concert-room and the recital-hall if it is not merely to command but to deserve an appreciation of concert and recital audiences in any degree similar to that enjoyed by other solo instruments. And it may be so played, and is so played—with artistry, with insight, with imaginative reach—in that finest use of it, its use in sacred worship. There, the music of the organ has been a solace, or an inspiration, for millions. There, more than anywhere, it owns an unrivalled power to calm, to invigorate, to exalt. There, unquestionably, is and will remain its noblest function, and there, if any need to seek it, he will most surely find proof of the organ's claim to be a great instrument of music.

What is a Musical Person?

Many people say they are not musical, but that they know what they like, or that they know a good tune when they hear it. Well, if they like the music they know, they are quite entitled to regard themselves as musical. And if, in addition to knowing a good tune when they hear one, they also know a bad tune when they hear one, there can be no doubt that they are musical. Anybody who can whistle a tune, or hum a song, join in a hymn, or listen with interest to a musical instrument, is musical and could develop his or her standard of musical appreciation by singing more and listening more.



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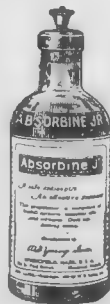
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This was effected when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company pierced the Rockies, a range of mountains that so far have defied the wildest flights of genius to bring them home to the imagination either by tongue or pen or by any process of pictorial reproduction. There can be only one way to know "The Rockies" and their matchless kaleidoscopic beauty, and that way is to see them.

There may be similar effects to be seen in other parts of the world, but even where these are so freely accessible as are "The Rockies," they appear in comparison as the work of pygmies, or as fragments which had dropped by the wayside from this procession of the giants in its march across the world.

If there ever had been such a trek, something seems to have halted it on the western hinterland of North America—held up—one might imagine, by the great ice barrier to the north. At all events there it has come to anchor and there those stupendous ramparts of an older world than science knows anything about will doubtless remain till the "Crack of doom."

Not till about 39 years ago was it possible for the ordinary citizen of the world to see this amazing and wholly unexplored portion of his heritage. From that date, however, with ever-increasing facility, the Canadian Pacific Railway System has brought this first wonder of the world as easily within the reach of the man-in-the-street from anywhere, as it is for him to take a car ride around his own home town or prairie township.

Here it is!—practically at our own doors.

In business depression, as in this season of the year, we have touched the low corner of the shortest day and are going up to summer. Spring-time in Canada is the season which offers bright prospects, the season of preparation for the annual summer vacation, when the care of business may be cast aside for a spell and the full enjoyment of old Dame Nature indulged in.

All past experience and the wonderful condition of 1925 justifies the belief that this will be the greatest of all years in which to see the West and to see it in a setting of splendor and affluence that has never been excelled if equalled by anything in the memory of the oldest pioneer or habitual globe-trotter.

As we write, the blackness and russet of the prairie is giving place everywhere to a rich, restful carpet of green, and the trees are donning their many-shaded garments of the same matchless drapery.

A little later, when the wheat is in the short-blade the prospect is one to put heart into men that could never be injected by dividends and dollar bills, for here, in fact, is the one thing that guarantees a continuity of dollar bills and dividends, and all they mean in human felicity.

A little later still and we will have a

scene in the golden grain fields that beggars description. Like "The Rockies" it must be seen and its atmosphere felt. To the man whose soul is atune to the greatest theme in human experience, at such a time there's no music more sweet than the whirr of the binder, and no lyric so rich in temperament as the song of the harvester.

Having made the passage of the prairies we come to the foot-hills and a

When he reaches the end of the steel at Vancouver he can take one of the richly appointed "Princess" line of steamers and make a ten-day cruise to Alaska, returning across the Rockies by a choice of different routes without once leaving the Canadian Pacific Lines.

All this can be drunk in and lived in to the full at an expenditure of time and money so small that it seems incredible

until it has been presented in black and white. It is quite within the mark to say that there is nothing of the kind the world over—taken for pleasure—for its priceless educational value, or as a health restorative—in which so much is accomplished for so trifling an outlay. And there is no lagging or killing time waiting for transportation if the desire of the traveller is to make time and see it all. Three splendid-

ly equipped transcontinental trains cross the Rockies daily over the Canadian Pacific, including the "Trans-Canada Limited," Canada's fine, fast transcontinental train-de-luxe. All of these carry open-top observation cars throughout the scenic sections of the mountains in both directions, thus giving the tourist the advantage of seeing the wonderful panorama from every angle.

Not the least of all the attractions of the Rockies open in the holiday season are the delightful bungalow camps at Lake Wapta, Lake Windermere, Lake O'Hara, Emerald Lake and the Yoho Valley Camp in the Yoho Valley. In many respects these are par-excellence, the last word in social delight. Friendships have been generated around the fires and cozy corners of these camps that have ripened into what are likely to prove life-long interest and affection. Indeed, that is the invariable experience of any excursion mapped out over this incomparable all-Canadian joy-ride.

The Quest

I went a journey with my Soul,
Into the vastness of the Night.
We wandered through Forgotten Joys,
The primrose path of Heart's Delight.
But strange, full strange, no power had they
My pulse to quicken by a beat.
Ghosts of the Long Ago they were,
Dead petals falling round my feet.

The sighing of the cedar trees,
A lake, well-named "The Vale of Tears,"
More strongly touched my dormant heart,
A heart grown harder with the years.
I asked my Soul, "Where is the goal,
The end, the aim for which men seek?"
In Pleasure's bowers the joyous hours
Pass like a flower, small and weak;
While Sorrow's stings insistent bring
Old Memories, so wrought with pain,
Of things most dear, of Hope, of Fear,
A wish to Paradise regain.
Answering full calm my Spirit sighed,
"Wouldst know in truth the only goal?"

"Frail Mortal, though thou gain the World,
"Tt profits nought, if lost thy Soul!"
—Agnes Reed.



Open-top observation car through the Rockies



Empress Hotel, Victoria

transformation scenes like the aurora in the northern heavens.

Here, perhaps, or within easy distance from this spot by rail, motor, saddle-horse or a-pied, one can quickly be transported to some of the most entrancing resort and camping grounds to be found in a truly Alpine setting, for around Lake Louise there is something in scene and circumstance that men can see and feel and appreciate, that they cannot see anywhere else on earth.

Seated in a comfortable observation chair or open-top observation car, the tourist may glide down the Kicking Horse Canyon through the Columbia Valley, and then up and away into the mighty "Selkirks." He may dip south to the shores of the enchanting Lake Windermere or into the beautiful orchards of the Okanagan country.

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The Golden Voice

Continued from page 7

he had driven through the crowded streets, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. He sat down to think of other means, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Coheen, the manager, who had dropped in for a chat.

"Say, Shannon, have you heard? The people are raving over the voice of some young goddess who sells flowers on the River drive. I was wondering if we could capture her. If she is as beautiful and clever as they say, she would be an acquisition to the chorus or, perhaps, take the solo part in the new work we are putting on. Do you think we could find her?"

"Well, that to me is a trifle difficult, since I have been trying for some time," replied Shannon.

"Oh, then, you have heard her," he said in surprise.

"Yes."

"What do you think of her—the voice I mean?" queried Coheen.

"Marvelous."

To Michael, Metto had become a capable assistant in the store and had learned the details of the trade so quickly that he granted her earnest request to go to the market.

"It will help me so much, Michael," Metto said in a voice that could not be refused.

The great market square was filled with a motley crowd. Metto arrived early and jostled with the hucksters in getting a place in the long line of carts. Bembo passed, looking with greedy eyes on her fruit. The day was hot, the deafening noise, the oppressive air, the feverish anxiety which possessed those who sold their wares, together with the strange atmosphere, soon began to have an effect upon Metto. Her head throbbed. To seek some relief, she went to a wide sparkling fountain in the centre of the square to bathe her aching brow. While leaning over its rim, watching the many-colored fish flash in and out of the rockery, a shadow darkened its depths. She looked up. It was the stranger. He smiled.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said as he extended his hand. Metto, too surprised to reply, blushed deeply.

"You see, I have not forgotten, and have longed to hear your golden voice again," he said with fervor.

"It is kind of you to say so," Metto replied warmly. They stood watching the spray as it tossed like a silvery mist to the placid depths below.

"Perhaps I could interest you." He spoke in a voice of deep concern. "The National Opera Company are preparing a musical festival and are giving prizes to encourage musicians who have had to—" He stopped. Metto's eyes were blurred with tears. He led her to a seat. "I am sorry," he said gently.

"It is stupid of me," Metto said, trying to control her feelings. Encouraged by his kindness she told him the story of their struggles, of her mother's illness. "She is the only one who can help me now," she said sadly.

"I should count myself happy if I could be of any service to you. I am Raphael Shannon."

"The composer?" Metto asked, her eyes filled with wonder.

"The same," he replied in level tones.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Shannon, but I could not think of it." Metto replied; then she suddenly remembered her duty and jumped up. "Oh, I had forgotten. Please excuse me," and ran back to her place.

She stood aghast. It was empty. She searched everywhere and, at last, realized with a sinking heart someone had stolen her cart. The way home was long, as with weary steps, Metto returned to Michael's. He started when he saw she was empty-handed.

"What is it, little one?" as he noted her look of discomfiture.

"I am so sorry, Michael," and, choking to keep back the tears, bravely told him everything.

He spoke to Marya in their own language so that Metto was at a loss to know the cause of the anxious look in Marya's eyes as Michael left the shop. He returned after some time with Met-

to's concertina tucked under his arm. He gave it to her.

"Bembo will not trouble you again, little one," Michael said and turned to greet Dr. Bressy. After giving an encouraging report of Madame Lugi, he asked Metto to accompany him while he made some calls.

Delighted to do so, she went to dress and returned in a few moments. A long blue cape lined with scarlet covered a simple dress while her wavy black hair, coiled around her head, was covered with a crimson cap. The doctor gave a smile of satisfaction as he handed her in the car. After making some hurried calls, he drew up in front of an imposing looking building. Metto gasped with wonder as she read the sign: "The National Opera."

"Please, Dr. Bressy—I did not know," she hesitated.

"Oh, come. I am sure you will enjoy it," the doctor said as he gave his hand to help her out. While passing one of the ushers, he gave him a note and, without a word, led Metto through the wing to a seat in a loggia.

It was a rehearsal of an old Italian opera. The spacious building, the gorgeous scenery, the wonderful music, were like wine to Metto. Something innate made her feel perfectly at ease in the atmosphere they created. She was quite familiar with the work from having heard her mother sing it.

"Where is the principal?" Metto asked Dr. Bressy as the play proceeded.

"She has been called away and her understudy is ill. Shannon, who is directing, is at a loss to know what to do. Do you know the opera, Miss Lugi?"

"Quite well."

At that moment, Raphael Shannon found them. The men shook hands heartily, with a whispered word of thanks from Shannon. With a grave sweeping bow Dr. Bressy introduced the two whom Fate, in a strange way, had brought together.

"Why, Shannon, Miss Lugi tells me she knows the opera."

Raphael Shannon looked amazed. "I have never sung it in public, Mr. Shannon."

"Perhaps you could help us, Miss Lugi." "Do you think I could?" Metto asked eagerly.

"I am sure of it and the acting is quite simple."

"Then shall we say tomorrow?" suggested Shannon in a tone of pleasant anticipation and relief.

Metto spent the morning with Dr. Bressy, who, like an old Maestro, went through the parts with her and accompanied her to the rehearsal. There was some doubt in the minds of those present when a slight, girlish figure came from the side and knelt in the centre of the stage. The song was one of entreaty. It was sung from a heart inured to grief and sadness in throbbing sympathy and a passionate appeal. Every emotion was studied by Raphael Shannon, who congratulated himself that he had not made a mistake in his choice. He met her as she came out.

"Miss Lugi, I cannot express my deep admiration for the beauty and excellence of your performance. You will have no difficulty in taking the parts."

Day after day Metto returned with greater earnestness for her work.

On the opening evening, the National Opera House was filled with an enthusiastic and expectant audience. Metto showed a slight tremor as she stood before the sea of faces, but, looking down towards the orchestra, she met a smile of encouragement. She thrilled and, like a bird exulting in the sunny heavens, she sang; sang herself into the hearts of the people. Wave after wave of applause broke from the audience. Impatiently they waited for her next appearance.

When the curtain went down for the last time, Dr. Bressy rose from the piano and grasped the hand of Raphael Shannon.

"Did you ever see such superb acting? And her singing!" He shook his hand and turned away to wipe his eyes.

Continued on page 68



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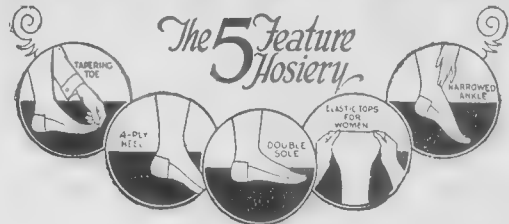
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The Ghost at Blue Canyon

Continued from page 8

"On the contrary he's one of the healthiest little beggars I ever saw—for his age."

"Where did you—"

"He was born at midnight twenty miles up the canyon. His mother died. There was nobody else, so I brought him away."

The rider as he spoke was looking at me with a pair of intent dark eyes. It was clear he was worried about the infant.

"Do you know anything about babies?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Not very much. I'm afraid. But I'll do what I can. Will you come inside and tell me what to do?"

I spoke with more assurance than I really felt. As it seemed to be a case of any port in a storm the rider jumped down at once and, throwing the bridle over a ram-pike, followed me indoors.

"He's Russian so I'm taking him down to the valley where a family I know will take charge of him," said the young man. "In the hut where he was born there weren't even the simplest necessities. I got the call hurriedly and fortunately had a few things in my bag—yes, that sweet oil is just what I need. Any fine powder? Thanks. Draw that blind a bit for his eyes mustn't get the full sun."

"You seem to know just what to do," I remarked. "Are you by any chance a doctor?"

"Oh, pardon, Doc. Rupe North at your service!" he said. "I am a chump all right. I'm rather dull in the upper story owing to the loss of two night's sleep. I'll take a fresh towel, please."

We both worked rapidly. The baby cried lustily at intervals—a splendid omen, Doctor North said. The latter, by the way, wasn't a bit good-looking. (I dislike handsome men!)

I caught him in a full-blown yawn, presently.

"You'd better go home and go to bed," I suggested, bluntly.

"A good idea," he agreed. "Only—"

"Yes?" I prompted as he broke off, flushing.

"I haven't got any home to go to in order to pound my ear."

"No home!"

"None but a tent halfway between here and the base of Old Baldy. You see, until the other day I occupied this snug abode. Haven't you stumbled on some of my things?"

"You lived here? How do you mean? The teacher—"

"Yea, verily. I was the schulemarm! You got my note?"

So that accounted for the shaving-mug I'd found in the pantry! And for the numerous phials and pill-boxes!

WELL, of course, I thanked him for the kindly welcome, beginning with the lamp and ending with the newly-starched curtains—which had warmed my heart that night (was it only Friday!) but he pooh-poohed my gratitude. He said he'd had to learn to turn his hand to anything. Lung trouble a year ago had brought him up here. He was cured but would remain throughout the summer to make assurance doubly sure. He was glad to have been of some help to the Blue Canyon families in their occasional sicknesses but the isolation was wearing in the extreme. There wasn't an English-speaking soul within twenty or thirty miles.

"And that dashed bell!" he exclaimed. "It's driven six or seven teachers away and scared off as many prospective ones. By the way, have you heard it?"

His deft hands had finished their task. We were sitting opposite each other, both of us palpably glad of company. His eyes—glowing, penetrating eyes with just a hint of melancholy in them—watched me anxiously. I felt that I was being gauged, that my courage was undergoing a sharp testing, and instinctively I braced myself.

"I heard something," I admitted. "You rather made a mystery of the thing and I—"

"It is a mystery."

"I'm hard to convince. Why don't you make them stop?"

"Make who stop?" and he smiled.

"Whoever is ringing that bell."

"Ah!" he said soberly. "If only we knew that! You evidently think as I thought—that it is someone playing tricks. When I came here I laughed at the terror that filled the breasts of these superstitious foreigners. No one would live here in this cabin. It was too close to 'the bell.' Teachers came and stayed a week or so and left. It was all they could do to persuade the children to attend school. At last I volunteered to live in the cabin—I'd been using a tent up till that—and also to teach until a permanent teacher could be obtained. This I've been doing since last September. Sometimes in the middle of an arithmetic lesson I'd be called to attend a sick man. It was a very strenuous but not uninteresting life. But I'll have to admit that the bell tried my patience. Sometimes for a week it would be silent but suddenly it would peal forth again—no joyish wedding-bellish peal either, but a monotonous dingle-dangle that was—well, damnable. No other word fits the case."

I nodded understandingly.

"I've ridden over all these trails," he went on, "and forded every fordable stream. I've penetrated into the deepest fastnesses and that will-o'-the-wisp bell always fell silent just as I thought I had the hot scent. Once I'd have sworn it was right over my head! The Indians are so scared they've cleared right out. There's black magic in it, they think."

"What do you think?"

"Well, I'm convinced of one thing: no human hand is ringing that bell."

I must have turned a little white for he went on hurriedly: "I don't want to alarm you but now you're here I feel it's only fair to acquaint you with the facts. I wanted to be the first to tell you."

I nodded. And I thought how lucky for Margaret Smithson that she'd been sidetracked!

"Two years ago a man disappeared and he's believed to have been murdered. That was in March and the bell rings almost continuously in that month. His body is supposed to have been thrown into some deep crevasse in these canyons, but it's never been found. Now if, knowing all this, you want to pack up at once—"

"Someone's got to stay and teach those kids," I heard myself murmuring.

Oh, Miss Smithson would never stay here! And having pretended all along that I was the teacher I just had to stick it out. This was evidently the "nice trustee."

"I'll get a rig and drive you to the crossing any time you say. You—pardon me—hardly look rigorous enough for mountain life to say nothing of this nerve-wracking spook business."

"Do you think I'm a quitter?" I demanded. "And why didn't you label yourselves 'haunted' and not bring an unsuspecting girl across a continent?"

"We don't want the kind of teacher that's likely to get cold feet," he broke in, quickly. "Besides, I've always understood that Bluenose people are hard to scare."

"I'm not a Bluenose," I said mournfully.

SO I explained about the error I'd made at the Crossing, and I told him he might as well consider Miss Smithson a total loss because she'd never stay now, that in all likelihood she'd already taken the first train east, and no one could blame her. I wasn't at all communicative about myself. I didn't tell him that this was my very first real adventure, or that I was practically an Easterner though losing no opportunity to refer to myself as a Westerner! I just told him what I thought he should know and no more.

"Then do you remain—or not?" he asked.

I straightened up and took a long breath. He had put the question in such a way that I felt as though I were before a stern tribunal. Old Irish folk-lore stories flooded my mind, and my childish belief in fairies revived all in an instant. My pulses beat madly. That danger-defying instinct which is the heritage of the Celtic races stiffened my spine. A kind of eager, terrified delight thrilled me. I'd see the spook hanged first!

"I'll stay," I said simply.

I read approval in the doctor's eyes. As trustee, sealing a bargain with an employee, he insisted upon shaking hands. Then I got him some breakfast and when he had eaten he took the baby and rode away again. I didn't see him for a week.

I think it was the longest week of my life! I fared forth valiantly and taught the school and I cooked my meals and attended to the parrot and worried a little about what Mother would say and then resolved not to tell her for a while but to write Babs and enlist her aid in keeping up the bluff to the home folks. After all I might not be so courageous when I'd heard the bell again. I too might turn tail and flee homeward.

Concluded in the July issue

The Golden Voice

Continued from page 67

Raphael Shannon went quickly to his room. It was here the manager found him an hour later. "A new star has risen, Shannon."

"A star which, for brilliance, will never be eclipsed," he replied with fervor.

A new life opened to Metto, her name flashing from billboards fulfilled the prophecy of Raphael Shannon, who had constituted himself as her manager and was arranging her engagements.

The crisp air and brilliant sunshine had deepened the roses in Metto's cheeks. She leaned forward eagerly waiting to catch a glimpse of the glorious view ahead.

"We will soon be there dear," Raphael Shannon said as the car swung around the crest of the mountain.

Metto turned her eyes, bright with lovelight.

"I am so glad, Raphael, to be at home once again," she whispered.

Help Wanted

Continued from page 16

"You—you haven't changed much, Steve."

"Neither have you," he lied gallantly.

"Did you bring Parnassus?"

"Yes. Was that just a way to unite old friends or did you want it for some reason?"

"I need it dreadfully. My own was burned—by accident, of course, and I—I did an awful thing. Come into an alcove where we can talk."

She told him all her misfortunes, except that she gallantly refused to speak ill of her husband. He guessed a part of what she did not tell.

"You've never written any verse since these?" he asked, patting the copy of "Parnassus" he held.

"Only one, an unhappy one. I have forgotten it—all but three lines:

"Then came evening after day—
Then came night—
All my dreams were swept away'."

"Poor little kid," he said.

Stephen Brant swore that his copy of "Parnassus" was priceless and gladly gave it to Mrs. Douer. When he left to see her to her lodgings, it had been arranged that Mrs. Douer would pronounce acquittal when she should have paid for the volume on its return from the bindery.

Miss Sanford was glad the incident was closed and she and Dan settled back into the ordinary routine of library work.

THE next evening brought Stephen Brant again to the library. He looked over magazines, chatted pleasantly with Miss Sanford and Dan, and five minutes before the library was to close, departed with a ponderous work on etymology. The next evening he came again, this time bringing roses for Miss Sanford's desk. The efficient Miss Sanford was touched. She smiled unprofessionally for the first time in years. The third evening Mr. Brant was given a lesson in library work and walked about seeking books for Miss Sanford. He had brought candy which Miss Sanford placed on a shelf below the desk. From time to time she slipped chocolates to Brant and Dan. She seemed unusually gay, much



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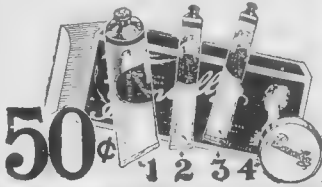
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more talkative than usual, and decidedly amiable. Dan eyed her wonderingly.

The next night Dan was entirely disgusted. When he got there Miss Sanford was at the desk as usual—and yet decidedly not as usual. She was flushed and excited. Her cheeks were flushed, or "painted" as Dan judged, her head presented audacious waves, yea, flaunted them, and her blouse of Georgette crepe trailed a blue ribbon from its neck ruffle. How different from the capable Miss Sanford of smooth, inoffensive coiffures and strictly tailored waists. "Paint and kid-curlers and ribbons!" mumbled Dan. Obviously he disapproved. It is true that probably the girls he liked best of all his acquaintances outdid Miss Sanford in this, her giddiest array. Yet they had always been so—it was to be expected—and Miss Sanford had changed overnight. She seemed entirely unaware of Dan's altered attitude and even lavished upon him unsought smiles. When Mr. Brant came in she simpered and giggled like a flapper and fooled with the rubber stamp and traced circles on the desk. Dan hastily got rid of the books turned in and fled from the desk to escape the spectacle of a fallen idol.

He was surprised shortly after his retreat to be accosted by Mr. Brant in one of the alcoves. "Dan, are you sensible—I mean, could I ask you something?"

"I hope so."

"Of all the senseless women! Every night I come here and never get a chance to speak. All she does is giggle and let my hints go for nothing. I—I beg your pardon; she's your chief."

"That's all right—only I don't see what you're driving at."

"My dear boy, I've been hanging around this library until I'm frantic—hanging around for Alice—er—Mrs. Douer."

"Uh-huh."

"Yes. How many nights is it? She hasn't shown up once. I thought she was supposed to be so fond of this place."

"Oh, that was only 'Parnassus!' Say, why don't you go to her house? Miss Sanford knows where she lives—why, you do, too!"

"A lot I do! She's moved."

"I didn't know."

"Well, she has. She's moved out and left no word with Mrs. Brown and taken the child from the home. I've chased around enough and it doesn't do any good. The devil of it is she's running away from me. She said something about doing things for her out of pity—and a lot of rot. That was the last time I saw her."

"Why don't you try Miss Sanford again. Ask her right out."

Stephen Brant turned on his heel and strode directly to the desk. "Miss Sanford, has Mrs. Douer ever settled up for the book?"

Miss Sanford had forgotten all about her efficiency. She looked as if the problem were too much for her. "Why, why, yes, Mr. Brant" (in a syrupy tone). "she sent a cheque this morning—I believe."

"She's moved, you know. Perhaps you could tell me her address?"

"Oh, no! Why, I didn't know she had moved. I hope it's to a better neighborhood. It was so stuffy down there. How I wish she might have had these roses, the poor thing! You were lovely to bring them, Mr. Brant. I don't know how I survived the days when you were not here to make everything a pleasure."

Dan plucked at his sleeve. "For the love o' Mike, come over here where I can talk to you. No! farther off—so she can't hear."

"All right. What is it?"

"Now look, didn't she say Mrs. Douer sent a cheque? Well, they'll know at the bank—know her address."

"Would they?"

"They do—of course they do! They have to inform of changed address immediately. Ask Miss Sanford what bank the cheque is on."

Brant once more accosted Miss Sanford, then patted Dan on the back with some enthusiasm, murmuring, "The Industrial Bank, the Industrial Bank. You are all right, Dan."

Miss Sanford was hurt at Mr. Brant's hasty departure, but she did not guess how joyfully he left her.

Continued on page 70

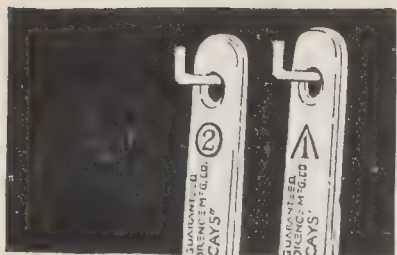
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La Reine d'Yvetot

Continued from page 11

"I feel faint, my boy," he said, "I feel faint."

MIMI and her poet were in despair, for Papa Poinsett positively refused to give his consent to the marriage unless the poet's mother chose to welcome his daughter as her own, and not only welcome her, but royally welcome her and rejoice in the alliance. Was not Mimi Poinsett queen of Yvetot?

"The idea! Descendants of kings and queens! The St. Cecilia Society barred to Mimi Poinsett!" Papa Poinsett made a great parade of indignation, grumbling all the time in the hearing of the lovers and winking merrily when they were not looking.

"But it shall be arranged, my angels," he told them one evening. "Take the good word of an honest Provencal. This descendant of kings and queens, the poet's mother, will find that honor and glory were for her as a mother when her darling boy was accepted as the prince consort of La Reine d'Yvetot."

And then, having quaffed from a battered old silver goblet, he slapped his fat thigh, twirled his silver mustache, twirled his little gray imperial and burst into song:

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était la!
La, la!"

He bade his angels have patience and when they were not around he proceeded with his plot, a plot that started in his merry old noggin at the moment he learned that the poet's mother was none other than his old Mimi of the dear days in France, the same creature that had cruelly forgotten him after going to a convent, and had married the man who was to become the father of the poet and then pass away to gather with his own fathers.

"Ohe!" sighed Papa Poinsett, as he took from a wooden peg in his dining room his old guitar. He had freshly strung the instrument.

He twanged a chord, found his fingers still with their old cunning, and again rehearsed his serenade to his old love.

It was fully thirty years since she had heard that voice of his under her window. He recalled her half-stifled laughter from behind the closed shutters. He recalled her mother's flat declaration that he was a devil and would come to no good.

"Open Thy Window" was the song he sang oftenest then, but as she would never open it, he would always follow his tender appeal with the roaring Beranger ballad of the good little king.

He was ready to carry out the plot. The night he chose saw the full moon in the heaven, and the waters of the bay dancing in little silver waves.

Rose vines and bushes were heavy with their lovely offerings, while the opopanax trees were filled with little golden blossoms that touched the air with strange Oriental incense.

Papa Poinsett made his way to the Battery with his guitar slung over his shoulder.

He came to the house—her house. He tried the gate. The bolt was drawn. Papa Poinsett reached up and put his instrument on the broad top of the garden wall, and with a jump and a heavy grunt struggled up after it.

He had made sure that the poet's mother would be alone. It was the night when the servants were all away, and he knew the poet would not leave his sweetheart until sent home.

PAPA Poinsett struck the strings of his old guitar. He began singing very softly the serenade of sweetheart days. A light flashed in the room above him. He saw a form outlined through the light-filled crevices of the shutters.

His voice gradually reached the fullness of its power and beauty, and the big bass strings of the guitar sounded sonorously. If Papa Poinsett had put his whole soul into the "Sanctus" on Easter Sunday, his soul must have ripened and richened since then, for the melody of his voice was bewitching.

A second light appeared in the house. This time the hall opening on the piazza became bright.

The last splendid note of the serenade was ringing in the air when Mrs. Hampton stepped to the piazza, leaned on the railing and called:

"Can it be Antoine Poinsett? It is hardly believable."

"Mimi Villepontieux!" called back the serenader.

"C'est moi!" she answered.

"May I pay my respects, madame?" asked Papa Poinsett, bowing with a noble sweep of his chapeau as he stepped from the garden and its shadows into the path of light thrown from the hall.

"Antoine," said the old lady-love of the good little king, "I can hardly believe that it is you. How came you here? The last I heard of you was that you had gone to Canada as courier du bois. This Poinsett flower-grower I thought another of the same name."

She held out her hand and he took it, bent low before it, and kissed it with the gentle grace of a cavalier mindful of the respect due a gentlewoman.

"It is really Antoine Poinsett," he said. "I have been here all these years and did not know that you were living in the city. I found out when you son asked me for the hand of my daughter."

"Come in, Antoine," she said. He saw that her cheeks were rosy.

"You recall the song?" he asked.

She laughed. The sound was divine music to Papa Poinsett's ears.

"Your voice," she began, "is more beautiful than it was in your youth. I thought I was dreaming when I heard it."

She took a decanter from the side-board where cut glass and silver glittered in the light.

"I have a little of the Madeira left," she said. "May I fill a glass for you?"

He thanked her. It was the priceless Madeira for which the old city was famous—while it lasted.

"Madame, your eternal beauty," toasted Papa Poinsett.

She bowed and smiled.

"It is the same Antoine," she said, with a pretty affectation of gaiety.

"Not just the same," he protested. "I am serious for once in my life. My daughter is the apple of my eye as your son is of yours. I want her happiness above everything else in the world. She is beautiful and was named after you, in sacred recollection of you and the sweet-heart days of youth. I have abundant means. The two angels shall have everything to make them happy. Your boy is a poet. He will be a fine one; my daughter and my flowers shall make him a great poet."

"I withheld my consent," said Madame Hampton, "because, as I thought, I knew nothing of her father."

"I did really start for the woods of Canada," he said in explanation, "but I landed here and could not leave, for the flowers were so lovely. None in our Carcassonne is more beautiful. It was fate that held me here."

Papa Poinsett paused. The time had come for the perpetration of his plot. The great lady, the matron whose word was waited anxiously by every candidate for membership in the St. Cecilia, the descendant of kings, was to be his victim. He sorrowed, but it was for Mimi's sake.

"Your dear father, my lady," asked Papa Poinsett, "is he still living?"

A shadow seemed to pass over Madame Hampton's face.

"Yes," she replied.

"The splendid man!" exclaimed Papa Poinsett. "I rejoice. There was no baker in Carcassonne that could make such breakfast rolls as Papa Villepontieux made. And the little spice cakes—you remember them, Mimi?"

Madame Hampton betrayed uneasiness. "Yes," she faltered.

"It was no wonder that his bread sold so well and that he made a snug little fortune," the old rogue went on cunningly. "You remember his little old shop near the fish stalls?"

"Antoine," pleaded Madame Hampton, "do forget some of the things of youth."

"Ah!" exclaimed Papa Poinsett softly.

"How we do change in a generation. I was only anxious about my Mimi's happiness. I would like to know just how well she is going to marry. Good blood means so much, my dear lady."

"Promise me that you will not tell of these things that are best forgotten?" she asked.

"I promise," he replied. "I confidently expect that you will give your consent to the young people."

"You must send your daughter to me tomorrow," she told him.

WHEN the poet reached home at midnight he was surprised to behold his mother at the piano and at her side the good little king of Yvetot, standing and singing a love song with such wonderful power of voice and beauty that he stood on the threshold as if entranced until the last note died away.

"Then it is all fixed for us to marry!" cried the poet, as he kissed his mother and threw his arms about the neck of Papa Poinsett.

"Yes, my dear boy," replied the mother. "You must bring her to see me tomorrow. I can hardly wait that long. Is it really true that she is so beautiful?"

"She is a morning in May," said the poet.

When Papa Poinsett slung his old guitar over his shoulder again, a last sip of the old Madeira warming the cockles of his heart, Madame Hampton walked down the garden path with him to the gate.

"My girl and your boy, man and wife," he said in parting. "Mimi, it will be just as if we ourselves are marrying."

Help Wanted

Continued from page 69

The next evening he came again, bringing her another box of chocolates, but they did not kindle the usual joy in Miss Sanford's eyes because they were presented by Mrs. Douer, who accompanied him. "You've been so good to us, my dear! We've come to look at 'Parnassus' together."

Miss Sanford recovered sufficiently to smile as they departed for the bound periodicals. Dan withdrew from the desk before she could stop him and tip-toed down to spy on them. They were seated together, with "Parnassus" propped before them, turning the pages reverently. "Darling," said Mr. Brant, and repeated it as if he was happy to be privileged to say it. "Darling, we must bring little Peter home immediately."

"Yes, please, to enjoy the honeymoon."

"And to be ring-bearer."

Dan started to tip-toe away, but stopped to hear more.

"I wrote a little verse, today, Steve—for you."

"May I have it now, dear?"

"Not till the wedding breakfast."

"Is it a happy one?"

"The—the very happiest!"

Dan sped back to tell Miss Sanford and was surprised to find her not particularly enthusiastic. "You'd think she might be glad for the poor little thing," he said to himself.

But Miss Sanford was being sorry for herself.

The Wonders of Nature

Paul, aged seven, was enjoying his first trip to the Vacation Farm, and was further honored by sharing the driver's high seat during the ride from the station through the open country.

"What's that?" he shrilly demanded of the driver, pointing to a large animal grazing near the roadside.

"That there's a cow," replied his companion good-naturedly.

"What's them things on his head?"

"Them's horns. Didn't you know cows got horns?"

This amounted almost to a rebuff; but after a moment the little fellow asked timidly, "But how does he blow 'em?"

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The Fort Garry Gate

Written and Illustrated
By V. W. Horwood

THE history of Fort Garry Gate is interwoven with that of Winnipeg. It is the beginning and end of many turbulent trails, and it sits aside off Broadway, calmly in a little park of its once wide prairies. At night the hotel which bears its name, throws fiery shafts from the windows in its straight grey flanks, and from the Manitoba Club drifts the sound of motors. Across Main Street is shaken with the terrible, incomprehensible traffic of today, and the leaves drift close to it, and the trees bend, whispering to it of the days ago.

It always interested me, this link with savagery. Through the darkness of its battered gateway went the Shadows of Yesterday, and the sound of its revelry carried to the dusky trappers the news that here was home. And as its building forged the link between the Hudson's Bay Company and the wild Nor-Westerns, so it becomes a link with us and the past. I often sat down within it, and one warm September evening when the low sun shone opalescent in the yellows and reds of the dying leaves, I idly walked up its path, and if what I tell seems too crude and grotesque for serious consideration, yet it did happen, and I can refer you to my friend John Brewer, whose address can be obtained from me, or to the Medium, Professor Jones, and William Hafer, all of whom will vouch for what I relate. I might say that in no sense have I a belief in the supernatural—or whatever the cult is now called—being certain that all the so-called manifestations could be attributed to natural agencies. In fact, I sat in the seats of the scornful, a hard-headed business man with little patience with the fads which require paid mediums and all the paraphernalia of the conjurer. I did not believe in phenomena at a price, and even abhorred the idea of communion with a Spirit World. These were my opinions but—and it is a significant but—after what I saw and heard, and the results which came out of that relic of olden days, I was and am confused. Certainly a life was preserved which otherwise would have been lost, but I will tell the story plainly.

Walking leisurely toward the Gateway, trying to picture some of the scenes this bit of stone had witnessed, leaving in the street all the bustle of a city with its human pleasures and pangs, here was the beginning and end of many a weary trail—a lonely little fort at the forks of the Red, alone, self-sufficient, with savages in overwhelming numbers about it, yet such was the audacity of the white traders that law and justice were dealt out as they saw fit.

IT must have been a medieval scene on that Ascension Day in May, when the Metis celebrated Mass on the early morning over at St. Boniface, from where could be seen the little fort representing power, rearing its walls on the opposite river bank, with the defiant flag flaming in the wind. They were going across the river to defy the Great Company, who was trying one of their kin, Sayer, for illegal selling of furs. Turbulent fellows these Metis, yet kindly and considerate when they were not wronged. They assembled in the churchyard, with the bells clashing above them, and listened to the fiery speech of the Miller of the Seine, the father of Louis Riel, and then chanting the songs of the Bois Brule crossed the Red River at Point Douglas, marching some two hundred strong up the old trail of Main Street to the Fort, and there standing outside, with the watchman on the walls insolently sitting with one leg over the parapet, and a musket negligently in the crook of his arm. Ha! a servant of the Company! And a dull roar went up.

It must have taken nerve in the early days to defy the Great Company.

It is easy to hold up the mirror of history and see reflected that small Court House in the precincts of Fort Garry, with the lowering and dogmatic Judge Thom presiding, and the Miller of the Seine demanding Sayer's

acquittal. And his words were reinforced by two hundred dark-skinned, hawk-nosed, armed Metis. The Judge evidently thought of the adage of "discretion being the better part of valor" so acquitted Sayer on a technicality. Then the mournful bedside of Governor McTavish, while Riel pesters the sick and dying man until he utters the words, "Form a Government, for I cannot."

The tragedy of Scott, brutally executed—

I idly looked at the gloomy archway of the battered Gateway musing on the pomps and glories that had passed through it.

Then came a sound, someone sobbing—hopeless, bitter, wretched—not loud, just quiet and heart-rending.

"Who is it?" cried I, peering into the darkness. There was no answer, and the sounds of the city seemed far away.

"Who is there?" I again called and went cautiously into the gloom of the gateway. It was pitch dark, but in a few moments my eyes became so accustomed that I could perceive the shape of the dim interior but could not distinguish anything clearly.

"Who is there. Can I help you?" said I once more as the sobbing came from one side. I thought it must be some poor unfortunate of the streets and my heart went out in pity. Then the darkness became impalpable. I felt something eerie softly touching my clothes. I heard a street car go by eons away—a dog barked—and a swaying electric stabbed the darkness like a flaming sword: a cold wind breathed into the archway and I was conscious of a rigid expectancy.

Then through the darkness came a sound, low and sibilant, the quick thin breathing of a woman. I was held with clinging hands, and the sounds of

the city become dull drum taps on my ears, while the cheerful voices of men entering the Manitoba Club came through the night air; but there was a gap between us, unbridged, across which was the vitality of countless men.

I WAS alone, as in the loneliness of a nightmare. The moaning and sobbing had ceased and the interior of the gateway was filling with a luminous vapor which rolled and undulated in dim glimmering folds. Somehow, in some way I broke away from that clinging grasp, and with the sweat pouring down my face, gained the lighted street, where, somewhat ashamed, I pulled myself together and tried to laugh at my fears.

The next day I was lunching at Eaton's with John Brewer, and I told him jokingly of my experience of the previous night.

He looked at me thoughtfully.

"You don't believe in Spiritualism?"

"No," I returned vigorously.

"Well my boy, I can't account for your experiences unless you do, but it might have been a hypnotic influence. Do you know much of the history of that old fort?"

"Yes. I have always been interested in it. It seemed such a pity that the entire fort had not been left, and now that Gate, with its contrast against the whirl of modern life, often draws me."

"But do you know—" he paused, "Did you ever hear of the Scotch Lassie?"

"Never."

WELL, there is a tradition amongst the old employees of the Hudson Bay that a young blade came out in the early days, leaving his sweetheart who afterwards followed, disguised as a boy. One night the sentry on the walls heard, as he thought, a woman sobbing. An ignorant rough fellow, he went down to the north gate and saw what he

supposed was a young man crying bitterly. Disgusted at such a sight, a man crying, he roughly bade him get out. She did so, but came back, as the man afterward testified he heard the sobbing again—but he took no heed of it. It was a pitiful thing. In the morning she was found in the shadow of that O.d Gate with her new-born child—both dead."

"Heavens!" I shuddered. "What a tragedy."

"Yes, if all the stories are true, old Fort Garry Gate has seen many sad sights. It is said that men have often heard the sobbing—but it is also said that no woman ever has—"

I was intensely interested.

"How would you like to go tonight and try if we could find out anything?"

"I know a medium, calls himself Professor Jones, and we can take Bill."

"But Bill Hafer is such a joker."

"Oh, well maybe it is a joke someone has been pulling off."

"Well, it's no joke to hear that horrible sobbing, and I would like to get the joker," flared I, being rather sore at the thought of being taken in.

THAT night we met in the Fort Garry Hotel and proceeded gaily enough at about midnight to the little park. It was a typical September night, a few Northern Lights flaming, and the occasional rumble of a street car. I was slightly nervous and the Professor noticed it.

"You are uneasy?" said he.

"A little," I confessed.

"You wished to help last night?"

"Surely, I would help anyone who sobbed so drearily."

"Then I do not think you need be uneasy. And you two gentlemen?" turning to my friends.

"I'd like to clear up the joke and the joker," quietly said Brewer.

"Same here," said Hafer.

"Well," remarked the Professor, rather dubiously I thought, as we walked up the

Continued on page 84



Fort Garry Gate is the beginning and end of many turbulent trails, and it sits calmly in a little park of its once wide prairies.



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The Western Home Monthly

STOVEL BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Incidentals of Good Furnishing

Continued from page 19

or a bowl flanked by candle-sticks, is the favourite of convention and comes to us in the loveliest of china and coloured glass. Nothing is more decorative than a bowl of real fruit and of course flowers can never be out of place. If one has a weakness for silver it should be sternly restrained; the tea service that has beauty of line as a recommendation, might be used alone or at most, with only a pair of tall candlesticks. A low silver fruit basket may look well, but for the most part the family plate should save its radiance for the table. So much mention is made now-a-days of the colourful pottery bowls, jars, candle-sticks and so forth, that a word about them would not come amiss. They fit into modern furnishing plans extraordinarily well, for several reasons. They give us fine colour—practically any colour we may want, and we are learning every day to make more telling use of good colour in the beautifying of our homes. We may not be able to afford fine fabrics, costly furnishings; but in effective colour we can always have, though we achieve it with unbleached cotton and a package of dye!

DO we bring light and life and interest into the room that we have furnished with soft greens and blues, by introducing a jar that is boldly orange in hue; with a bit of orange silk as a lining for our lamp shades, we have brought animation into our room, without upsetting its dignity.

It may be a bit of glowing red or shimmering yellow or a lovely dull blue, that is needed—or often as not, we begin with such a piece of colour and build our room around it.

Their shapes, as well as their colours, make the best of these wares worthy of their popularity. One can find bowls, large or quaintly squat; jars that echo of the Grecian potters; vases sufficiently broad at the base to give them weight and without the flaring mouth that occurs so often—and so foolishly. Classic lines are followed more often than not in the peasant potteries, as well as in those that come to us bearing a stamp that brands them as the products of a great house.

To beauty of line and colour and suitability to their purpose is added another virtue—that of low cost. Italian glaze in biscuit, rose, yellow, black or the blue of cornflowers; crackle-ware in rich ivory; glazed earthenware in green, yellow, orange, brown, black, peacock or dull blue; lustre-ware, amber, ruby and blue glass—to say nothing of the colourful metals, copper, brass and pewter—offer us broad choice at an outlay of from a few cents to a few dollars. One or two well-chosen, well-placed pieces, will suit the spirit of a room that is furnished in the uncluttered airy modern manner, and will add something more—an expression of one's own idea of beautiful colour and line, a clear bit of emphasis that will help give to the room personality and charm.

Tom's Bargain With the Doc

Continued from page 12

"Hold on a minute, Tom; this isn't the place to examine legs, and besides, I never make an examination without the owner's consent."

"Tell the doc you want to have yer leg looked at," Tom commanded in a tone that bore authority.

Before Pete could answer, the doctor had interposed a good natured objection.

"You keep out of this, Tom. This is Pete's leg, and he shall have the whole say about what is done to that leg."

This announcement was a revelation to Pete, who had had visions of being bound and gagged while the doctor attacked his leg with a common hand saw.

"Is that straight?" he asked, looking up dubiously into the surgeon's face.

"Absolutely!" the doctor exclaimed. "I won't touch a finger to that leg till you give me your consent."

"There, Pete, what'd I tell you," Tom broke in, but the doctor frowned at him to keep quiet. The eyes of both Tom and the surgeon were now on Pete.

"What'll it cost?" The cripple seemed about to yield but wanted one more obstacle cleared away.

"Never mind the cost, Tom and I have arranged that between us."

The look of appreciation and gratitude that the crippled brother gave Tom at that moment would have repaid any sacrifice—yes, even the whole of the corner paper privilege. Pete's eyes glistened with tears as he turned to the doctor.

"Go ahead, doc. Do anything you want, only don't hurt me too much. Say, ain't Tom all right?"

"You bet he is," the doctor replied, and motioned the cripple to the inner office.

TOM was busy as he could be on Christmas Eve and it was well after midnight when he crawled into his little bed, tired and lonely, for Pete had gone to the hospital three days before. He knew away down deep in his heart that it would do no good to hang up his stockings, but hope dies hard in the young and the stocking was pinned to the side of the chair.

The sun had shone for an hour or more when Tom awoke and realized that it was Christmas Day. He hardly dared to glance at the stocking but summoned up courage and looked at the chair where it hung. The stocking was empty. Tom reached over and felt it to make sure and then crawled back under the bedclothes. For the first time in his life the roughness of the world had overcome him and, in spite of all the strength he could muster, the great hot tears crowded into his eyes and flowed down his cheeks. He buried

his face in the pillow and cried a great big soulful cry.

"Tom! Tom!" It was his mother calling, but he only pulled the bedclothes over his head and pretended not to hear. He would not for the world let maw know that he would cry, he who was supposed to bear the burden of the family on his shoulders.

"Tom! Tom! Tom!" came the call again, "here's a letter for you."

A letter for Tom? Such an event had come into his life only twice, once when the fresh air society offered him a week in the country which he could not afford to take, and a letter from the license bureau with his newsboy badge. The dry side of the pillow served as handkerchief and towel, and, holding his head low to hide his red eyes, he ran into the next room.

"John J. Sweeney," he read on the corner of the envelope, "why, he's the alderman from this district." Fingers were all thumbs trying to get that letter open and part of it was torn before the envelope would give up its secret. The note was short and typewritten but it took Tom nearly five minutes to read it aloud. Each word seemed to have taken a new meaning to the astonished boy.

"MR. THOMAS MCGUIRE,
148 Willow St., City.

DEAR SIR:—

I have the honor to inform you that the application of McGuire and Harrison for a newsstand adjoining the fountain on the southwest corner of the square has been granted and possession may be taken at once. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

JOHN J. SWEENEY,
Alderman 17th District."

"Great Jewhilkens," Tom shouted, and his mother, too, made some sort of an exclamation that was drowned in the racket of the two smaller McGuires, who felt called upon to add to the general din.

"Me and the doc goin' to have a real news stand right where I wanted it. Don't I wish Pete was home to hear the good news! What do you think o' that, maw? A great big news stand right at the fountain where we can sell ten times more papers! Say, maw, the doc's a brick."

"Well, hurry up and get dressed or you won't have much Christmas Day left."

Tom vaulted chair and cradle on his way back to the bedroom and slammed his tear-soaked pillow into a corner of the room as an expression of his feelings towards tears.

"A real news stand. A great big stand all to ourselves. I can see just how it's goin' to look. Gee! ain't that grand!"

But greater news was on the way and before he had pulled on the empty stocking he heard a noise in the other room and peeped out. There was a big man in a fur overcoat at the door with another letter and he was not the postman either.

"Tom, here's another one for you."

The summons was needless for Tom was already at his mother's side and had seized the white envelope.

"James B. Harrison, M.D.," he read. "That's about Pete. Jimminy Christmas! Say, maw, you open it. My hands is all shaky."

Mrs. McGuire could not make much better headway opening the envelope than Tom, but she managed to pull out the letter and Tom began to read laboriously. "MR. THOMAS MCGUIRE, 148 Willow St. DEAR TOM:—

Merry Christmas from Pete and the doc. Hurrah for Pete! The operation was a great success. Pete will be running around without a crutch long before next Christmas. Come around to the hospital at four o'clock. Sincerely your friend,

JAMES B. HARRISON.

P.S.—By the way, Tom, I don't believe I shall have time to take care of my half of that newspaper privilege at the corner, so I return herewith the agreement cancelled. Leave a paper at my house every night while Pete is in the hospital and we will call it square.

J. B. H."

"Three cheers fer Pete," Tom yelled, and gave the table such a kick with his bare toe that it almost made him howl. A little thing like that was not allowed to break up the celebration so he grasped his mother's hands, and swung her around and around in a "ring around a rosy" until the poor woman hardly knew whether it was Christmas or Fourth of July.

"Ain't this a grand Christmas?" he shouted, "ain't the doc bully? Ain't Pete the nicest brother in the whole world?"

"Yes, yes, yes," groaned Mrs. McGuire, trying her best to regain her breath and balance. "Oh it's—too—good—to be true!"

"Well, it is true, fer I knew the doc wouldn't fool me. Ain't he the grandest ever?"

"Tom you'll never be ready to go to the hospital by four o'clock if you don't get dressed."

Tom rushed into the bedroom and came back with the empty stocking that had hung on the chair.

"Say maw, I'll shut my eyes, and you stick them two letters in me stocking and I'll pretend I found 'em there. Ain't this a bee-oofiful Christmas?"

Modernism

Continued from page 13

same as His laws for all and that we today have a right and a duty to accept truth from whatever source it may come.

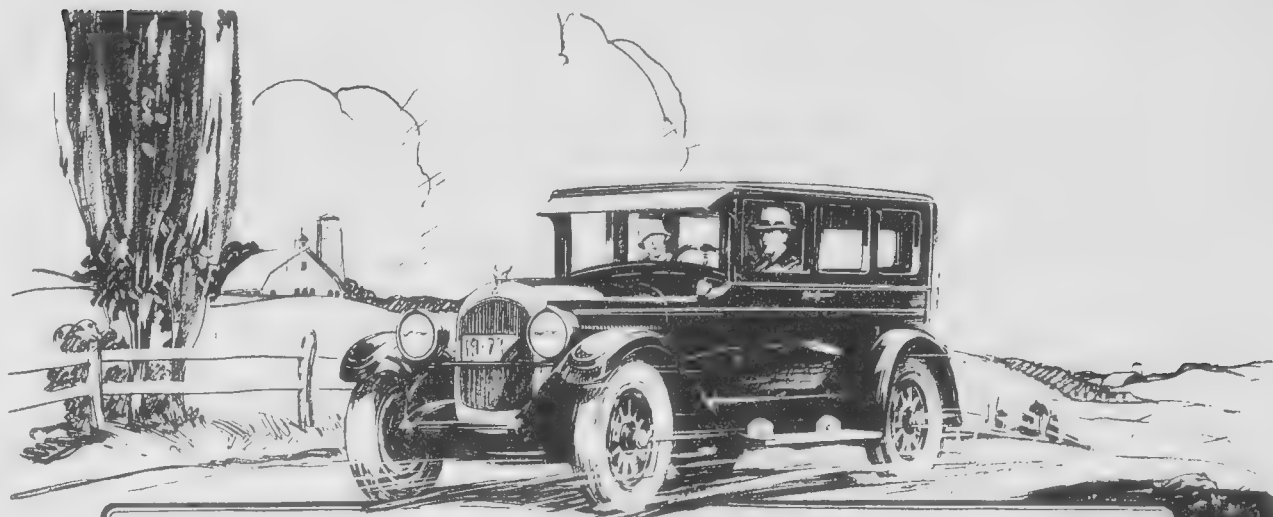
Modernism believes that the life and character and teaching of Jesus are the ultimate tests of Truth in all its bearings and that truth from whatever source it comes will conform to these.

It teaches that His life and character rest upon four distinctive ideas. 1. The Divine Fatherhood. His life is essentially filial in type; absolute obedience and absolute trust are its watchwords. Though there are inklings of this Divine Fatherhood in Judaism and other religious systems, He was the first to make it central and normative and His own life and character cannot be understood apart from His unique relationship to the Father God who is not only His Father but our Father through Him.

2. His own necessary place in the new life. He came not only to live the filial life but to communicate it. He speaks as one who is the originator of a cosmic change rather than as a discoverer or imitator. It is through faith in Him and fellowship with Him that men enter into this filial relationship with the Father and all human progress makes possible a richer faith and a truer fellowship.

3. The freedom and responsibility of man. He came to teach men the Way to overcome evil and incarnate Good in themselves. In His own life He lived free to choose evil or good, but at every point chose the highest and best and by acceptance of His will and His way of life man becomes free and good. Man

Continued on page 76



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The Fire-Warden

Continued from page 14

"The Arab lady and the faithful gee-gee," she said. "I know the Witch doesn't care, but I can't help loving her. Are you properly impressed with my grief?" There was that in Burleson's eyes that sobered her; she instinctively laid her hand on the gate, looking at him with a face which had suddenly grown colorless and expressionless.

"Miss Elliott," he said, "will you marry me?"

The tingling silence lengthened, broken at intervals by the dull stamping of the horses.

After a moment she moved leisurely past him, bending her head as she entered the yard, and closing the gate slowly behind her. Then she halted, one gloved hand resting on the closed gate, and looked at him again.

THERE is an awkwardness in men that women like; there is a *gaucherie* that women detest. She gazed silently at this man, considering him with a serenity that stunned him speechless.

Yet all the while her brain was one vast confusion, and the tumult of her own heart held her dumb. Even the man himself appeared as a blurred vision; echoes of lost voices dinned in her ears—the voices of children—of a child whom she had known when she wore muslin frocks to her knees—a boy who might once have been this man before her—this tall, sunburned young man, awkward, insistent, artless—oh, entirely without art in a wooing which alternately exasperated and thrilled her. And now his awkwardness had shattered the magic of the dream and left her staring at reality—without warning, without the courtesy of a "*garde a vous!*"

And his answer. He was waiting for his answer. But men are not gods to demand!—not highwaymen to bar the way with a "Stand and deliver!" And an answer is a precious thing—a gem of untold value. It was hers to give, hers to withhold, hers to defend.

"You will call on us to say good-bye this evening?" she asked, steadying her voice.

A deep color stung his face; he bowed, standing stiff and silent until she had passed through the open door of the veranda. Then, half blind with his misery, he mounted, wheeled, and galloped away, the Witch clattering stolidly at his stirrup.

Already the primrose light lay over hill and valley; already the delicate purple net of night had snared forest and marsh; and the wild ducks were stringing across the lakes, and the herons had gone to the forest, and plover answered plover from swamp to swamp, plaintive, querulous, in endless reiteration—"Lost! lost! she's lost—she's lost—she's lost!"

But it was the first time in his life that he had so interpreted the wild crying of the killdeer plover.

THERE was a gown that had been packed at the bottom of the trunk; it was a fluffy, rather shapeless mound of filmy stuff to look at as it lay on the bed. As it hung upon the perfect figure of a girl of twenty it was, in the words of the maid, "a dream an' a blessed vision, glory be!" It ought to have been; it was brand new.

At dinner, her father coming in on crutches, stared at his daughter—stared at the apparition of his dead wife had risen to guide him to his chair; and his daughter laughed across the little table—she scarcely knew why—laughed at his surprise, at his little tribute to her beauty—laughed with the quick tears brimming in her eyes.

Then, after a silence, and thinking of her mother, she spoke of Burleson; and after a while of the coming journey, and their new luck which had come up with the new moon in September—a luck which had brought a purchaser for the mare, another for the land—all of it, swamp, timber, barrens—every rod, house, barn, garden and stock.

Again leaning her bare elbows on the cloth, she asked her father who the man could be that desired such property. But her father shook his head, repeating the name, which was, I believe, Smith. And that, including the check was all they had ever learned of this investor who had wanted what they did not want, in the nick of time.

"If he thinks there is gas or oil here he is to be pitied," said her father. "I wrote him and warned him."

"I think he replied that he knew his own business," said the girl.

"I hope he does; the price is excessive—out of all reason. I trust he knows of something in the land that may justify his investment."

After a moment she said, "Do you really think we may be able to buy a little place in Florida—a few orange-trees and a house?"

His dreamy eyes smiled across at her.

"Thank God!" she thought, answering his smile.

There was no dampness in the air; she aided him to the garden, where he resumed his crutches and hobbled as far as the wonderful bush that bore a single belated rose.

"In the South," he said, under his breath, "there is no lack of these—I think—I think all will be well in the South."

He tired easily, and she helped him back to his study, where young Burleson presently found them, strolling in with his hands in the pockets of his dinner-jacket.

His exchange of greetings with Miss Elliott was quietly formal; with her father almost tender. It was one of the things she cared most for in him; and she walked to the veranda, leaving the two men alone—the man and the shadow of a man.

Once she heard laughter in the room behind her, and it surprised her, pacing the veranda there. Yet Burleson always brought a new anecdote to share with her father—and, heretofore, he had shared these with her, too. But now!

Yet it was by her own choice she was alone there, pacing the moonlit porches.

The maid—their only servant—brought a decanter; she could hear the ring of the glasses, relics of better times. And now better times were dawning again—brief, perhaps, for her father, yet welcome as Indian summer.

After a long while Burleson came to the door, and she looked up, startled.

"Will you sing? Your father asks it."

"Won't you ask me, too, Mr. Burleson?"

"Yes."

"But I want to show you my rose first. Will you come?—it is just a step."

He walked out into the moonlight with her; they stood silently before the bush which had so capriciously bloomed.

"Now—I will sing for you, Mr. Burleson," she said, amiably. And they returned to the house, finding not a word to say on the way.

THE piano was in decent tune; she sat down, nodding across at her father, and touched a chord or two.

"The same song—the one your mother cared for," murmured her father.

And she looked at Burleson dreamily, then turned, musing with bent head, sounding a note, a tentative chord. And then she sang.

A dropping chord, lingering like fragrance in the room, a silence, and she rose, looking at her father. But he, dim eyes brooding, lay back unconscious of all save memories awakened by her song. And presently she moved across the room to the veranda, stepping out into the moonlit garden—knowing perfectly well what she was doing, though her heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and she heard the quick step on the gravel behind her.

She was busy with the long stem of the rose when he came up; she broke it short and straightened up, smiling a little greeting, for she could not have spoken for her life.

"Will you marry me?" he asked, under his breath.

Then the slow, clear words came, "I cannot."

"I love you," he said, as though he had not heard her. "There is nothing for me in life without you; from the moment you came into my life there was nothing else, nothing in heaven or earth but you—your loveliness, your beauty, your hair, your hands, the echo of your voice haunting me, the memory of your every step, your smile, the turn of your head—all that I love in you—and all that I worship—your sweetness, your loyalty, your bravery, your honor. Give me all this to guard, to adore—try to love me; forget my faults, forgive all that I lack. I know—I know what I am—what little

I have to offer—but it is all that I am, all that I have. Constance! Constance! Must you refuse?"

"Did I refuse?" she faltered. "I don't know why I did."

With bare arm bent back and hand pressed over the hand that held her waist imprisoned, she looked up into his eyes. Then their lips met.

"Say it," he whispered.

"Say it? Ah, I do say it: I love you—I love you. I said it years ago—when you were a boy and I wore muslin gowns above my knees. Did you think I had not guessed it? . . . And you told father to-night—you told him, because I never heard him laugh that way before . . ."

And you are Jack, my boy that I loved when I was ten—my boy lover? All, Jack, I was never deceived."

He drew her closer and lifted her flushed face. "I told your father—yes. And I told him that we would go South with him."

"You—you dared assume that!—before I had consented!" she cried, exasperated.

"Why—why, I couldn't contemplate anything else."

Half laughing, half angry, she strained to release his arm, then desisted, breathless, gray eyes meeting his.

"No other man," she breathed—"no other man—" There was silence, then her arms crept up closer, encircling his neck.

"There is no other man," she sighed.

Modernism

Continued from page 75

is not a mere creature of heredity and environment but a free, responsible agent made capable of a Divine life through Him.

4. The Kingdom of God

Jesus came not alone to live a perfect life Himself but to form a society of men ever rising to more and more perfect lives in Him. The universe He came to reveal is not a group of individuals each going his own way and living to himself, but a society incarnating in itself the life He lived. Central to that life is His Cross, the highest and holiest expression of Love. Whoever learns to love Him and other men through Him becomes, by that very fact, a part of the Kingdom of God. Just as the physical world is held in one by the law of gravitation, so the new humanity is held together in one living whole by Love to Christ, its centre, and to one another for His sake. Modernism seeks to make His ideas and

His life basic for all life and by making His presence real to men, to bring in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The method of Modernism is the method of St. Paul and of the great Master of St. Paul. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." It holds that nothing is good simply because it is old, any more than it is good simply because it is new. It seeks Truth wherever and whenever it may be found and believes that all Truth is from God and tends to reveal God Himself and man himself and Jesus Christ the God-man in ever greater fullness.

The true Modernism is not destructive but constructive, not irreligious but the only truly religious attitude for our day. It owns no shibboleth or catchword, but believes in the all-present, ever-living God, who will lead us into all truth, if only we are docile and reverent in our attitude to Him and to our fellowmen.

Wolf Hearts

Continued from page 20

towards them. Bourassa appearing to give way allowed Schanz to push him in the desired direction, and at last when the two straining men had reached almost within touching distance of the huskies, suddenly the Frenchman exerted every pound of force left in him, whirled Schanz about and forced him back.

The German gave way before the onslaught trying to recover his balance; as he did so his foot struck the rope between two of the dogs! At a yell of "Mush! Mush! Mush!" from Bourassa the huskies jerked the rawhide tight, and putting all his nearly spent force into one attack which should mean victory or defeat the Frenchman lunged forward desperately. He felt the German stumble, and leaped upward with his knee in Schanz's stomach as the two fell to the ground!

Here was something the huskies understood—throwing and killing! With yellow fangs bared and howls of wolfish delight the five sleigh animals threw themselves upon the two men in a slashing, tearing jumble of fighting dogs, and humans!

This was a factor on which the Frenchman had not counted, but quick of mind and body he was on his feet in a flash, and making a spring for the cariole grasped the heavy handled dog whip from where it was tucked under the sled lashings.

"Sacred Name! Mush! Mush!" yelled Bourassa in short breathless yelps as with horrified eyes he saw the lead dog cease its mauling of the German's leg and leap for Schanz's throat!

Crack! The heavy butt descended on the huskie's head, the brute dropping in the snow to be at once attacked by his team mates, as the Frenchman slipping his arm under the German's, dragged him clear of the slashing dogs to writhe and twist in agony with his returning breath and the burning of the gashes on his neck and face. A dead dog team, the Frenchman knew, would mean that he too would remain in the Barrens a prey for the wolves, so once more he leaped at the fighting animals, belaboring them unmercifully on the heads, after several minutes of savage beating succeeding in clubbing them into submission.

With his throat torn open the lead

dog was gasping his last, so again running to the sleigh Bourassa reached in, fumbled for and found his long hunting knife, cut the picket thong of the dying animal, and taking the whip drove the remaining four a few yards away, where they immediately set to work to lick their wounds, still eyeing each other and snarling.

Shivering with the intense cold now striking through to his saturated undergarments, Bourassa quickly donned his parka and fur cap; then sitting exhausted on the sled he gloated over the sight of his enemy.

SCHANZ gradually recovered, his blood stained face turning from purple to sickly white as with labored breathing he endeavored to sit up. Finally he managed to do so and seeing this the Frenchman contemptuously tossed his garments to him into which the German struggled from force of habit, though still dazed and only half-conscious.

The Teuton looked about him wildly for a few minutes, then again squatted in the trampled snow, feeling his torn face with his hands, and endeavoring to stop the trickles of blood with shaking fingers. "Schanz, you have lost!"

The stricken man looked up at Bourassa with glazed eyes.

"According to our agreement the winner takes all, but we French were ever magnanimous to the fallen foe, therefore I give you these," cried the Frenchman as, rummaging in the sled, he tossed a box of matches, a bag of pounded meat, a deerskin robe, and the spare axe to the vanquished man.

"Remembering what I do of you and your kind in my own country I call myself a fool. Perchance this opportunity to live may turn you from a bad German into a good northman—though a dead Hun is the only specimen of your race that I admire! With these you have a faint hope of life; this small chance I grant you! Now I go! Vive la France!"

He laughed, turned from Schanz, and picking up the dog whip walked towards the huskies. But he had not gone half a dozen steps before the axe hurtled past his head, and he whirled in time to see the German pick up the bag of pounded meat and the precious matches, both of

which followed the axe in violent flight. "An officer of the Imperial Army accepts no gifts from a French —!" Schanz vented a maniac laugh, waved his arms wildly and strode off up the valley.

Bourassa's face went white with passion. He dived for the axe and rushed after the retreating form shouting, "This is too much! Now you die, filthy boche!"

CONSTABLE BURKE poked a grinning face through the barrack-room door of the Mounted Police detachment at Fort Ducharme. "Hey! Sergeant! There's an Indian kid out here with a long yabble about something or another. I can't make head nor tail of this Chipewyan lingo. Send him in, eh?"

Sergeant Carnes looked up and swore irritably. He had just about completed the annual report for the Arctic divisional headquarters, and now here was possibly another case to be included. Carnes was an outdoor man; he hated this clerical work.

"Never knew it to fail, Andy; every time the police turn around in this man's country trouble hobs up. All right, shoot him in and we'll see what's wrong."

In a minute the constable was back with a shock-headed Indian boy, who shifting about nervously on his silent mocassins, looked up with awe at the huge Mountie.

"Speak, boy! What tidings do you bring?" the sergeant queried in the Chipewyan dialect and manner.

"Oh! Great Chief of the Red Coats. Behold, travelling with dogs from the tee-pees of the Yellowknives in the country of the caribou herds, we rushed to that place where the waters flow to the north and to the south and there we came upon two men travelling slowly. It was cold, but we had a great plentitude of strong tea, much pounded meat and fish. Behold I am a young man, well-accustomed to the trail, therefore I said to myself—"

"Enough! Enough!" Carnes jerked out at him, knowing the rambling manner of the Indian tale-telling. "Speak of the men, and quickly!"

"Oh, Great Chief, they be two men, one with a black beard who drives the team, within the cariole the man of the yellow hair, tied with many thongs, at which he strains without ceasing, calling in a strange tongue loudly!"

The two Mounties exchanged glances of understanding. The curse of the White Silence had fallen on this traveller of the Barren Lands! He was mad!

The boy looked at the two, endeavoring to penetrate the meaning of their glances, but proceeded with his tale on a curt motion from the sergeant.

"Also he who lies in the cariole is covered with many little white cloths cut from the garments of him with the black beard, and often does he of the yellow hair cry out like a dog and strive to bite these little cloths with his teeth."

"Why did you not remain and help these men; you had food?" queried Carnes sharply.

"Oh, Great Chief of the Red Coats, he of the black beard would not have it so, saying unto us, 'This is my brother. To him will I attend and none other. Do thou travel as fast as may be to Fort Ducharme saying unto the Red Coats 'Behold a sick man comes. Let a fast team be sent for the White Medicine Man. I have much money and will pay well!' So camping with them but two sleeps, with our fresh dogs we left them and I am here."

The sergeant's eyes bored the boy. "Is the tale finished? Is there naught else?"

"Little else, oh, Great Chief, but that he of the black beard runs with little clothes upon him. His parka he has placed upon his brother; at night he lies with the sick man in his arms to carry warmth, and on him of the yellow hair are all the deerskin robes also. Great cunning hath he of the black beard in the making of strong soups, and which having made he opens his brother's jaws with a little stick and poureth into his mouth. And all the time he looks at him of the yellow hair crying as does a young squaw over her

Continued on page 81



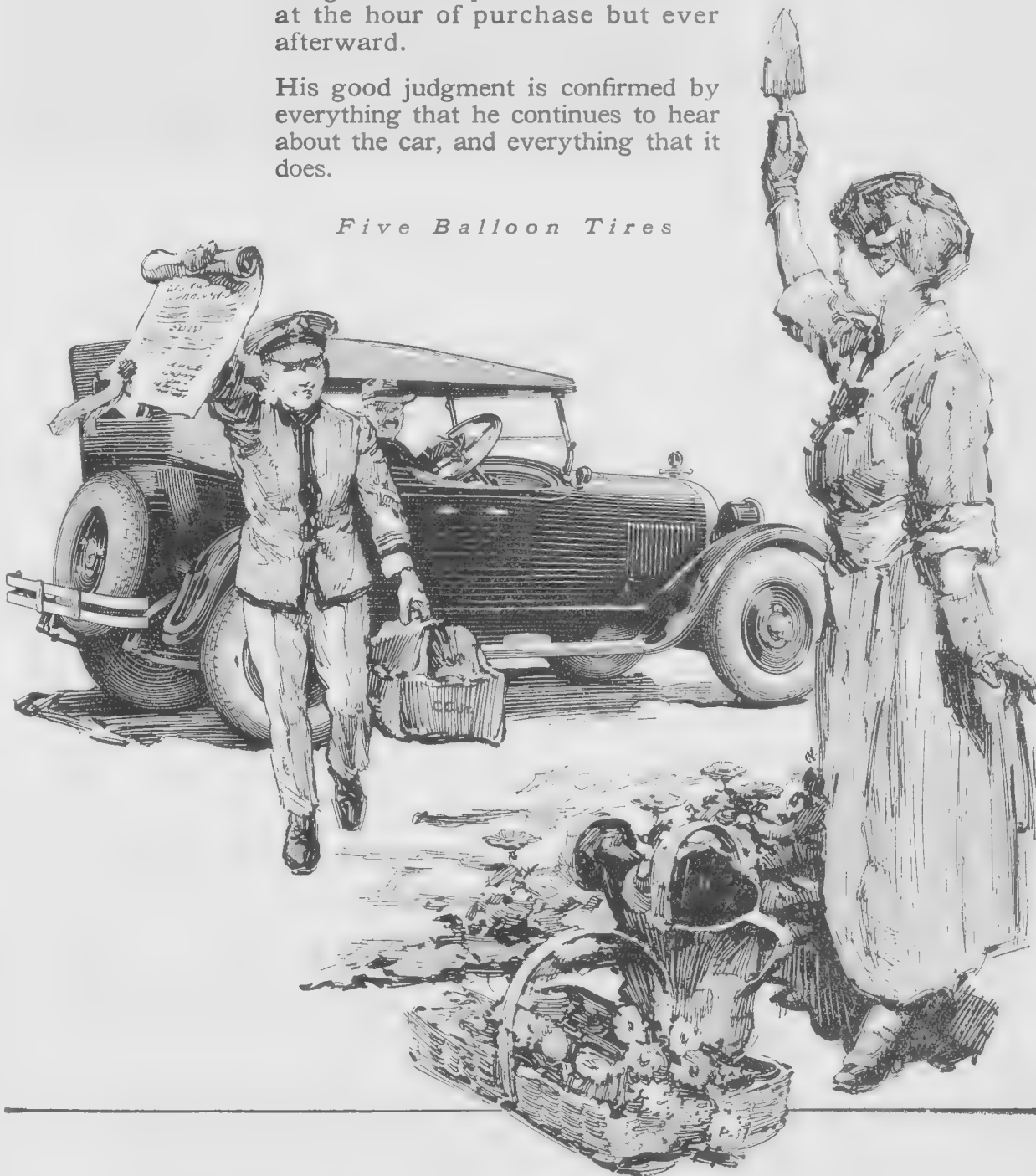
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Among Russia's Refugees

Continued from page 28

dollars it had cost, etc. In striking contrast to this good lady's gratuitous self-advertising was the quiet though dignified demeanor of a tall, elderly man, of sixty years or thereabouts, and whose decidedly soldier-like bearing strongly suggested his profession as having been a military one. His grey hair and closely cropped beard added a distinct touch to his dignified bearing, while his kindly though sad expression, seemingly almost of resignation to some unkind fate, appeared very strongly to suggest that he had passed through the fierce ordeal of very troublous times. His quiet, unostentatious and courteous manner to all proved him to be a thorough gentleman. Through a curious incident occurring aboard I was enabled to render him a small service, although at the time I did not know who he was, excepting, as a fellow-passenger, I was anxious to help in a temporary difficulty. Seating accommodation aboard at mealtimes was not allotted upon any particular or convenient plan for either the comfort or convenience of the passengers; in fact, there appeared to be a distinct lack of organization in that respect. Consequently at meals vacant places were quickly snapped up individually or collectively, oftentimes well ahead of the meals. It so happened that at our last meal aboard I occupied an end seat at one of the tables and close to the ship's side, my Dutch bulb merchant friend being seated on my right. Soon after the meal had started that particular tall, distinguished-looking passenger arriving late at the meal and finding all seats occupied, but espying a small space on my left, with many apologies to me for his intrusion (spoken in excellent English) he asked and readily received my permission to squeeze himself into that very cramped space. Although I could not help feeling amused at his comical but uncomfortable attitude which his cramped environment compelled him to adopt—he was seated on a small folding deck-chair which he had placed there, with his long legs tucked up, his knees reaching almost to his chin and his head just showing above the table—yet I really felt sorry for him and tried my best to make him a bit more comfortable. He was very grateful and extremely courteous to me for my small assistance and begged me not to worry about him. Later I was informed that that particular passenger was the most important person aboard, being none other than Prince—, a relative (I believe a cousin) of the late Czar.

Shortly after my return from North Russia in 1919, where I had been doing military duty with the "Finnish Legion" up to the time of the Allies' evacuation of Russia, I was sent on further military duty to Finland with the (British) "East Finland Military Mission," and for a while was engaged there on semi-diplomatic work. The personnel of the "Mission" contained, in addition to the British officers, N.C.O.'s and a few Australian N.C.O.'s, some Russian officers, N.C.O.'s and men. Being attached to our Mission all these Russians who had previously been under British military training mainly in Russia, as our allies were, of course, wearing British uniforms. I soon discovered a tendency on the part of Finnish officials to look with suspicion upon Russian nationals entering Finland. This tendency for official distrust of Russian strangers seems to have been growing since the Russian revolution, or more correctly speaking since the beginning of the Bolshevik regime which subsequently followed the Russian upheaval and the political troubles in which Finland unfortunately became involved. This attitude of official distrust shown towards Russian strangers entering Finland is doubtless due to the idea dominating the official mind that these visitors might quite possibly be secretly Bolsheviks visiting Finland for the avowed purpose of propagating their vile doctrines. This attitude was manifested in a decided and most unpleasant manner towards some of our Russian allies on the



The Dog on the Mountain—a Legend

By Olive Macken

ONCE upon a time, long ago, before any of us can well remember, the Rocky Mountains lifted their mighty heads on the north shores of Burrard Inlet, facing the City of Vancouver, British Columbia, and so strong and everlasting were they, that today they stand as stalwart and immovable as in the days of their birth, many, many moons ago.

Few men lived in the country then, and only the native Indians dared attempt to brave the untried rocky sides, or break rough trails through the densely covered hills. But from far away there came, one day, a man of mighty strength; a daring Canadian from the far eastern part of our Great Dominion; one who was big of form; high above even the tallest Indian Chief; keen of eye; stout of heart; and with him, came his noble St. Bernard, Watch. True friends they were, who walked, ate, slept, lived together, and where the man went, Watch kept close beside to guide and to protect.

The mountains tempted the man and the dog. Untried they were: hidden wonders there were, even though they loomed high into space for all men to see. Within their mighty fortresses was concealed wealth of mineral, and precious possessions might be theirs who spurned the barriers to seek. So one Spring morning, as the grey dawn peeped over the eastern peaks, the call of the wild was too insistent, and the man and the dog set out to scale the unknown mysteries towering above, determined to learn, as they went, all these monsters of the West could teach them—and it was much.

Day followed day; night came down again and again: many dawns appeared, and still they climbed. Who will know, and who can tell the hidden wonders their seeking eyes beheld? Not you, nor I! But, as they mounted, and when they seemed to have reached the top, other peaks would tempt them up, and still they scaled the jutting rocks.

Till, one dark night, from out the thickness of the great forests that cover the rocky sides, came a fierce and angry bear—fierce because a puny man had dared encroach upon his divine supremacy of mountain heights, and angry because he brought with him a shaggy dog. Watch, with the instinct of his kind, knowing the danger his beloved master faced, raged at the bear and tried in heroic fight to conquer the monster, but of no avail, and before his faithful eyes he saw the man, his friend, go down to his death before the onslaught of the mighty beast of the mountains.

Life no more was glad for Watch. He roamed the heights and whined out his lonely woe. Was it the bright skies above that lured him on and up, and did he hope, by scaling those impassable peaks, to meet his master in that far beyond? Perhaps so, for on he toiled.

But one day, when the young things of the earth below were budding and blossoming into life; when mountain torrents were raging down rocky gulches; when the verdure of the mountain grass was taking unto itself a newer, brighter green; when the wild flowers of the mountain valleys were opening their hearts to the sunshine which reached them first, this great St. Bernard, tired from his roamings, broken-hearted in his loneliness, stretched his form out on the side of the mountain and passed over to The Happy Hunting Grounds, to feel no more the pangs of separation; to live again; to love again his dear master.

And the grass grew, and the mountain breezes tossed to the earth below the fragrance of the mountain flowers, yet no one knew of the big dog lying up there upon the rocky hillside. But, when the sun had run his journey throughout the summer months; when autumn's brilliance had quite faded away, and when once more the North Wind howled his warning of coming blasts, the Snow Queen, from her throne in the clouds, showered down upon the still dog's form, her soft flakes of purity.

And today, when the drifting snows fill the jagged crevices and cover the cold bareness of the mountains with a mantle of white, you can see, stretched with his noble head resting toward the skies; with one mighty paw reaching up as if to climb still beyond, the form of the big St. Bernard, resting, faithfully waiting for his master to come to him once more upon the wild and rugged mountain-side, so that together they may scale again the Unknown, Undiscovered Mysteries of the Mountain Peaks, which still tower in mighty majesty on the North Shores of Burrard Inlet.

arrival of our Mission, late on the evening of December 23rd, at Hango, the first port in south-west Finland.

Owing to a little irregularity in the viseing on the passports of two young

Russian officers (a Captain and a Lieutenant) in the Mission, the Finnish local civil police examining our passports immediately became suspicious of the status of these two officers and almost accused

them of trying to enter Finland, disguised in British uniforms, with ulterior motives. After a very protracted argument, the examining police officer calmly pocketed their "offending" passports, and refused to allow the officers to land. As apparently this particular police officer had been imbibing rather too freely in something more exhilarating than coffee (despite Finland's prohibition laws), evidently in view of the near approach of the Christmas season, for as the evening wore on his "coffee" (?) began to take effect, and he got very argumentative with us and others aboard. So much so, that when a superior Finnish officer later arrived on the scene, he severely reprimanded the subordinate police officer, in very forceful language, for his befuddled condition, and then, apparently not wishing to be troubled by complying with a lot of red-tape regulations in reporting him for being drunk while on duty, he completed his reprimand on the man's conduct with a little dramatic emphasizing of his disciplinary powers by severely boxing the drunken police officer's face, making his nose bleed and knocking him down twice!

This official opposition shown towards the two Russian officers subsequently developed into a series of interesting experiences both for the two officers and myself; of our Mission proceeding by rail to Helsingfors the next morning and leaving me behind at Hango in charge of our two Russian officers pending a decision of their case with the Finnish authorities at Helsingfors; of the now sobered police officer's vain endeavors to keep us confined to our hotel under apparently some sort of police observation, and our equally determined refusals to submit to such indignity; of his anxiety at finding us later on a deliberate tour of inspection around the town and his desperately persuasive efforts to get us, under various pretexts, to return to our hotel; of his accompanying us the next morning (Christmas Day) to Helsingfors and our subsequent interview with the Chief of Police there; of the latter's outraged official dignity when, on arrival at his office to examine us he found us calmly calling up our Military Mission over his private telephone! But this sequence of events comprises another story.

But the most interesting experience during our enforced delay at Hango was our meeting there of a distinguished Russian, General W. Suhomlinoff, formerly the Minister of War under the late Czar Nicholas II. During the war grave scandals were reported in connection with the Russian War Department's official neglect regarding the supply of war munitions. It was stated that the supplies of guns and ammunition were quite inadequate for the needs of the Russian army at the front; that many of the Russian soldiers in the trenches on the "Eastern Front" were without arms and ammunition, and in consequence suffered severely, at times disastrously, from the German attacks. I have even been informed that it is a fact that some of the higher Russian officials directly implicated in the matter, although professedly loyal to the Czar and Russia, were secretly in the pay of Germany, and deliberately delayed the despatch to the Russian front of the much-needed war supplies. As the Czar's War Minister, General Suhomlinoff naturally shared in the blame. But whether or not he was really personally guilty of the scandals or in any way directly involved, or merely the victim and scapegoat of a plot of these secret enemies of his country, it is difficult to say. But as head of the Russian War Office he appears to have been held responsible, and in consequence he was imprisoned by the Czar, being released a short time before the Russian Revolution broke out.

General Suhomlinoff, like the Russian Prince passenger I later met aboard the SS. "Oihonna," also presented a very distinguished and aristocratic appearance (although he was rather shorter than the Prince), polished, unassuming, kind, courteous, and a thorough gentleman. The snow white of his hair and his closely cropped beard and the marks of suffering indelibly stamped upon the features of this old man of over seventy years of age, plainly showed that he, too, had

passed through an ordeal of suffering before finding a haven of refuge some months earlier at that little hotel in that small Finnish town. But the smile of welcome that lit up his saddened features, and the warmth of his handclasp, with which he greeted us, plainly showed how pleased he was, in his lonely exile, to meet us. That evening we dined together, General Suhomlinoff, the two Russian officers and myself, in the hotel's small dining room. As it was Christmas Eve, and the evening of December 24th, being generally observed throughout Finland as a period of Christmas jollity and goodwill (Christmas Day being observed more quietly as a Christian festival), our meal that night was therefore practically our Christmas dinner. I have spent many of my Christmases in various parts of the world, both on land and sea, but as this was the first time I ate my Christmas dinner in the company of a foreign ex-War Minister, I considered the occasion somewhat unique. The ex-Minister was an accomplished pianist, and after our meal he entertained us with some excellent musical selections.

Afterwards he became more serious, and very soon engaged my two Russian friends in a long conversation relating his experiences in Russia, both in his official capacity as the Czar's War Minister, and later of his life there when the Bolsheviks usurped the power. As the conversation was carried on in Russian, I was unable to follow it, but parts of it were translated to me by my Russian friends. The ex-Minister declared his innocence of the accusations that had been brought against him regarding his official acts as War Minister, and he gave to my Russian friends a printed copy, in Russian, of his defence, he had published.

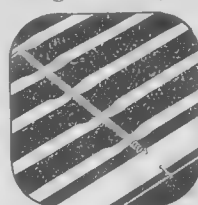
He remained in Russia during the early days of the revolution, and later managed to effect his escape from that country, but not before he had witnessed the awful condition that his native land had gotten into under the Bolshevik rule. After the downfall of Kerensky's Provisional Government on November 7th, 1917, and the advent of the Bolshevik regime, with the reign of terror and red ruin that has since befallen poor unhappy Russia, the island fortress of Kronstadt (which guards the approach to Petrograd) situated a few miles from the mainland at the eastern end of the Gulf of Finland—the place that for so many years had been shrouded in mystery, pathos and tragedy—experienced the full blast of the revolution. Kronstadt is situated on Kettle Island, the island's approximate area being seven miles long and one mile wide. Petrograd lies about twenty miles to the east of the island. On the mainland to the north of Kronstadt lies the Russian-Finnish frontier. On the opposite or south side of the mainland at this end of the gulf is Orienbaum, at which point begins what formerly was known as the "Grand Ducal Coast," which during the days of the Czars was noted for its many palaces and villas. To the outside world Kronstadt had been known as an almost impregnable Russian fortress where within its gloomy walls have been incarcerated political and other prisoners. The Russians themselves call the place Petrograd's Siberia. This particular island has been said to have contained within its limited area more misery and crime than any other place on earth of a similar size. Up to the time of the Russian revolution it had an estimated population of 60,000 civilians, but which now must be considerably less as a natural result of the various revolts, massacres and flights of its inhabitants from the island which followed in the wake of the revolution. Previously most of its mixed civilian population had worked at ship-building and repairing the Russian fleet. Many of these people, together with the local soldiers and sailors, were very anarchistic in their political views. Included in this population were a large number of professional criminals. With such an admixture of volcanic temperament prevailing on the island it is not surprising to recall that Kronstadt for the past few years has been in a state more or less of semi-revolt. This was seen in the rebellion in 1905 and its massacre of the officers stationed there; in 1917 with its



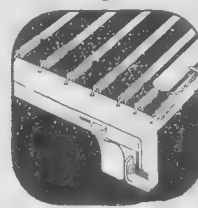
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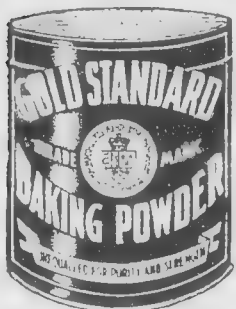
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further massacre of admirals, generals and officers, and the imprisonment of other hostages who were reported to have died of starvation; and again in the winter of 1920-21, of its revolt against the Bolshevik Government, which uprising, however, ended disastrously for the Islanders.

The overthrow of Kerensky's government which put the Bolsheviks into power seems to have afforded the opportunity for the revolutionary and criminal element existing among the Kettle islanders to indulge with unrestrained licence in all the devilry of their criminal and lustful passions, only comparable with "hell let loose." During 1918 very many of the bourgeois were killed and hundreds of houses were destroyed. Like the pirates of old they raided the mainland for food, looting, burning and slaying, carrying off the women and girls. Especially embittered do the raiders appear to have been towards the people residing within the "Grand Ducal Coast" or "Palace" district. This district of about fifty miles of the coastline of the Bay of Kronstadt contained many palaces and fine villas, the residences of the court nobles and rich Petrograd citizens. Gruesome accounts have been recorded of the depredations committed by these unrestrained Kronstadt raiders: of their special and recurring raids upon this district for food and women; it being said of them that they boasted that as Moscow had nationalized women, and that every woman over eighteen years of age was obliged to take a husband chosen for her by the local Soviet, they also would do the same, and so they organized raids for that purpose. Resisting husbands and brothers were killed, not even excepting the women themselves if they showed too vigorous a resistance. Large numbers of the magnificent dwellings had been destroyed by the raiders. While in Russia I heard various conflicting accounts and denials regarding reported "nationalization of Russian women," that it is very difficult to express a true and unbiased view upon the matter. But I fear it is only too true that in some districts in Russia—apart from what I

have already related on Kronstadt—this inhuman "nationalization of women" actually did receive some sort of local official or semi-official recognition.

The ex-Minister, General Suhomlinoff had himself, during his previous escape from Russia to Finland, disguised as a peasant, passed through this district and had witnessed much of the destruction and desolation there. At Sestoretz he found burned and in ruins very many of the handsome villas that had formerly been part of a flourishing summer resort. The neighboring country was almost denuded of its population, its inhabitants either having been killed by the raiders or had fled, there being only a few vagabonds living in the cellars among the ruins.

Whatever blame there may have been attached to him regarding his official duties in his former capacity as War Minister, we naturally felt some compassion towards the ex-Minister, whom we had thus strangely found as a poor, broken old man, quietly and unostentatiously living in his seclusion, and bearing the added anxiety regarding the fate of his wife and family. At the time he did not know whether they had succeeded in escaping from Russia, or whether they were alive or dead. But despite the weight of his many cares he still showed an indomitable and energetic spirit, rising daily at seven o'clock and taking long walks, and in other ways occupying his time instead of brooding over his troubles. Although we left Hango for Helsingfors early the following morning (Christmas Day), it was not too soon for the ex-Minister to be up and accompany us to the station. I was not a little surprised by his physical activity, and especially at his age, when, unaided, he courteously but firmly hoisted me onto the train car.

That was the last that I saw or heard of the ex-Minister until a few months ago, when I read with some considerable interest in a London (England) weekly newspaper of the following reported interview with General Suhomlinoff at Dresden, which had been received by that newspaper as a Central News

message from Vienna. Having personally met the ex-Minister I am naturally inclined to doubt the accuracy of the reported interview.

"Ex-Minister's Amazing Yarn.—Gen. Suhomlinoff, former Russian Minister of War, in the course of an interview given while in Dresden, stated that when the first Zeppelins entered London, Buchanan, the English ambassador in Petersburg, came to me and asked for a Russian Army Corps, which would save London. I replied, in order to evade the matter, that such a request must be made to the Grand Duke Nikolaus Nikolajewitsch. Then Buchanan asked me to make this request direct to the Czar, which I accordingly did, only to be referred to the Grand Duke Nikolaus Nikolajewitsch, who, when he heard my request said: 'The man is mad. I tell you what, though, we will collect a few old Cossacks from the Don, equip them with old horses and useless weapons and send them over. That will make a good impression in London. Thereupon Buchanan came to me again and said, in all seriousness, that England could send a fleet to Archangel to fetch the troops. When I told him that we could only provide 400 old Cossacks, he was very dissatisfied and declared: 'We don't want 400, but 40,000 bayonets.'

"Referring to the trial of the German war criminals in Leipzig the General remarked: 'In my opinion it is shocking that officers and men should be called upon to answer charges of cruelty. They only obeyed the orders of their superior officers and I cannot understand, therefore, why such a trial should be held at all. It is entirely a one-sided affair that only Germans should be charged with war crimes: from a purely human point of view England, Russia, France and the other states should also be called to account for their share in any alleged war crimes.'

"In conclusion, the General said that he did not anticipate that the Bolsheviks would remain long in power, but nobody could foresee events. The reason why they had remained the ruling power so long was due to the passive character of the Russian people."

Little Gray Home—Continued from page 22

His face was drawn, as if striving with all his will power to see through those bandages that kept him from a sight of her; hungrily, too, as if hoping that she too cared about the verdict.

"Oh, well Bob, it may be all right you know, and surely you'd let me know how everything goes?"

"Not if I can't see you," was the answer.

Then changing his mood entirely, he smiled, and said, "Well, the sky's the limit tonight. Real dinner, anything you want, and I have brought a few roses just to remember me by. They are there on the table."

"Oh, you dear boy, thanks so much, but you shouldn't have bothered," then more thoughtfully, "as if I'd ever forget you!"

So the gay little dinner was enjoyed by the two strange comrades who were now wondering how each would live without the other and the comradeship which had sprung up between them.

"Do you know," said Bob, "I rather took a liberty with your good nature tonight. I wonder if you'll forgive me?"

"Mercy! What did you do?"

"Well, you know that old orderly who looks after me like a nursemaid? I told him he needn't come for me tonight as a friend would see me home. Will you?"

Again the bandaged face leaned toward her, pleadingly, longingly. "Of course, I'd love to," she answered, "What a nice way to celebrate the last evening."

But Time is a hard master, and no matter how gay and happy they tried to be, the minutes flew, until, before they had realized it, the closing hour had come.

She helped him on with his coat, tucked his scarf around his shoulders snugly, and then with a happy little sigh took his arm to guide him through

the maze of small tables. "It's just a stone's throw. Rose, two blocks west and two south, and there we are."

"Oh, yes, I know where it is," she answered.

They walked in silence. Both hearts were very full, and if he leaned a little heavily on the arm entwined in his, who could blame him. At the doorway he turned and placing his hands on her shoulder said "I can't begin to tell you what it has meant to me to have you, Rose. I can only say you've been the one bit of starlight in a dismal night. If there is anything I can do—"

"There is," she interrupted quickly. "Promise me one thing?"

"Well what is it?"

"Promise me that, no matter what the verdict is, you'll let me come tomorrow after its all over and see you—or better still, be there with you when they take them off."

She said it breathlessly, hurriedly, as if fearing he would refuse her. His hands tightened on her shoulders and after a moment he said, "Rose, what a trump you are. Very well, I needn't pretend I wouldn't love to have you," and then as she turned to go, "And Rose, if I'm all right and can be like other men, there is something, dear, I want to tell you, if I may."

For a moment there was a silence. Then he felt his face taken in two soft hands, and two warm, glowing lips were pressed against his for a fleeting moment, and she was gone.

"My God," groaned Bob, "give me back my sight, for her sweet sake."

THE next morning at about ten-thirty a very pretty little lady presented herself at the admitting room of the hospital and was shown by one of the nurses into a little sitting-room and told to wait. The minutes seemed like centuries, but finally the efficient little nurse

came and conducted her to a dark room, where in a chair sat the figure of a man. As she entered, he turned his head quickly and asked, "Is that you, Rose?"

"Yes, dear. How are you feeling?"

"A bit groggy, but I shall be all right if you'll come and stand beside me."

She went over to his chair and taking one of his hands in hers, waited, while the nurses bustled here, there and everywhere, arranging everything for the doctor's arrival.

"Do you know, Bob, I'm rather scared you'll perhaps be disappointed in me. I'm so unimportant, just a mousy sort of person."

For answer he only squeezed her hand, and she knew that nothing would ever disappoint him concerning herself.

"Well, Murdock," said a cheery voice from the doorway, "How's my patient feeling today? Going to go golfing this afternoon or take in a picture show?"

Bob laughed. "Neither doc," he answered. "By the way, I want you to meet a friend of mine, Miss O'Dare—Dr. Rodney."

The doctor gave Rose a searching gaze and evidently finding what pleased him, patted her shoulder in a fatherly way, which made Rose like him immediately.

"Well, I see everything is ready. Now, Miss Burton, if you will just get that blind adjusted, we'll remove the bandages."

With deft, firm fingers Doctor Rodney unwound the rolls of gauze and finally came to two small absorbent pads. He paused a moment as if wishing to ease any pain there might be and said, "Now, Murdock, at first everything will seem out of focus and it may hurt the eyes a little, but look straight ahead at your little friend and tell me what you see."

He removed the pads, and Bob opened those eyes of his which had for so long been shut and aching. At first he could

distinguish nothing, but gradually something seemed to form in front of him, something with soft brown hair and hazel eyes, something that seemed to Bob the loveliest thing he had ever seen. He scarcely knew that he got out of his chair and went towards that something, crying, "Rose, Rose, thank God, I can see. I can see!"

His long control, his endurance was at an end. He sat down in his chair again, her arms around him, stroking his hair, loving him desperately, and he sobbed all the pains, aches and loneliness out of his soul.

AND so Bob Murdock went back to his glorious valley, to his fishing and his old collie, who barked and scampered around like a mad thing when he whistled to him; back to the little cabin that had been empty for so long. The very gophers seemed to be glad to see him and I'm sure that the robin and meadow-lark almost sang their throats out. He had stopped in at the

Camerons home as he came past and the greeting that was waiting for him there warmed his heart to the core. With him went a very dear little person, who had brown hair and hazel eyes, who was just as tall as his heart, and as graceful as a gazelle. Her face was beaming with happiness and contentment. Gone was the lonesomeness from the soft eyes and in its place the look of one who has found an ideal just as beautiful when realized as in the building. Rose O'Dare Murdock had come into her land of dreams.

If you ever chance to pass down the old Qu'Appelle Valley as the sun is setting far over the prairie, you may see a man and his dog sitting on the steps of a pretty little house, built of peeled logs. From the interior of the little home comes the sound of a very true, sweet voice, singing, with happiness and joy in each note, the song which Bob Murdock is never tired of hearing, "My Little Gray Home in the West."

Wolf Hearts

Continued from page 77

papoose, while the sick man strives and bites at the little cloths which cover his face. I liked it not at all and said to myself—

"Enough boy. You have served well. Now you may go, for the Red Coats will attend to this thing!"

"Well, Dickie, what do you make of it?" Constable Burke looked at his superior expectantly.

"Another poor devil of a trapper driven crazy by the Lone Land, I guess," answered the sergeant shortly, "but we'll go into that later. This means hiking, Andy! You take the black team and hit for Fort Chipewyan at once and bring back Doctor Barton with you. He should be at the Indian Agency now

on his usual winter patrol. Tell Charlie to hitch up the grey huskies for me—damn it all I wanted to finish that report tonight, too!"

Reaching up for his revolver belt Carnes paused for a moment and listened. From outside came Burke's cheery whistle and a chorus of excited yelps from the dog corrals; then the howling of the wind as it hurtled over the frigid spaces of Lake Athabasca.

"Old Mother Nature's band playing the march past for the Mounted Police!" The sergeant laughed softly as the quaint idea flashed across his brain. He jerked the revolver holster until it rested easily against the hip, crowded into his parka and strode to the door.

Down The Vale

By Violet Ryott Scott

WE all loved her, that little frail woman in No. 10. Her cameo face, framed in the white, wavy hair, with the sweet smile, was something to look forward to each time we came on duty.

She had been in hospital many times during my training and as soon as the most distressing of her symptoms were relieved—the best we could do—she took her discharge—each time much nearer the final. This time had been a tough fight.

"Make me get well again nurse," she had whispered, "he needs me."

"He" was a dear little old man doing his bit at the arsenal, working all night and coming each afternoon to sit beside her, her slight hand held in his grimy one.

One afternoon, the popular singer who sang each day to the soldier boys in the military section, came in and gave my ward two songs. As her golden voice filled that sunny ward it was difficult to think of the horror that hung over us each night—"the war in the air." I glanced across to No. 10, now sitting in her chair, and what I saw made my eyes misty. Her one hand clasped his, the other gently stroked his bowed head, while the tears made their way down his cheeks as the last words of the song died away—

"When we go down the Vale, lad,

The last long vale of tears,

I shall not fear—if you are near—"

and I knew it was the parting they both dreaded.

That night I was settling my weary body for a good night's repose when the muffled fire alarm of the hospital—the raid signal—broke the silence. Slipping into my uniform I made my way to the wards. All lights were out. Reaching my ward, I almost knocked down my chum. "May I help you?" I whispered.

"Yes, watch No. 10 for me. This kind of thing seems to finish so many heart cases—I'm pretending it is Zepp drill." Then, aloud, as we reached the ward:

"Yes, indeed, I can't think why the Doctor can't have drills in daytime."

But, alas, the women could not be deceived. The boom, boom, first faint crept nearer, until one could scarcely make a voice heard above the din. From bed to bed, with stimulants or sedatives,

as the case needed, frequently to turn the gleam of the bell lamp on, where a flickering pulse gave warning, until the hideous death-dealing roar gradually died away, and once again we had survived a Zeppelin raid.

"Grannie 10 how are you now?"

"I'm just thinking of my old man, nurse, locked in them workshops. May I have the orphan baby for a wee while?"

"Yes, Grannie, when I come back. Here's Doctor."

As I passed I caught his conversation to a nurse, in part—"Yes, can't live—in fact is sinking fast—perhaps better not tell Mrs. Prydie."

Too late! she had heard, and as he came to her bedside she cried,

"The arsenal—what is it—he is hurt?"

Doctor K. turned to me.

"Dress her and take her to him. Prepare her for the shock as much as you can."

So in her wheel chair I took her to where, behind screens, the timid, gentle old man was slowly sinking, one victim of the air raid.

He smiled as she came within his range of vision.

"No pain," he whispered. "Down the Vale, love," and her arms went around him and her head bowed on his breast.

I crept away and stood outside the screen but soon the ward sister beckoned me.

"Take her back, nurse, it is all over."

My heart aching, I slipped my arms around "No. 10." Then, startled, I called:

"Sister, help me, please, I fear—" and, we raised her head to find the lovely smile, dear to us all, settled on her still face.

They had gone down the Vale together, and unafraid.

NOTICE OR ERROR

In "The Beautiful Home of Aros," published in our April issue, the statement appeared that Aros in Scotland is the home of the chieftans of the Clan Macleod. This, of course, is not the case, Dunvegan being the chief's castle.

Love is the thread on which are strung the beads of trust. Break the thread and the beads run everywhere.

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Walt Mason

By Philip Winter Luce

BERNARD McEVoy, who has the distinction of being the oldest working newspaper man in Canada, has recently written a delightfully human close-up of Walt Mason, he of the "Rippling Rhymes" enjoyed by over a million readers every day. The two distinguished writers met in California, where Mr. McEvoy was enjoying a glorious holiday which he had long since promised himself. He is now eighty-three years old.

Walt Mason lives at La Golla, some distance out of San Diego, but Mr. McEvoy's first call there was a disappointment. The genial poet of the masses was not at home, but on learning the identity of the caller he made arrangements to see him next morning at his hotel rather than have the veteran Canadian make the 18-mile journey a second time.

"I waited in the rotunda with my eyes glued to the shining glass doors," writes Mr. McEvoy. "It was a bright sunny morning, and it was not long before I saw a sturdy, well-knit figure approaching, attired in comfortable gray tweeds and wearing a cap. I knew at once this must be he whose rippling rhymes I had so often handled. He came towards me with recognition in his merry eyes and we fell into eager conversation.

"Walt suffers from a slight deafness, but we found that we each rejoiced in the possession of one tolerably good ear. My impression at this first meeting was that here was a man of modest, sane, and human outlook on things in general, of a well-balanced nature and great experience of life, the whole suffused with a delightful and whimsical humor. I discovered later that he was a man of wide reading; no mere jester. I had the feeling once or twice that Walt was reckoning me up just as I was trying to appraise him, and I rather wondered what he was making of me, especially when I saw a flash of whimsical humor cross his face for a moment."

Walt Mason's face is the kind that sticks in one's memory. No one would dream of comparing it to a Greek god, nor would he make any great hit as a matinee idol. Beauty is not his strong point, but as Mr. McEvoy carefully points out:

"It is a strong face, a manly face, an irregular face, built according to no stereotyped cast of beauty. It is a countenance of singular attraction to me. A sculptor would have no trouble with it. He would set to work at it with avidity, because it has lots of character in it. It is rugged yet kindly, with a strong chin; a mouth of purpose, but with dimples at the corners that speak of many smiles; the twinkling blue eyes are full of humor.

"I think Walt Mason would behave with great propriety at a funeral, because he is a man of deep and delicate feelings, but no undertaker would have chosen him, for his face, in the days when it was usual to have what were called 'mutes' to stand about at obsequies and look the picture of grief. Walt Mason's face holds too much suppressed jollity for that job!

"Walt Mason is not a tall man, but the adjective 'sturdy' fits him to a 'T.' His head is full size, his brown hair virile, vigorous and plentiful, with a disposition here and there to curl. He is in the prime of life, and when I told him he was a younger man than I expected to see, he said that she was older than he looked. His keen blue eyes twinkled as he said this."

Walt took Mr. McEvoy for an automobile drive over part of scenic California. He is a very deft driver, never attempting the impossible. One of his unconscious mannerisms, when he comes to some place where special care is necessary, is to take a cigar from the holder in front of him and put it in his mouth. He does not light it, but rolls it round and round and holds it at various angles as he swings his car round dangerous curves or shifts his gears and handles his brakes. Sometimes, when the occasion demands extreme concentration and rapid action,

Continued on page 83

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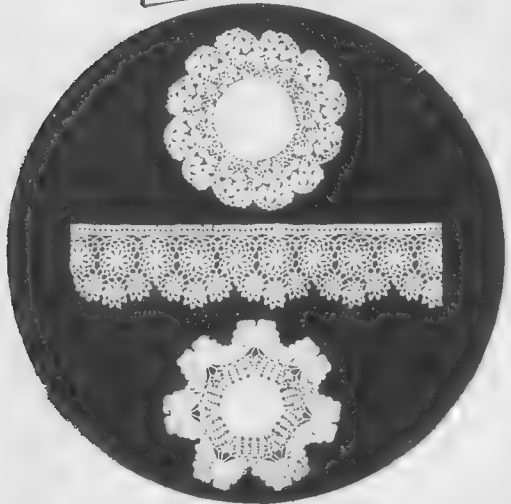
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Hexagon Doily in	The Pinner Lace
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Canadian Explorer Crosses Barren Lands and Reaches Head Waters of Coppermine

By A. de H. Smith



Top—The first photograph ever taken of Lake Mackay, and which gives a general idea of the topography of the Barren Lands.

Centre—A sight which many men have dreamed of! The head waters of the Coppermine river in the North West Territories, where this mighty river discharges from Lac de Gras. When this photograph was being taken this turbulent stream was being viewed here for the first time by white men.

Below—Where history was made last summer. The first white men to travel from the Great Slave Lake to the headwaters of the Coppermine river. On the overland portage through the heart of the Barren Lands where the Blanchet survey party lived by the rifle, and carried all their supplies and equipment on their backs. Note the rifle and the country on which they "lived."

D. H. BLANCHET, D.L.S., of the Topographical Surveys, is the discoverer of the headwaters of the Coppermine River, and of a new and practical water route connecting this stream with the Great Slave Lake. During the past summer he crossed the heart of the Barren Lands, and, living entirely on the caribou herds, came to the head waters of the mighty river first discovered by Samuel Hearne in the seventies.

Other things Mr. Blanchet discovered also. He found that the term "Barren Lands" is largely a misnomer for the territory which covers approximately one sixth of the Dominion's area. Here he found great areas of grass lands and a variety of shrubs and mosses which will support animal life. Leaving Edmonton, Alberta, early last spring, the party travelled north by the railway to Fort McMurray, then by river steamer to Fort Smith, N.W.T., and from there by the Topographical Surveys' schooner "Ptarmigan" across the Great Slave Lake.

The schooner was left at the north-east end of the lake; then the party carried

their canoes and equipment over the long Pike's Portage and entered the unknown—the home of the caribou and the musk-ox, and a terrain which has been seen by but very few white men.

Wild rivers, a welter of rough, rock-strewn country, rains, winds, flies and other incidentals to the explorer's life, were met with and pushed aside; the reticent surveyor, on reaching Edmonton again, merely stating, in reply to a query, "Oh, yes, a pretty good trip!"

As with his previous work in the re-mapping of the Great Slave Lake, Mr. Blanchet found the geography of the Barrens "considerably twisted" and, as a result of his work, the maps of the future will bear no resemblance to those of the present.

Those who know the north are of the opinion that the exploratory work being conducted in the North West Territories by the Topographical Surveys is of vital importance to the people of Canada, and as a result of it the fact will shortly be demonstrated that the Dominion has a distinct asset in the far-flung "Barren Lands."

Walt Mason—Continued from page 82

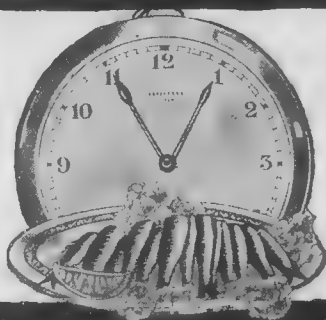
Walt all but swallows his dry cigar. When the next smooth stretch of road is reached the cigar is put back in the holder. At the end of the journey Mrs. Mason throws it away and puts in a fresh one. Walt is none the wiser.

Keeping bores away from her famous husband is one of the cares of the mistress of the La Golla mansion. Walt Mason really lives a sort of hermit life—he has to in order to keep up with his work, for it is no easy stint to write a newspaper "pome" day after day, to

say nothing of magazine contributions and occasional incursions into the more plebeian but also more highly remunerative realms of advertising.

The actual writing is done in a hidden building apart from the dwelling house, to which no one but fellow scribes are ever admitted, and then but seldom. It is gorgeously untidy, and therefore has the true newspaper atmosphere.

Walt Mason spent his boyhood at Port Hope, Ontario, with his Welsh father and Scotch mother.



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Tuberculosis and Sanatorium Life

at the Qu'Appelle Sanatorium

By Mrs. H. J. Hardy

ON being asked to talk on "Tuberculosis and Sanatorium Life," my first thoughts were: "Will I deal with the adults or the children?" I decided on the latter.

Firstly, let me get a brief mental picture of the sanatorium from the beginning. In October, 1917, the sanatorium first opened its doors to carry on the wonderful work of healing those suffering from tuberculosis. The accommodation at that time, both for patients and staff, was very limited, but building operations were being carried on extensively from time to time. No separate building was provided for children suffering from tuberculosis. They were merely given room with adult patients. Early in 1919 the I.O.D.E. guaranteed \$45,000 whereby a preventorium with accommodation for 40 patients could be erected which was thought to be adequate. In less than a year and a half an addition was added and now 70 children are being given treatment, and yet there is always a waiting list, meaning that vacancies arising from time to time are soon filled.

When the children's pavilion was first thought of and discussed, it was decided that children ranging from 5 to 14 only would be admitted. But many of the mothers admitted to the sanatorium had young children, and in many cases no one to take charge of their household, and if there was a "young baby" it often had gotten the infection from the mother, who did not have the necessary knowledge whereby the child could have been protected; so it was decided that a nursery would be included in the children's pavilion, and I shall speak of that department later.

In the children's pavilion there are about an equal number of boys and girls. Besides the usual wards, there is balcony space where the greater part of 24 hours is spent. The routine followed is much the same as in a general hospital, but unlike the general, there are "quiet hours," beginning at 9.15 a.m. to 11.00 a.m. and from 1.00 p.m. to 3.45 p.m., when everybody rests, this being commonly known as "taking the cure."

For tuberculosis there is prescribed not medicine but a mode of life known as "the cure." It is a science and an art and takes much learning. Some learn it readily—some never. The cure is made up of a multitude of little things; it is no one big thing. It means using all advantages and avoiding all disadvantages. Here you can plainly see that nurses in the children's pavilion must be firm, yet kind. You first try to gain the confidence of your patient, and, being successful, you have little difficulty in guiding and directing their thoughts and actions aright.

Symptoms of tuberculosis are divided into two classes, viz., constitutional and local. Constitutional are the early symptoms, being, 1st, tiredness; 2nd, loss of weight; 3rd, loss of appetite; 4th, temperature; 5th, headache, and 6th, rapid pulse. These symptoms are so common that they are often never noticed. Then the local symptoms develop thus: 1st, cough; 2nd, expectoration; 3rd, pain (pleurisy); 4th, hemorrhage, and 5th, sore throat, and as tuberculosis is not painful, at this stage the patient would be at a more or less advanced stage of tuberculosis.

Infection: When and how do we get it? In most cases it occurs in infancy by 1st, inhalation (dust or droplets); 2nd, ingestion (in food), and 3rd, localized infection (in skin).

Tubercle bacillus is a rod-like form of germ, there being three principal kinds, viz., human, bovine and avian. Human germs produce T.B. in man; bovine germs produce T.B. in cattle and man, also in hogs; avian germs produce T.B. in birds only. Human germs generally affect the lungs, but less often affect other organs; bovine germs usually the glands in the neck, bones and skin, but may also affect the lungs.

TREATMENT for children in pulmonary cases does not differ from that given to adults, viz., complete rest, Good food is very essential and ranks first in the treatment of children. Milk is served four times daily, two glasses being taken with each meal. Children whose lungs are affected are strictly bed patients and remain so sometimes for months. These cases are often "open cases," meaning the germs are present in the sputum and that they are infectious, and every care must be taken both by patients and nurse, making it comparatively safe for all who come in contact with such.

Tuberculous infection, affecting the glands of neck, bones and skin are treated by heliotherapy (sun treatment), exposure of the body to the direct rays of the sun. Sun treatment has a constitutional effect. You must gradually become accustomed to it. Often open air baths are given for a short time. Treatment begins with short exposure of feet—next day further ex-

crease of exercise (bathroom once daily) and eventually when necessary. Then, one meal in the dining room and so on until full dining room exercise is reached, and about this time you are transferred to another part of the pavilion and you are then known as an "up patient." After being established for some time, and doing as well on change, school exercise is given—a half hour daily which is increased as health permits until 3 or 4 hours are spent in the school daily. Then the rest cure goes on, but more or less brokenly. The school room and also the dining room are very large rooms and are flooded with sunshine.

Bed patients whose general condition is fairly good are quite often given half an hour's school—increased with time.

Recreation is a necessary part of the cure, and amusements, such as a picture show (weekly), for all patients, and also concerts in the auditorium for up patients, sleighing parties in winter and boat rides in summer are provided. All



CHILDREN'S PAVILION

One of the most beautiful buildings of the group was erected and furnished by the Provincial I.O.D.E. It has accommodation for forty children and is equipped with the latest appliances for their care. It is self-contained in all respects, including a school where regular instruction is given the children while they are undergoing treatment. There are also isolation wards for the use of children who may develop any foreign disease. It contains kitchen, dining and play rooms, with large open-air balconies.

posure and the previously exposed area has time prolonged, that is, area and time are increased each day and so on, until the entire body is exposed with time slowly increasing until 3 or 4 hours are spent in the sun each day. There are practically no dangers to properly practiced heliotherapy; otherwise, danger in sunstroke. This does not occur when treatment has been done in a systematic manner. When the sun is hottest the head should be protected with a shade. The body gradually takes on a tan, spoken of as copper tinge. The way of knowing tuberculous conditions are cured is by disappearance of pain and tenderness, together with complete healing of lesion and disappearance of inflammatory tissues surrounding it. The disease is then thought to be arrested. It is now we have T.B.—previously it had us. Children having sun treatment do not have muscular wasting which occurs in ordinary treatment. Patients receiving sun treatment also have other forms of treatment, viz., rest, fresh air and nourishing food, and in cases of infected bone and joints, casts and extensions are used. These are so arranged that they can be removed while patient is lying in sun and can be applied immediately after treatment. During the months when the weather interferes with sun treatment an alpine lamp is used, giving very good results.

When temperature and pulse have been normal for some time, the child is given a little exercise, beginning sitting in a chair, and if improvement continues, in-

holidays are observed by putting on amusements in keeping with the day, all tending to help along the cure.

Now, to go back to the nursery. Some people in visiting the children's pavilion seem surprised at there being a nursery and inquire if these babies have tuberculosis too. We have already stated: Infection in most cases occurs in childhood. Children are born free of infection as tuberculosis is not inherited. A few may inherit a predisposition but not the disease. If infection occurs during the first year of life the child almost always dies, but in the second year immunity is increased and they are therefore not as susceptible and if tuberculosis develops the chances of recovery are much better than in the first year. In the third year the chances are better than in the second year as immunity increases with age. So it is during the first three years of a child's life that great care should be taken to protect them against tuberculosis.

"It is in 'the children' the hope lies of lessening tubercular infection." They absorb knowledge quickly and, like other education, it so becomes a part of them that they rarely forget or neglect to apply it. Co-operation on the part of the home folk is what these children need most on returning to their homes to carry on the cure. Of the children treated in the sanatorium 50 per cent. are now well and going to school and less than 10 per cent. are dead.

When the Legislative Assembly was drawing to a close last month, the "Regina Leader" published a report

given by the Minister of Public Health on statistics from a report of the Anti-Tuberculosis Commission, showing that 40 per cent. of all school children, at age of six years, were infected with tuberculosis; 60 per cent. of children at age of 13 years; while out of a class of normal students of an average age of 18 years there were 76 per cent. infected with the disease.

This shows how widespread the seed is sown and how essential it is everyone should know how it can be prevented and cured.

Fort Garry Gate

Continued from page 73

path, "The manifestations come only to those who are sympathetic or static, and I will warn you that from what your friend has said, there seems to be an evil tendency to combat here. But if we do our part in a proper spirit all will be well."

"What would be an improper spirit?"

"Levity," said he tersely.

"Unbelief?" queried I.

"No. I do not think unbelief would have an adverse effect, but a feeling of levity might call up evil forces which would work serious harm."

"Oh, come Professor. What harm could a thing of no substance do us?"

"Personally I have never had an experience of that kind, but if forces are called up over which the medium has no control, they might be very dangerous."

PROFESSOR JONES evidently took his work seriously. He looked it; a thin aesthetic man with eyes like smouldering opals. I would not like the job of a medium who actually believed in what he professed. It must be uncanny work too, talking to an unseen world.

We were inside and stood beside one wall. The Professor fidgeted.

"What's the matter?" came from Brewer.

"Nothing," spoke the medium in a thin voice.

For some time we stood in silence and the air grew gradually colder. I could feel the same sensation which had come over me before, and then—yes, surely—we huddled closer as something in the doorway seemed to gambol on the ground, a thin phosphorescent indescribable thing.

I felt the Professor shiver and gasp. The light grew stronger, only it was not a light, but a luminous horror which rolled hideously on the ground, until at last it settled in one corner like a baleful eye.

"Let's go," I whispered.

"No, not!" said the Medium in a reedy voice. "No, it's a manifestation," but his teeth were chattering.

"I don't hear any sobbing," said Hafer with a laugh. He was a skeptical fellow, and evidently thought that Jones was playing some joke on us.

The ghastly light seemed to snap and spark venomously, and the sob—unmistakably a sob—came.

We were all startled, as mingling with it was the complaining cry of a child. The medium stood rigid, and at the sound of the cry, the yellow sulphurous fog rolled and writhed on the ground. The darkness around was so opaque that it looked solid.

Something insistent told me to go, run for my life; there were no soft retaining hands clinging to me. My scalp was tingling.

"It is evil, evil," whispered the medium in a high, strained voice.

The luminous fog had drifted into the air, and wavered and flickered as if blown by a light wind. Then, horrors! It went out, completely disappeared, leaving us in inky darkness, and the sobbing cry of a woman in mortal agony filled the place.

"For Heaven's sake let's get out of this," said Brewer.

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Fort Garry Gate

Continued from page 84

My nerves were shattered but I could not move.

The medium Jones, was babbling something in an unintelligible jargon. Hafer was on the ground.

"There's something moving in that corner," gasped I. The Thing, breathing heavily, brushed past me, smoothly, like a steel band.

"What is it?"

"Be quiet," insisted the medium's voice.

"God!" I shrieked hysterically, "It's close to me," for something sealy, sinuous, cold and clammy writhed between my legs.

The sealy horror was sweeping about in the darkness, and a hideous rattle filled the air, while the sobbing continued in a minor key.

"There it is," shouted Brewer, as on a level with our faces a waving light began to form, and flaming in the midst was a face, neither of man, beast or reptile, with the eyes of a Devil. The mouth was agape, and the long forked tongue of a snake played from it. It kept up a continuous rattle.

"Run," yelled Brewer, "Run for your lives," and his voice lifted the weight of horror, and creeping, crawling, stumbling, we gained Broadway, utterly unnerved. Jones had collapsed and we carried him into the hotel.

We were utterly dumfounded and shocked.

"To think that such things can happen. It's like the stories of prehistoric times. Never again will I tamper with things I don't understand," swore Hafer.

"It looked like a gigantic rattlesnake," said Brewer.

But we all knew.... "it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

We went our several ways, inwardly resolving to let the night lie in oblivion.

BUT I could not rest—that sobbing filled my ears, and somehow I knew that the soft restraint had for me no menace. I found myself passing the park often, and one moonlight night in December, as the moon was coming through the clouds after a snow storm, I turned into the park, my footsteps making the only path. I was about to go back as the snow was rather deep, when I heard a sobbing, and began to retreat. But a soft resistance wrapped itself around me and I was compelled forward and, just inside the archway, I found the cause of the crying, a little child of about a year, evidently left here to die. My fears had left and as I carried the little thing to shelter, I knew that in truth the heel had bruised the head of the serpent, and that there would be no more heart-breaking sobbing in that dim-archway of Old Fort Garry.

A Useless Invitation

A highlander from Tobermory, says the Canadian Magazine, asked at the Oban railway station the price of a ticket to Killin.

"So much," replied the clerk.

"Hoot awa'," replied Donald; "it's far ower dear! I'd rather walk!" and off he started.

He had not proceeded far when the train came tearing along, whistling as it neared a station.

"Ye needna whistle for me!" said Donald. "I made ye an offer aince, and ye wadna tak' it; sae ye can gang on. I'm no comin'."

And It Often Does

The formidable trustees of the little rural school were paying their dreaded annual visit and the primary class was being examined in nature study.

"Now, children," said the nervous young teacher, holding up an apple blossom, "what comes after this flower?"

"A little green apple," shouted the class in chorus.

The teacher felt that the worst was over. "Good!" she said. "And now, Johnny, can you tell us what comes after the little green apple?"

"Yes'm!" roared Johnny; "stomach ache!"

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RHEUMATISM

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SOMETHING TO LEARN Summer

The months we used to read of
Have come to us again,
With sunniness and sunniness,
And rare delight of rain.
The lark is up, and says aloud
East and West I see no cloud.

The lanes are full of roses,
The fields are grassy deep;
The leafiness and floweriness
Make one abundant heap;
The balmy blossom-breathing airs
Smell of future plums and pears.

The sunshine at our waking
Is still found smiling by;
With beamingness and earnestness
Like some beloved eye;
And all the day it seems to take
Delight in being wide awake.
—Leigh Hunt.

SOMETHING TO DO The Contrary Garden

LETTERS have been arriving fast lately for the Contrary Garden, and I can tell you that this is going to be a very interesting competition. I have been thinking a great deal about the prizes and I think with such a very important competition that there should be a choice of prizes and here we are:

For the best letters written about the garden your choice of a fountain pen or a Brownie camera, or a subscription to "The Youth's Companion" for six months.

For the best snap shots of the garden taken in August, a Brownie camera, or a snapshot album.

For the garden that produces the greatest amount of flowers or vegetables in a given space, your choice of one of Sabatini's books or a copy of "The Blue Boy" or "The Broken Pitcher" or any other famous picture you may choose.

The letters that are here have been marked with a per centage just like an examination paper; they have been numbered (1) in red letter and filed away. The next letters that come will be marked with a per centage and numbered (2) in red letters and so on with all the letters. Now you all know that the boy or girl who gets 50 per cent. this time and then improves so much that the second time he or she gets 90 per cent is better off than the boy or girl who gets 60 per cent. the first time and does NOT improve and gets another 60 per cent. Try and have each letter better written and more interesting than the last one and then your marks will mount higher each time and you will have the honor of winning a prize. Here are a few extracts from one or two of the best letters this time: "Around the front of my garden I set for a border some dark green pansy plants with here and there a bud peeping through their leaves, and right behind these plants, under the soft warm brown earth, a row of dwarf sweet peas lie fast asleep waiting for the warm sunshine and sparkling rain to come and wake them to life." "I am going to peel twigs and set them up all around the plots. I will also make a pebble path." "Along the back I have a bed the width of my garden. At the back of it I am going to plant four kinds of climbers. I made the trellises for them to climb on yesterday." "I put rocks all around my bed to make it look pretty." "I have planted a row of double poppies. They will make lots of color in the garden. I shall set out some aster plants and stocks later." "Pansies for the pretty maids all in a row. For silver bells, white Canterbury bells, and for cockle shells a nice lot of sweet peas and mixed double poppies."

This is What You Have to Send in

One letter in May about the planting
One letter in July about the growth.

One letter in August telling exactly how everything looks and has grown.

If you have not written your letter about the planting do it NOW, and number it 1, and then when you send the others in number them 2 and 3. Have you caught your garden yet? If not, why not? For the recipe for the Contrary Garden read C.C.C. in April number of the W.H.M. Join the Contrary Garden Club, win a gold button and one of the two big prizes in September, and HAVE A HAPPY SUMMER.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

Something Received

A letter from Eva Leverington of St. Lazare, Man:

"I received the bulbs and thank you very much for sending them. I followed your directions and both of them grew, one was single and the other double. I liked the single best when they were in bloom. They are dying off now. We are planting our seeds. Some of our radishes are up. We will soon be using rhubarb. I will be glad when the vegetables are ready. I like the 'Cosy Corner's Page. We have a radio and we hear from all over the United States and Canada."

A letter from Leah Temple of 417-9A Street, Calgary, in which she sends us a little story. Thank you Leah, I hope you will write again.

A letter from Mona Malkean of Hall, B.C., who is twelve years old and would like to have letters from boys and girls of her own age.

Some more cross-word puzzles, too late for competition, I am sorry to say. Now

I hope the composers won't say any cross words. These puzzles came from Jessie M. Evans, of Francis, Sask., from Sidney R. Ward of Roblin, and Sidney has worked in the words Western Home Monthly, which is very smart of him, I think.

Caroline McKenzie of Pleasant Drive, Sidney, B.C., is also one of the unfortunate late ones.

There is a letter from Ida M. Bigney of Reston, Man., with some riddles which you will find farther on.

A letter from M. Denise Owen (such a pretty name Denise) enclosing some verses she has written. Denise is twelve and quite a poetess, but you shall see for yourselves.

Iva V. Barager wants to try the Contrary Garden. You must write us a letter all about the garden Iva, we won't use this one, but we shall print some of your riddles.

Wilma Hopkins sends us a little story which we shall print, but the gold buttons Wilma are for trying competitions that are given in the page. Try

the Contrary Garden and win a button that way. When you win one we will pay the postage for you.

Riddles Sent In

By Jean N. Henderson of Marpole, B.C.: What runs yet has no feet? A river.

What has feet yet can't walk? A table.

What kind of flower has no root? Bread flour.

By Iva V. Barager, Bateman, Sask.: What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One eats too long and the other longs to eat.

By Ida M. Bigney: Why are organists naughty? Because they play in church.

Is it correct to say 5 and 6 are twelve or 5 and 6 is twelve? Neither for 5 and 6 are eleven. What goes through a door but never comes in or out? A keyhole.

Spring

M. Denise Owen, Edmonton, Alta.

After winter melts the snow,
Gloomy dull days disappear.
Fades the darkness out of fear
Of the sun's bright warming glow.

Buds, from seedlings, everywhere,
Burst and blossom into bloom.
On the moor, 'midst gorse and broom
And greenness, yellow flowers fare.

Writes the author in his works,
Sings the maiden at her play,
Hums the traveller on his way.
Spring inside the pink bud lurks.

The farmer ploughs the hardened soil,
The rich return from sunny Spain,
The bees awake and buzz again,
And snakes from winter sleep uncoil.

And wandering thro' a wood, one finds
A mossy bank, a grassy knoll,
A mystery, a fleeting soul,
The fleeting soul of winter winds.

How Prince Became One of the Family

In a little brown cottage by the sea lived two small boys called Billy and Jack. They had a collie dog called Prince, of whom they were very fond. He followed them wherever they went and was their only playmate. He loved the children and was very good to them. One day Billy and Jack decided to go in swimming. Jack went in too far and the waves started to carry him off. He screamed for help and Prince hearing him rushed into the water. A few moments of desperate struggling and he finally got Jack ashore. Oh! how happy and thankful Mrs. Brown was to find Prince with her boy safe. Now Prince is not only a playmate but he is one of the family.—Wilma Hopkins.

How One Trick is Played

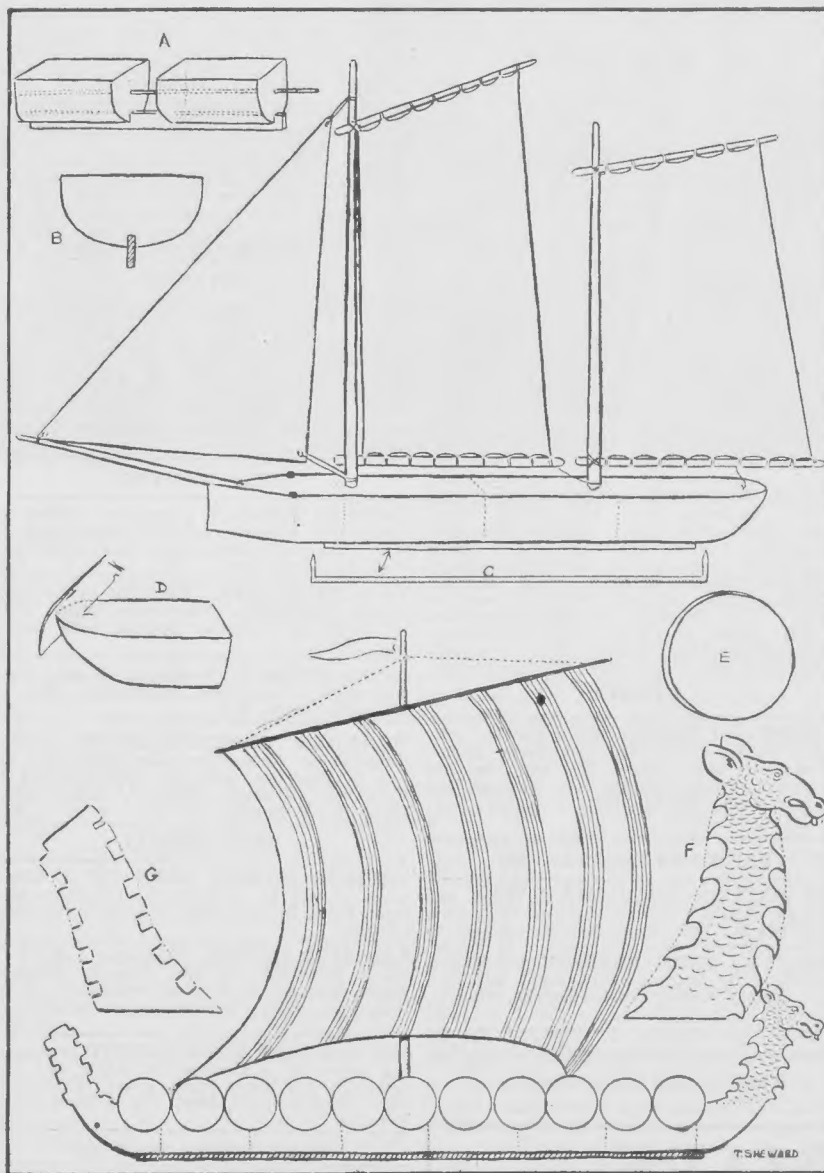
Almost everyone has read about the fire walkers of the Fiji Islands—priests of a native religion who walk over red-hot stones barefooted, and who yet remain unscorched and unharmed.

Not long ago, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Prof. Henry Crampton of Columbia University was travelling in the South Sea Islands and was one of the spectators of a fire walk. He did not pretend to understand it, but felt sure that there was some trickery about it. Not without fear, but inspired by scientific enthusiasm, he and three companions bided their time. When the priests had passed over the flaming stones, the Americans, to the amazement of the assembled spectators, followed. They did it first in tennis shoes; then they walked across with bare feet.

The secret of the imposture, as Prof. Crampton explained, is that the stones—pumice lava—are poor conductors of heat. The bare feet of the fire walker move from stone to stone so quickly that not enough heat is conducted to the skin to burn it.

A man's greatness is seldom known to the world until his weakness has become known to himself.

Something to Make



A Yacht and a Viking Ship

TO MAKE THE YACHT you will require four corks, some wire, white paper, a file and a pocket knife. Cut the corks and fasten them together with a long wire, as shown at "A," rounding off the stern with a file, and cutting the bow with a knife. Set a piece of tin in the bottom for a keel, "B," to balance the yacht when in the water; or, use a long piece of wire, "C." Set in wooden masts, then make the sails with white paper, and fasten them with thread.

THE VIKING SHIP: These ships were long and narrow, with the prows and stern very high, and carved to represent dragons, and birds. They carried one large sail, which was striped, and also rowers who were protected from enemies' darts by rows of shields hung around the sides of the vessel.

To make the model Viking Ship you will need 8 corks, cut and fastened together as at "A" with wire, and a tin keel. Set up a wooden mast, and a paper sail, on which you can paint a dragon, or serpent. Draw the dragon's head, "F," and tail, "G," on cardboard, and cut this out. Then make cuts in the end corks, "D," and set them in place. Make the shields from round pieces of cardboard, on which you can paint different designs, and fasten them to the ship, with pins.

CROSS WORD PUZZLES

THE editor is cross-eyed; she has used all the cross words in her vocabulary; she wishes all sorts of things had happened before she gave a cross word puzzle contest. However here we are: The prize is won, unfortunately by some one wise enough to get every word right but not wise enough to send their name! Now isn't that tragic? The next best list however will get the prize—there was a mistake of one word in this puzzle "rhino" instead of "doit" but the cross word puzzle book goes to Chellis Wyllie, Glenholme, Colch Co., Nova Scotia. Gold Buttons to F. E. Singleton, 449,6th Street, Brandon, who did all three puzzles and had two words wrong; to Edith Hamlin, R. F. 4, Calgary, who had two right; Thomas L. Bell of Macleod who had two mistakes in letters only; Gordon E. Newell, Slocan Park, B. C., who had two done and correct; Mabel Hoddinott of Ardath, Sask., who did two and had them correct; Charlie Sutherland of Clair, Sask., the same; Lucy Jarvis of New Westminster, B. C., R. R. No. 1, who did two puzzles and had one letter wrong. Congratulations Cosy Cornerites, you're great Cross Word Puzzlers!

S	T	A	M	P	A	B	O	U	T
H	O	R	E	S	E	L	P	P	
O	N	E	N	D	U	R	E	D	P
M	E	N	D	I	G	I	T	C	A
E	W	E	S	M	A	P	D	A	R
R	A	C	E	R	H	A	L	S	
D	R	A	W	N	C	U	R	L	Y
P	E	R	E	D	B	E	E	A	
E	A	S	E	A	R	E	D	R	A
A	R	T	S	W	E	A	T	S	I
C	C	P	A	L	A	T	E	S	L
H	M	A	G	M	K	U	G	S	
T	A	L	E	S	E	M	P	T	Y

Answer to Puzzle 1.

S	T	R	E	E	T	E	M	B	L	E	M
W	O	L	D	I	Y	E	A	O			
A	D	A	M	N	T	I	E	I			
M	M	N	E	S	T	S	N	E			
P	O	M	T	I	O	R					
S	H	O	T	R	D	A	N				
H	I	D	E	O	U	S	N	E	S	S	
T	D	E	N	C	T	A	S	L			
N	L	T	L	H	A						
C	F	D	O	I	T	S	D				
K	N	I	T	O	S	T	U	D			
E	R	U	M	N	S	U	E	E			
T	I	M	B	E	R	K	I	P	P	E	R

Answer to Puzzle 2.

A	C	R	E	S	G	R	A	C	E
S	E	A	M	O	T	R	A	M	
I	N	N	I	R	E	T	R	I	
A	T	I	N	M	E	D	R		
R	A	T			A	R	E		
H	E	S	O	A	T	R	T		
E	Z	H	E	N	E	R			
L	O	O	P	H	A	R	E	A	
P	R	O	D	S	T	R	A	M	P

Answer to Puzzle 3.

SOMETHING WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT

Cloves

DO you know the old rhyme, "What are little girls made of? Sugar and spice and all things nice. That's what little girls are made of." Well one of the spices that "little girls are made of" is cloves. When you read this go out in the kitchen and ask your mother to let you have a whole clove or a pinch of ground cloves and see how fragrant and nice the smell is. Now think back and try and remember what carnations smell like. Do you remember too the perfume that comes from the tiny little white and pink fringed pinks that border the paths in some old lady's garden? Isn't that clove? Now what does mother use cloves for? A lot of things. Big, thick, soft brown spice cakes and fruit cakes; a little sprinkled

on baked apples makes a galumptious flavor (you know what kind of a flavor that is, don't you?) and oh, there are a dozen things that bring the spice box out of the cupboard. And there is one thing that makes you think of cloves. Some night perhaps you wake up and find that a little wretched Brownie has crept into your mouth and is hammering one of your poor teeth with a tiny hammer, hard, hard, until the pain makes you wake up and (unless you are very big and brave) cry out loud for mother. And poor mother, very sleepy, comes in and says "Oh, poor child you have a toothache" and she goes to the cupboard and gets a tiny piece of cotton batting and pours something out of a bottle on it and comes back and sticks the cotton batting in your tooth, and the wretched little Brownie goes to sleep and stops hammering and in your mouth is a taste of clove, for mother has put oil of cloves in your tooth and the heat of it has stopped the ache.

Now the people in this picture live in the far off island of Zanzibar and they are the people who give us cloves, so really they are the people that stop our toothaches and give us spice cakes, aren't they?

Cloves are the unopened flower buds of a tree which is a native of the Spice Islands. It is cultivated in Sumatra, Jamaica, the West Indies and Brazil. The tree is a beautiful evergreen from fifteen to thirty feet high with large smooth oval leaves and purplish flowers. The buds are gathered between October and February and are dried. In drying they turn from red to brown. The clusters are broken from the stem against the palm of the hand, as you see in the picture. The dried bud is then ground to make ground cloves or left whole sometimes for use in cooking. The oil extracted from cloves is what makes the fine toothache cure.

Little bags of whole cloves put in your bureau drawer will make a sweet perfume and one or two cloves burned on a pan over the fire will make a sweet smell in the house.

Kingbirds at Nesting Time

THE common kingbird is the prettiest of our flycatchers. He wears a dainty white vest and his otherwise sober colors are also brightened by the white band which runs across the end of the tail.

Parent kingbirds guard their nests very carefully. All hawks and crows are driven from the vicinity of the nest. I have had one or both parents meet me more than twenty rods from the nest and protest against my intrusion. However, they are not as bold as bluebirds, which sometimes snap their bills angrily within a few inches of a person's head.

Young kingbirds are easily managed and are never hard to photograph. They

usually sit quite still and watch the proceedings while their pictures are being taken. I suspect that this is due to the location of the nest. Kingbirds build their nests near the tops of trees, far from the ground. There are exceptions of course. Because of the location of the nest, hasty and premature movements would mean death to the little fellows when falling to the ground. Birds which nest on or near the ground have wild and unruly youngsters—especially from the bird photographer's point of view. The young of the catbird, brown thrasher, and bluebird, for example, are hard to manage and hard to photograph, because they do not like to sit still. At times, they simply refuse to pose, but run off and hide in the grass, weeds, and bushes. Safety for them requires that they scramble off and hide as quickly as possible. Safety for young kingbirds, on the other hand, requires that they sit still and hang to branches as tightly as possible.

Faithful Mother Seal

A SEA-CAPTAIN not long ago captured a young seal, hoping to tame and rear it on board his ship. He placed it in a sack to secure it, but wide as the ocean was, and swiftly as the ship sped on, the mother was as swift, and followed in search of her young. When it was first caught, the mother howled piteously, and the "baby" barked its grief, but the man was relentless, and coolly watched the agonized mother follow him till the ship reached the wharf at Santa Barbara.

Here he thought his prize was safe, for surely no seal would venture there, and the ship was docked. Suddenly the mother gave a cry close to the ship, and the little one, as if obeying instructions, struggled, still in the sack, to the edge of the deck and rolled itself overboard. The mother was seen to seize the sack, rip it open with her sharp teeth, and joyfully claim her baby. She had swum after it for eighty miles.

Mince Pie and Plum Pudding

"Without the door let sorrow lie, And if with cold it hap (happen) to die, We'll bury it in a Christmas Pie, And ever more be merry."

THIS is a verse of one of the oldest Christmas ballads, and it certainly is decided in its wish that Christmas be merry; and it also introduces us to one of the main features at any old-time Christmas dinner—Christmas, or Mince, Pie.

England, Scotland, and France, all have recipes for Mince Pie; we read of

it cooked in dishes one foot deep, and two across; its "walls and cover" (there was no bottom crust) were made of equal quantities of flour and eggs, and mixed with butter melted in hot water. Then the filling was much the same fruit and suet that we use, but an amount of chopped "rich beef" was put in, equal to the fruit; lastly a large quantity of ginger was added. We greatly reduce the beef, and omit the ginger; and our pie has shrunk in size to what our ancestors would call a tart; but still we have Mince Pie.

Plum Pudding is a modern invention, though our ancestors had a plum-porridge among their Christmas dishes; this was a thick soup of oatmeal, boiled with plums and spices. It possibly was not unlike the famous plum-pudding prepared for a British ambassador in Turkey. He, wishing to have a proper English Christmas in that foreign land, carefully described to his Turkish cooks the correct materials and the mixing of the Christmas pudding, but forgot to say that it must be boiled in a cloth. So, two men solemnly brought to the table, on Christmas Day, the kitchen boiler—for there was no bowl large enough to dish up his Christmas pudding in!

It was certainly plum-porridge! and perhaps the first Christmas pudding was invented by some bright woman who thought of boiling the makings of her plum-porridge in a cloth; which would make it a plum pudding; and then other ingredients would be added, by other cooks.

Why the Office Closed

Uncle Ike Ross, a weather-beaten mountaineer who presides over a post office among the hills of southern Missouri, peered through the stamp window at two city men who had tramped five miles from their mountain camp to post some business letters. He shook his head.

"There's been a plumb big rush of business at this hyar post office this morning," he drawled, "and I'm all tuckered out. I reckon I won't sell nobody no more stamps till after dinner."

"But," gasped the man nearest the window, "these letters have got to go! They're important, and they've got to catch the stage and get off to-day."

Uncle Ike was obdurate. "Hit shore don't pay no man to work hisself to death," he said deliberately, and withdrew to a chair, where he tipped back and dropped into a doze.

"Some folks," snapped the city man, "would be too lazy to make a dollar if all the opportunities of the next fifty years came and perched on their doorsteps! Now, where are we going to get dinner?"

His companion pointed silently to a sign, conspicuous on the post-office door:

"Fried chicken served to summer visitors at the Ike Ross Restaurant next door. 50 cents."

Safety First

A portly, middle-aged woman was watching some circus artists who were performing daringly upon a rapidly swinging trapeze. A large net designed to prevent injury if the act should miscarry was suspended over the stage beneath them, and this seemed to share her interest with the acrobats. After they had been at work for several minutes, she called an usher, says the Lustige Blatter, and asked:

"Is it true that no harm would be done if they should fall from the trapeze?"

"Yes, madam; that's why the net is spread under them."

"Where can I buy such a net?"

"Surely, my dear madam, you don't want to perform on a trapeze," said the usher, astonished at this question.

"It isn't for me. I have a nephew in the aviation service and I would like to send him such a net to hang under his machine. It would save him if any accident should happen."

A man can do twice as much work as he wants to—if he wants to.

Do not be like a shadow, and follow your friends only when the sun shines.



Natives of Zanzibar separating from the stems the buds from which cloves are made

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Rivalry in the East

A coreless apple is reported from Quebec. Ontario is likely to retort with a holeless doughnut.—Regina Post.

But Ye Olden Time Was Gasless

They've done about everything for filling stations except to call them "Ye gasse shoppes."—Toronto Star.

Probably a Bald Man's Joke

It is said that shingled heads and close-fitting hats are making women bald. Imitating the men again.—Hamilton Spectator.

A Summing Up

Pursuit of crime would be less effective, if pursuit of criminals were more so.—Wall Street Journal.

Two Requisites

Some of them want two licenses before they'll marry, marriage and auto.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Wherein Moscow Rivalled Chicago

Chicago must look to its laurels. There were 14,000 burglaries in Moscow last year.—Milwaukee Journal.

Cause and Effect

Says an alarmist: "Jazz is turning us into barbarians." Well, there is some satisfaction in knowing what is doing it.—Detroit News.

Where Non-voters Are Fined

Australia fines non-voters \$10. If we did it, we could soon pay off the national debt.—Buffalo Express.

Everybody's Doing It

The farmer is one of the luckiest men in the world. Even lawyers in cities give him advice without charging for it.—Vegreville Observer.

Qualified Statistics

People of the United States would own 87 per cent of the world's autos if they were paid for.—Kansas City Star.

Safety First

Grand Duke Cyril wants to be czar of Russia, provided he can have his palace in Paris.—New York World.

If

If gold were as plentiful as tin and tin were as rare as gold we'd be buying sardines in gold boxes and paying for them with tin.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Some Humans, Too, Can Do It

A horse can sleep standing up, but at that the horse hasn't much of an advantage over some people that could be mentioned.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

A Merry-Go-Round

Uncle Sam makes an honest but laborious penny by auctioning rum-runners' motor-boats and recapturing them the next week.—Boston Herald.

An Upholder of Responsibility

President Coolidge is reported to advocate the use of suspenders. He always did believe in placing responsibility where it belongs.—Fargo Tribune.

The Wonders of Radio

The roar of Niagara Falls is to be broadcast over the radio. We hear something that sounds like it on our radio every night.—Minneapolis Journal.

Speeding to Eternity

"Heaven is a million miles away," says a clergyman, and some reckless drivers seem destined to make it on one gallon of gas.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Question

Naturalists say that the average mouse has a daily run of about ten miles. What kind of a run would he give a woman if he set out for a chase?—Vancouver Province.

A Difference

The Canada jay spends the winter in the bush and doesn't say much, which is a lot different from some other members of the family.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

A Combination Hard to Beat

We can't picture a stronger business combination than being a bootlegger and owning a large block of stock in an undertaking parlor.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Wilhelm Heard From Again

The ex-Kaiser wants to know where Germany should stand. She should stand where she is put for some time to come yet.—Springfield Republican.

One Way of Saying It

A London magistrate has stated that the secret of long life is hard work. Some men are too conscientious to take advantage of another man's secret.—Punch.

Sure!

Professor says human intelligence reaches its maximum at 16 years—and every one of us knew it when we were 16.—Selkirk Record.

A Shingled Queen

The Queen of the Belgians, who is 50, has just had her hair shingled. The first question she subsequently asked was, "You know me, Al?"—Toronto Telegram.

We Have No Such Troubles

The Turks are having a little war with the Kurds. We have our troubles in Canada, but fighting little frontier wars is not one of them.—Nelson News.

What Gasoline Can Do

We see where gasoline is recommended to remove grease spots from clothing. We sure can guarantee it to remove change from pockets.—Border Cities Star.

When Will Jokes Like This End?

A man in Sweden has invented a car that will go sideways as well as forward and back. But we thought Henry Ford had done that already.—Niagara Falls Review.

Russia is Buying Canadian Flour

Once upon a time sending Canadian flour to Russia would have been like shipping coals to Newcastle. But the Bolshies have changed all that.—Toronto Globe.

Ye Editor at Ye Pearly Gates

It is going to be a good joke on some editor when he appears before St. Peter and is told that he will have to stay out owing to lack of space.—Edmonton Journal.

Things to be Done to a Baby!

This is an age of progress and invention. A correspondent tells of a firm advertising: "Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted and framed for \$8.79."—Kitchener Record.

A Pathway to the Grave

A bootlegger suggests that Americans should boost home trade by buying moonshine instead of imported liquor. Here is a good chance to die for your country.—Fort Worth Record.

Corrosive Stuff

Uncle Sam is to erect a barbed wire fence at El Paso to keep out the rum runners. If ever they spill any of the stuff on the fence, goodbye fence!—Los Angeles Express.

A Remarkable Commentary

It's a remarkable commentary on civilization when we point with pride to the fact that "only" 16 persons were lynched in the United States last year.—Boston Transcript.

He is Certainly Independent

No matter what they say about the English sparrow, you never find him sending a deputation to the government asking for special treatment.—Victoria Colonist.

Of Course

A Winnipeg minister has been telling his congregation about the qualities of the ideal wife. The ideal wife is, of course, the girl when she was being courted.—Winnipeg Tribune.

In Scotland's Universities

It is perhaps worth noting that neither "ragging" nor "hazing" is known at the great Scottish universities. It would do no harm if they ceased to be known at our Canadian universities, which are intended as centres of education and not of primitive horseplay.—Red Deer News.

Just a Man and a Dog

Just a wayfaring man and an unknown mongrel dog, the latter vainly trying to climb out of a hole through the ice of a wayside pond, the man risking his life to rescue a dog he never had seen before. After struggle and display of ingenuity the man accomplished a brave deed and walked away accompanied by the discriminating dog. Some of the onlookers in Springfield, Mass., where the incident occurred, were enough impressed to relate the story. There really was something impressive about it.—Kennebec Journal.

Advice to be Disregarded

Farmers are not inclined to pay much attention to mixed farming advice when it comes from persons who think that the largest eggs are laid by the roosters.—New Westminster British-Canadian.

This Will Help, Too

What Canadians may need as much as anything else in order to promote national harmony is a thorough understanding of each other's prejudices.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Counter Attractions

So much entertainment is being afforded by town council meetings nowadays that it's liable to curtail interest in the other farcical comedy to be staged soon by the Elks.—Blairmore Enterprise.

Superfluous Information

A while ago a celebrated artist said that women are getting prettier, now another says that men are handsomer than they were. Most men had already noticed this themselves.—Kingston Whig.

Sometimes

Ontario is bringing in legislation to license all motor-car drivers, something Manitoba has had for years. The system is all right; the trouble is that sometimes a skilful driver becomes a reckless driver.—Pilot Mound Journal.

A Satisfactory Showing

The public last month bought \$450,000 worth more of provincial saving certificates than they cashed in. The notion that nobody is making any money in Alberta these days is a delusion. So is the notion that nobody is saving any.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Wheat

The high price will, no doubt, induce a heavy acreage of wheat in western Canada this year. This may be all right, but the farmer who resists the temptation to put all his eggs in one basket will fare better in the long run.—Prince Albert Herald.

There Are Many Misinformed Highbrows

A British M.P. who has returned from Russia says the leaders of the Bolshevik government there are among the most intellectual and misinformed men in the world. It is a fact that these two qualities often are found together.—Moose Jaw Times.

In Regard to Titles

South Africa is to ask the king to confer no more titles on South Africans. Titles are still conferred in Canada on Canadians by other Canadians, but they are of the sort that you don't publish after your name.—Halifax Herald.

They Ought to be Able to Afford It

We see where the grandnephew of John D. Rockefeller is to marry the grandniece of the late Andrew Carnegie. It is expected they will have saved up enough money to take a trip to Niagara Falls.—Ottawa Journal.

It May Be So

Turkish experts attached to the League of Nations have been interned by the British at Mosul on the ground that they are ex-convicts. But is there anything to prevent an ex-convict from becoming an expert? It is just possible that these fellows were expert ex-convicts.—Calgary Albertan.

Progress

The progress of the race is indicated by the fact that a hundred years ago men settled their differences with pistols and swords, sometimes greatly to their own hurt. Now they settle them in debate on the public platform, sometimes at great hurt to the public.—Saskatoon Star.

An Ill-chosen Toothpick

A man in Saskatchewan used the blade of his knife to open a bottle of strychnine and later used the same blade to pick his teeth. A doctor was called in time to save his life. The moral of this seems to be not to use jackknives, crowbars, handsaws, etc., for tooth-picking purposes.—Lethbridge Herald.

The Influx to the West

For the past few weeks there have been recorded in the news columns of the western press frequent sales of farm lands to purchasers from both outside and inside Canada. It is a healthy sign, due possibly to the conviction that western lands are now to be bought as cheaply as they will ever be; to the fact also that grain prices are likely to be stabilized for a while at a figure above cost of production; and lastly to the fact that farmers are coming into this country. There is a distinct sense of a turn for the better in the air.—Journal of Commerce.